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# ★ PHOTOPLAY

LY

KIM  
NOVAK

**I was letting 'Marty' down"**  
says Mrs. Ernest Borgnine

**Stamped by Scandal —**  
Jeanne Crain's  
Tragic Marriage Breakup

**ALSO:** RUTH WATERBURY'S GOSSIP  
JEFF HUNTER'S COMPLETE LIFE STORY  
SHAPES AHOY!  
GRACE KELLY'S ROCKY ROAD TO PARADISE



**an Simmons'**  
**ing Doll**



**Tab Hunter**  
**His Tender Trap**

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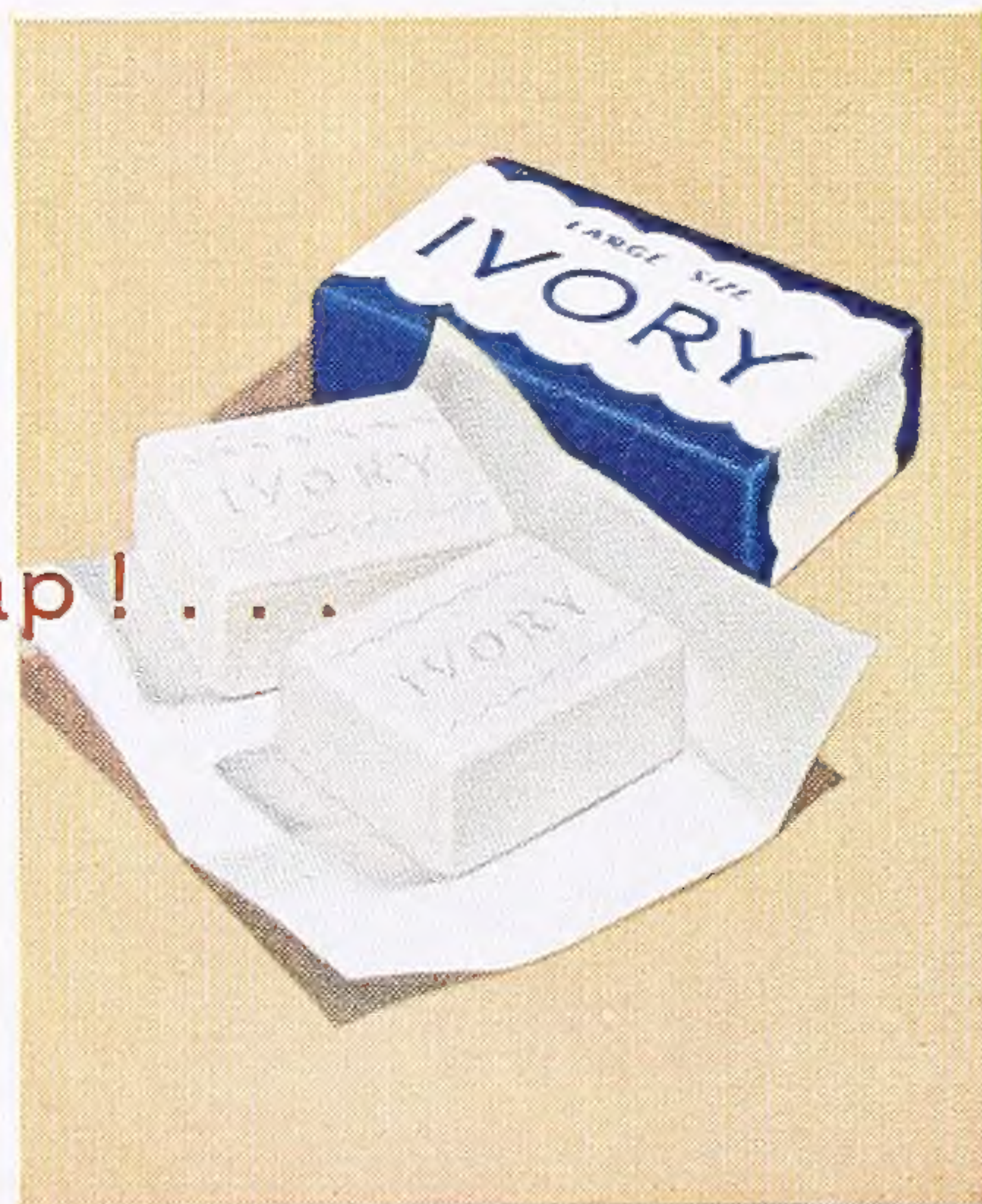


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KIND TO YOUR SKIN AND CLOTHES



# PHOTOPLAY

Your August issue will be on sale at your newsstand—July 5

July 1956

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Cover: Color portrait of Kim Novak, seen in Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story," by Coburn; Jean Simmons, star of 20th's "Hilda Crane," by Powolny; Tab Hunter, in Warners' "The Burning Hills," by Avery. Other color picture credits on page 84.

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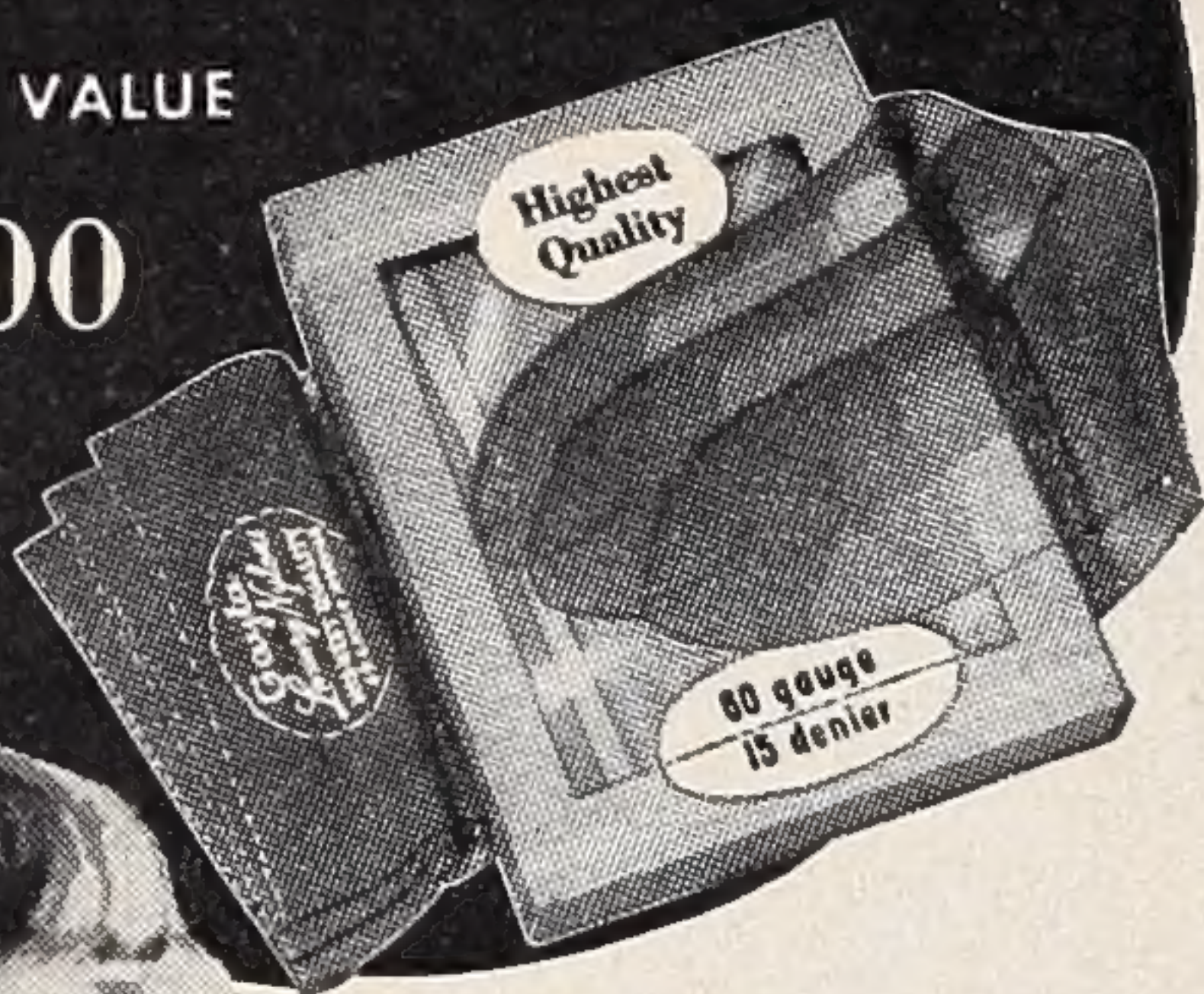
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Size: ☐ 8½ ☐ 9 ☐ 9½ ☐ 10 ☐ 10½ ☐ 11

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**LUST  
FOR  
LIFE**

From M-G-M in CinemaScope and MetroColor starring **KIRK DOUGLAS** in  
co-starring **ANTHONY QUINN** • **JAMES DONALD** • **PAMELA BROWN** with  
**EVERETT SLOANE** • Screen Play by **NORMAN CORWIN** • Based on the Novel by Irving Stone  
Directed by **VINCENTE MINNELLI** • Produced by **JOHN HOUSEMAN** • An M-G-M Picture



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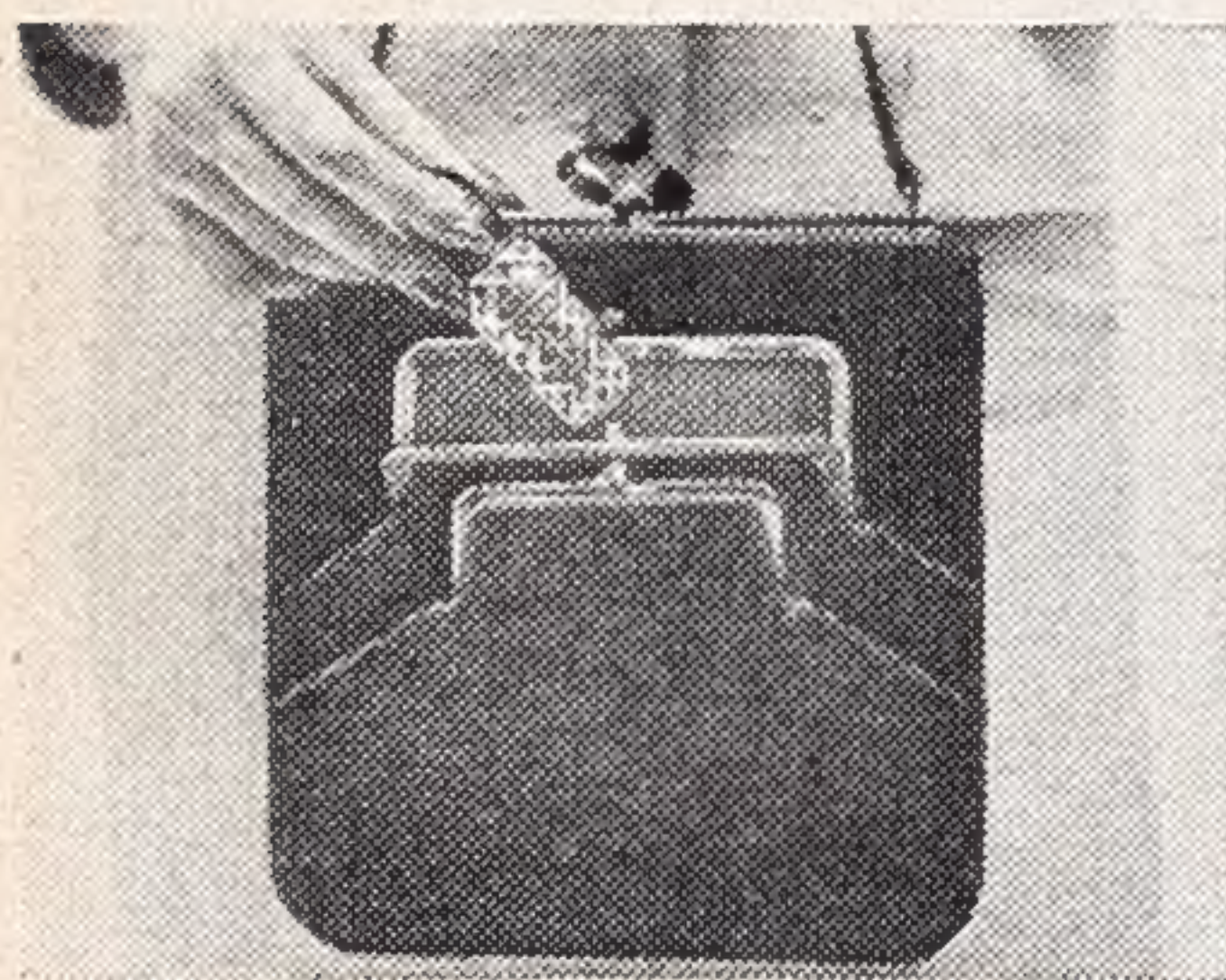
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### Beautiful new way to carry the spray that trains your hair to stay

Now, take SPRAY NET with you . . . re-do your hair wherever you are! Purse/Spray is the only refillable aerosol dispenser in the world. No bigger than a lipstick . . . sprays like your SPRAY NET at home. In black and gold, a beautiful accessory.

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## CASTS

### OF CURRENT PICTURES

*ANIMAL WORLD, THE*—Warners. Directed by Irwin Allen: Documentary.

*AS LONG YOU'RE NEAR ME*—Warners. Directed by Harald Braun: Eve Berger, Maria Schell; Frank Tornau, O. W. Fischer; Mona Arendt, Brigitte Horney; Steven Berger, Hardy Kruger; Paul, Matthias Wieman; Bentz, Paul Bildt.

*BHOWANI JUNCTION*—M-G-M. Directed by George Cukor: Victoria Jones, Ava Gardner; Col. Rodney Savage, Stewart Granger; Patrick Taylor, Bill Travers; Surabhai, Abraham Sofaer; Ranjit Kasel, Francis Matthews; Govindaswami, Marne Maitland; Ghanshyam, Peter Illing; Thomas Jones, Edward Chapman; The Sadani, Freda Jackson; Lt. Graham McDaniel, Lionel Jeffries; Ted Dunphy, Alan Tilvern.

*CATERED AFFAIR, THE*—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Brooks: Mrs. Tom Hurley, Bette Davis; Tom Hurley, Ernest Borgnine; Jane Hurley, Debbie Reynolds; Uncle Jack Conlon, Barry Fitzgerald; Ralph Halloran, Rod Taylor; Mr. Halloran, Robert Simon; Mrs. Halloran, Madge Kennedy; Mrs. Rafferty, Dorothy Stickney; Mrs. Casey, Carol Veazie; Alice, Joan Camden; Eddie Hurley, Ray Stricklyn; Sam Leiter, Jay Adler; Hotel Caterer, Dan Tobin; Bill, Paul Denton; Mrs. Musso, Augusta Merighi.

*CROWDED PARADISE*—Tudor. Directed by Fred Pressburger: George Heath, Hume Cronyn; Louise Heath, Nancy Kelly; Mr. Diaz, Frank Silvera; Felicia Diaz, Enid Rudd; Juan Figueroa, Mario Alcalde.

*CRIME IN THE STREETS*—A.A. Directed by Donald Siegel: Ben Wagner, James Whitmore; Frankie Dane, John Cassavetes; Baby Gioia, Sal Mineo; Lou Macklin, Mark Rydell; Maria Gioia, Denise Alexander; Mrs. Dane, Virginia Gregg; Mr. Gioia, Will Kuluva; Richie Dane, Peter Votrian; Mr. McAllister, Malcolm Atterbury; Blockbuster, Dan Terranova; The Fighter, Peter Miller; Glasses, Steve Rowland; Benny, Ray Stricklyn; Lenny, James Ogg; Phil, Robert Alexander; Herky, Duke Mitchell; Red-top, Richard Curtis; Chuck, Doyle Baker.

*D-DAY THE SIXTH OF JUNE*—20th. Directed by Henry Koster: Brad Parker, Robert Taylor; John Wynter, Richard Todd; Valerie, Dana Wynter; Colonel Timmer, Edmond O'Brien; Brigadier Russell, John Williams; Raymond Boyce, Jerry Paris; Dan Stenick, Robert Gist; David Archer, Richard Stapley; Major Mills, Ross Elliott; Col. Harkens, Alex Finlayson; Coat Room Attendant, Cyril Delevanti; Georgina, Marie Brown; Mala, Rama Bai; Arkinson, Dabbs Greer; Major McEwen, Geoffrey Steele; Capt. Waller, George Pelling; Lieutenant at Party, Conrad Feia; Sgt. Brooks, Boyd "Red" Morgan; Grainger, Richard Aherne; Mrs. Hamilton, Victoria Ward; Suzette, Patricia McMahon; Lt. Col. Cantrell, John Damler; General Bolthouse, Thomas B. Henry; General Pike, Damien O'Flynn; General Millensbeck, Ben Wright; Corporal, Queenie Leonard; American War Correspondent, Howard Price; Taxi Driver, Reggie Dvorak; Lt. Clayford Binns, Chet Marshall; Sgt. Herbert, Parley Baer; Lance Corp. Bailey, Ashley Cowan; Waitress, June Mitchell; Palmer, Grant Scott; Paducci, Mickey Scott; Puchant, Joe Garcie; Randall, Paul Glass.

*FOREIGN INTRIGUE*—U.A. Directed by Sheldon Reynolds: Bishop, Robert Mitchum; Dominique, Genevieve Page; Brita, Ingrid Tulean; Spring, Frederick O'Brady; Sandoz, Gene Deckers; Mrs. Lindquist, Inga Tidblad; Tony, John Padovano; Mannheim, Frederick Schrecker; Jones, Lauritz Falk; Brown, Peter Copley; Smith, Ralph Brown; Dr. Thibault, George Hubert; Bistro Owner, Jim Gerald; Baum, Nil Sperber; Danemore, Jean Galland; Starky, John Starck; Dodo, Gilbert Robin; Charwoman, Valentine Camax; Charles, Robert Le Beal; Information Desk Clerk, Albert Simmons.

*GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE, THE*—Disney. Directed by Francis D. Lyon: James J. Andrews, Fess Parker; William A. Fuller, Jeffrey Hunter; William Campbell, Jeff York; William Pittenger, John Lupton; Robert Buffum, Eddie Firestone; Anthony Murphy, Kenneth Tobey; Marion A. Ross, Don Megowan; Jacob Parrott, Claude Jarman, Jr.; William Bensinger, Harry Carey, Jr.; J. A. Wilson, Lennie Geer; William Knight, George Robotham; Wilson Brown, Stan Jones; John Wollam, Marc Hamilton; John M. Scott, John Wiley; Pete Bracken, Slim Pickens; Alex, Morgan Woodward; A Switchman, W. S. Bearden; Jess McIntyre, Harvey Hester; Henry Haney, Douglas Bleckley.

Continued



Paramount presents

# BOB HOPE \* EVA MARIE SAINT GEORGE SANDERS IN THAT CERTAIN FEELING

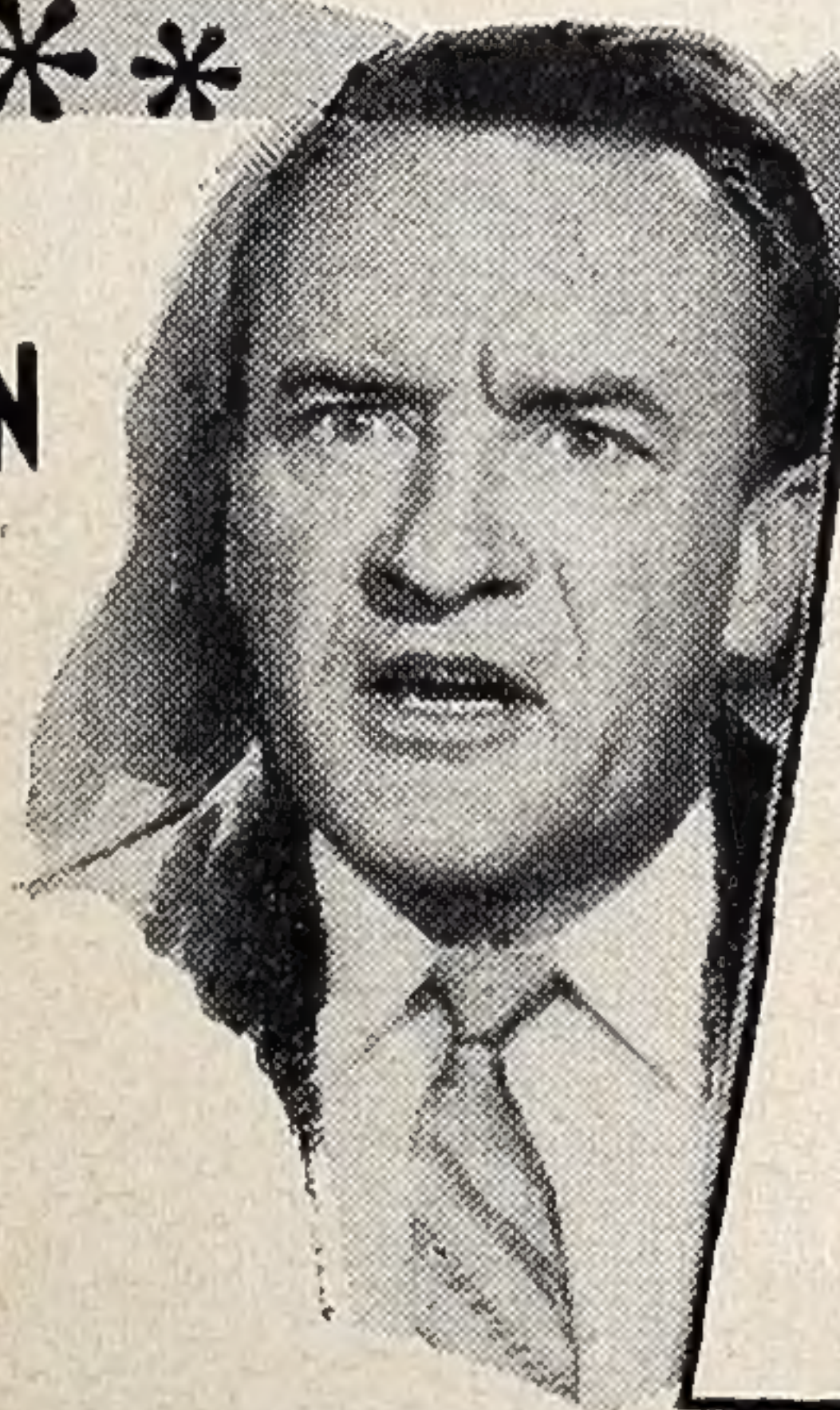
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IT  
GIVES  
YOU THAT  
WONDERFUL FEELING

It's all heart! Bob Hope, one of the greatest of all comic performers, in a picture that tops "The Seven Little Foys" in tenderness, warmth and feeling! Based on the terrific Broadway play, it's about a boy and his dog, a guy who'd failed and a girl who loved him enough to turn him into a nationally famed cartoonist!



**VISTAVISION**  
MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY



with **PEARL BAILEY**  
Produced and Directed by  
**NORMAN PANAMA**  
and **MELVIN FRANK**  
Screenplay by  
**NORMAN PANAMA**  
and **MELVIN FRANK**,  
**I. A. L. DIAMOND**,  
**WILLIAM ALTMAN**  
Based on a play by Jean Kerr and  
Eleanor Brooke



Pearl Sings...  
and  
Everybody Swings!  
"THAT CERTAIN  
FEELING"  
"ZING WENT THE  
STRINGS OF  
MY HEART"  
"HIT THE  
ROAD TO  
DREAMLAND"







# UTOL

new miracle antibiotic  
pimple medication

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The world takes you at face value—especially in business and social situations. More often than not, you feel the way you look. So that's why it is so important for you to discover and use UTOL, the miracle antibiotic skin cream that is the fastest known remedy for pimples, acne, or other externally caused skin blemishes. UTOL—an investment in your appearance and peace of mind!

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Here's the ONLY antibiotic skin cream! UTOL, with the magic of antibiotic Tyrothricin, kills the skin bacteria that usually cause skin blemishes. It contains a powerful soothing anesthetic that stops irritating itch—and the need to scratch. Laboratory and field tests prove—UTOL dries up pimples and the common skin eruptions and clears the skin in as little as 10 days!

Medically  
Endorsed \*

\*Many doctors, nurses, and beauty specialists have endorsed UTOL as the quickest, most effective skin medication in standard treatment for Contact Dermatitis.



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A Product of

**McKESSON & ROBBINS**

## CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

continued

**HILDA CRANE**—20th. Directed by Philip Dunne: *Hilda Crane*, Jean Simmons; *Russell Burns*, Guy Madison; *Jacques De Lisle*, Jean Pierre Aumont; *Mrs. Crane*, Judith Evelyn; *Mrs. Burns*, Evelyn Varden; *Nell Bromley*, Peggy Knudsen; *Dink*, Gregg Palmer; *Dr. Francis*, Richard Garrick; *Mr. Small*, Jim Hayward; *Cab Driver*, Sandee Marriot; *Caterer*, Don Shelton; *Maid*, Helen Mayon; *Clara*, Blossom Rock; *Minister*, Jay Jostyn.

**KISS BEFORE DYING, A**—U.A. Directed by Gerd Oswald: *Bud Corliss*, Robert Wagner; *Gordon Grant*, Jeffrey Hunter; *Ellen Kingship*, Virginia Leith; *Dorothy Kingship*, Joanne Woodward; *Mrs. Corliss*, Mary Astor; *Leo Kingship*, George Macready; *Dwight Powell*, Robert Quarry; *Chesser*, Howard Petrie; *Butler*, Bill Walker; *Annabelle*, Molly McCart; *Medical Student*, Marlene Felton.

**LEATHER SAINT, THE**—Paramount. Directed by Alvin Ganzer: *Father Gil Allen*, John Derek; *Gus McAuliffe*, Paul Douglas; *Pearl Gorman*, Jody Lawrence; *Tony Lorenzo*, Cesar Romero; *Tom Kelly*, Richard Shannon; *Bishop Hardtke*, Thomas B. Henry; *Father Ritchie*, Ernest Truex.

**MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE**—Paramount. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock: *Ben McKenna*, James Stewart; *Jo McKenna*, Doris Day; *Mrs. Drayton*, Brenda de Banzie; *Mr. Drayton*, Bernard Miles; *Buchanan*, Ralph Truman; *Louis Bernard*, Daniel Gelin; *Ambassador*, Mogens Wieth; *Val Parnell*, Alan Mowbray; *Jan Peterson*, Hillary Brooke; *Hank McKenna*, Christopher Olsen; *Rien-Assassin*, Reggie Nalder; *Asst. Mgr.*, Richard Wattis; *Woburn*, Noel Willman; *Helen Parnell*, Alix Talton; *Cindy Fontaine*, Carolyn Jones; *Police Inspector*, Yves Brainville; *Arab*, Abdelhaq Chraïbi; *Edna*, Betty Baskcomb; *Chauffeur*, Leo Gordon; *English Handyman*, Patrick Aherne; *French Police*, Louis Mercier; *Anthony Warde*; *Detective*, Lewis Martin.

**MAVERICK QUEEN, THE**—Republic. Directed by Joe Kane: *Kit Bannon*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Jeff*, Barry Sullivan; *Sundance*, Scott Brady; *Lucy Lee*, Mary Murphy; *Jamie*, Wallace Ford; *Butch Cassidy*, Howard Petrie; *A Stranger*, Jim Davis; *Malone*, Emile Meyer; *Sheriff Wilson*, Walter Sande; *Muncie*, George Keymas; *Loudmouth*, John Doucette; *Pete Callahan*, Taylor Holmes; *McMillan*, Pierre Watkin.

**OUTSIDE THE LAW**—U-I. Directed by Jack Arnold: *Johnny Salvo*, Ray Danton; *Maria Craven*, Leigh Snowden; *Don Kastner*, Grant Williams; *Alec Conrad*, Onslow Stevens; *Maury Saxon*, Judson Pratt; *Phil Schwartz*, Jack Kruschen; *Harris*, Floyd Simmons; *Philip Bormann*, Raymond Bailey; *Milo Barker*, Mel Welles; *Parker*, Arthur Hanson; *Redding*, Vernon Rich.

**QUINCANNON, FRONTIER SCOUT**—U.A. Directed by Lesley Selander: *Linus Quincannon*, Tony Martin; *Maylene Mason*, Peggie Castle; *Lt. Burke*, John Bromfield; *Lt. Hostedder*, John Smith; *Capt. Bell*, Ron Randall; *Sgt. Calvin*, John Doucette; *Col. Conover*, Morris Ankrum; *Blackfoot Sam*, Peter Makos; *Iron Wolf*, Ed Hashim.

**SAFARI**—Columbia. Directed by Terence Young: *Ken*, Victor Mature; *Linda*, Janet Leigh; *Brian Sinden*, John Justin; *Sir Vincent Brampton*, Roland Culver; *Roy Shaw*, Liam Redmond; *Jeroge*, Earl Cameron; *Jerusalem*, Orlando Martins; *Odongo*, Juma; *Kakoro*, Lionel Ngakane; *O'Keefe*, Harry Quashie; *Renegade*, Slim Harris; *Chief Massai*, Cy Grant; *Charley*, John Wynn; *Blake*, Arthur Lovegrove; *Aunt May*, Estelle Brody; *Kenny*, Christopher Warbey; *Wambui*, John Harrison; *Kikuyu*, Glyn Lawson; *African*, Frank Singuineau; *Police Inspector*, Charles Hayes; *Special Mau Mau*, Bartholomew Sketch; *District Commissioner*, John Cook; *Henderson*, Bob Isaacs.

**STAR IN THE DUST**—U-I. Directed by Charles Haas: *Bill Jorden*, John Agar; *Ellen Ballard*, Mamie Van Doren; *Sam Hall*, Richard Boone; *George Ballard*, Leif Erickson; *Nellie Mason*, Coleen Gray; *Orval Jones*, James Gleason; *Nan Hogan*, Randy Stuart.

**ZANZABUKU**—Republic. Directed by Lewis Cottle: *Documentary*.



This is  
**GREGORY PECK**

as the fiery  
man-without-a-woman

This is the  
motion picture  
so crowded  
with exciting  
achievements  
that it is  
impossible to  
list them all!  
Gregory Peck's  
mighty  
portrayal  
is certainly  
one of them.

Co-starred  
with him are

**RICHARD  
BASEHART**

as the young,  
romantic  
rover and

**LEO GENN**

as the  
vengeful  
Starbuck

In a year of  
so many  
wonderful  
screen  
advances  
the mightiest  
leap forward  
of all is  
WARNER BROS.  
presentation  
of the

**JOHN  
HUSTON**

production of  
Herman Melville's

**MOBY DICK**

•  
and

**ORSON  
WELLES**

as Father Mapple

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

SCREEN PLAY BY  
RAY BRADBURY AND JOHN HUSTON

A MOULIN PICTURE • DIRECTED BY JOHN HUSTON • PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.





# WHAT SHOULD

I



Spring Byington stars in Desilu's December Bride, as seen on CBS-TV, Mondays at 9:30 P.M. EDT

Your letters answered by Spring Byington

## DO?

**Q** My parents were killed in an automobile accident when I was four, and I was raised by my mother's sister and her husband.

I am now seventeen and every day becomes harder for me. I love my foster-father, and he and I get along just fine. Any time I want to talk to someone I can go to him. There is one exception. I can't talk to him about my foster-mother (my aunt). She is his wife, so he has to stand up for her.

I never enjoy coming home any more because my foster-mother yells at me. If I sit down she says I am wrinkling the upholstery, and if I stand up she says I make her nervous. If I am in my room reading, she says I always have my nose stuck in a book and that I'm no company at all. If I stick around, she wants to know what I'm snooping over her shoulder for. Once in a while I have tried to explain that no matter what I do, it seems to be wrong, and then she slaps me.

My father wants me to stay at home and go on to college, but to tell the truth I'd rather go right to my summer job and start out from there. Maybe, after a bit, I could get transferred to some other city and maybe work my way through another college. I would hate to hurt my father this way, but I don't think I can stand my foster-mother's bad temper much longer.

I know she's nervous and high-strung, and I know that I'm not perfect, but she just makes me so miserable that I'm not being the kind of person I want to be. How can I explain this to my father?

PETER D.

**A** It isn't necessary for you to explain this situation to your foster-father, Peter. In years to come, I am certain you will learn that he has always understood more about this situation than you realize.

Now, there is a trick to coping with a problem like yours. It is the technique of passiveness. Don't try to give affection, don't try to be congenial, but at the same time, don't hold back gratitude. Let your foster-mother say, do, or behave as she likes; give way as if you were made of sponge rubber.

At an early age, I was touring with a vaudeville troupe in an amusing comedy skit with three other players. The older

man in the cast had the temper of a wounded rattlesnake. Handsome, talented, charming, he could be like St. George one moment, a flock of dragons the next. When making a tour of the New England states, we were invited to spend a weekend with his widowed mother at their beautiful farm. One morning, this man went hunting, and, after he returned, gameless from the hunt, he strode up and down the room, ranting and raving about things that had been or had not been done about the property. After a brief silence, his mother said, looking out the window, "I do believe that's the Browns' team and wagon coming up the road." Her son became more thunderous than ever, but eventually ran out of breath, at which point his mother turned from the window with a happy smile, and said, "It is the Browns. How nice for you people to meet them."

In other words, family fights should be conducted as a duel with cream puffs at forty paces.

**Q** I am just past eighteen and I am terribly in love, but I have made a serious mistake and as a result I may never see my sweetheart again.

We were planning to be married next October, and I was already getting together the equipment for a small apartment.

One night in February, we went to a party given by my friends. It was the first time Zig had met these people, so naturally I wanted him to make a good impression. Instead of that, he deliberately provoked an argument with one of the boys and before it was over he knocked this fellow down and tipped over a table. It was simply terrible, and so uncalled for that I couldn't understand it. I told Zig I never wanted to see him again. Of course, I was furious and embarrassed and spoke without thinking.

When I didn't hear from him after a few weeks, I got in touch with a friend of his and asked how I could persuade Zig to come back and talk it over. This friend said, "If you're in your right mind, you'll let the thing drop right here and forget him. He's been married for two years."

I don't know whether to believe this story or not. Why would he propose to me and go apartment-hunting if he didn't mean

what he had said? I just feel that I must get in touch with him and apologize for what I said that night. I have never met anyone else who is quite like him.

Do you think I should get in touch with some of his other friends and try to get his new address and telephone number?

HOLLY S.

**A** I am quite ready to believe, Holly, that you were in love with this man and trusted in what you believed to be his love for you. But, candidly, I don't think you are seeing all the picture, and I am seeing even less as a result. However, it appears to me that your "fiance" deliberately provoked the fight in order to escape from his engagement to you without telling you the truth. I suspect that you acted exactly as he hoped you would.

I think that, for your own peace of mind, you should determine definitely whether this man is married or not, but I'm afraid it would be unwise to attempt to extract the truth from him personally. Surely, the facts can be secured in some way that will explain his position without your getting in touch with him.

I recommend an indirect course because there is another unpretty aspect to the situation. It may be that if you make the overtures and apologize to him, he will be glad to "come back to you"—but only on his terms, and those terms are likely to lead to far more heartache than you now suffer.

I imagine you have heard your mother say, "Coming events cast their shadows before them." If you will look upon this man as a mere shadow, cast before the man you will eventually meet, love and marry, the idea should help to ease your present unhappiness. Who would want to marry a mere shadow in haste when a few months or years of waiting would bring the true man into your life?

**Q** I have completed a series of courses in commercial drawing, dress design, and illustration. I have designed a number of garments for the women of my family, and the results have been flattering and much envied by their friends.

I am a combat veteran of thirty, and

Continued on page 12





**Important Milestones in Modern Medicine:** 1796—Triumph Over Contagious Diseases. First inoculation by Dr. Jenner.  
1848—Triumph Over Pain. Dr. Morton's discovery of ether. 1929—Triumph Over Bacterial Infections. Fleming discovers penicillin.

Now—1956—Procter & Gamble proudly announces . . .

# TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY

**Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan**  
strengthens tooth enamel to lock out decay from within

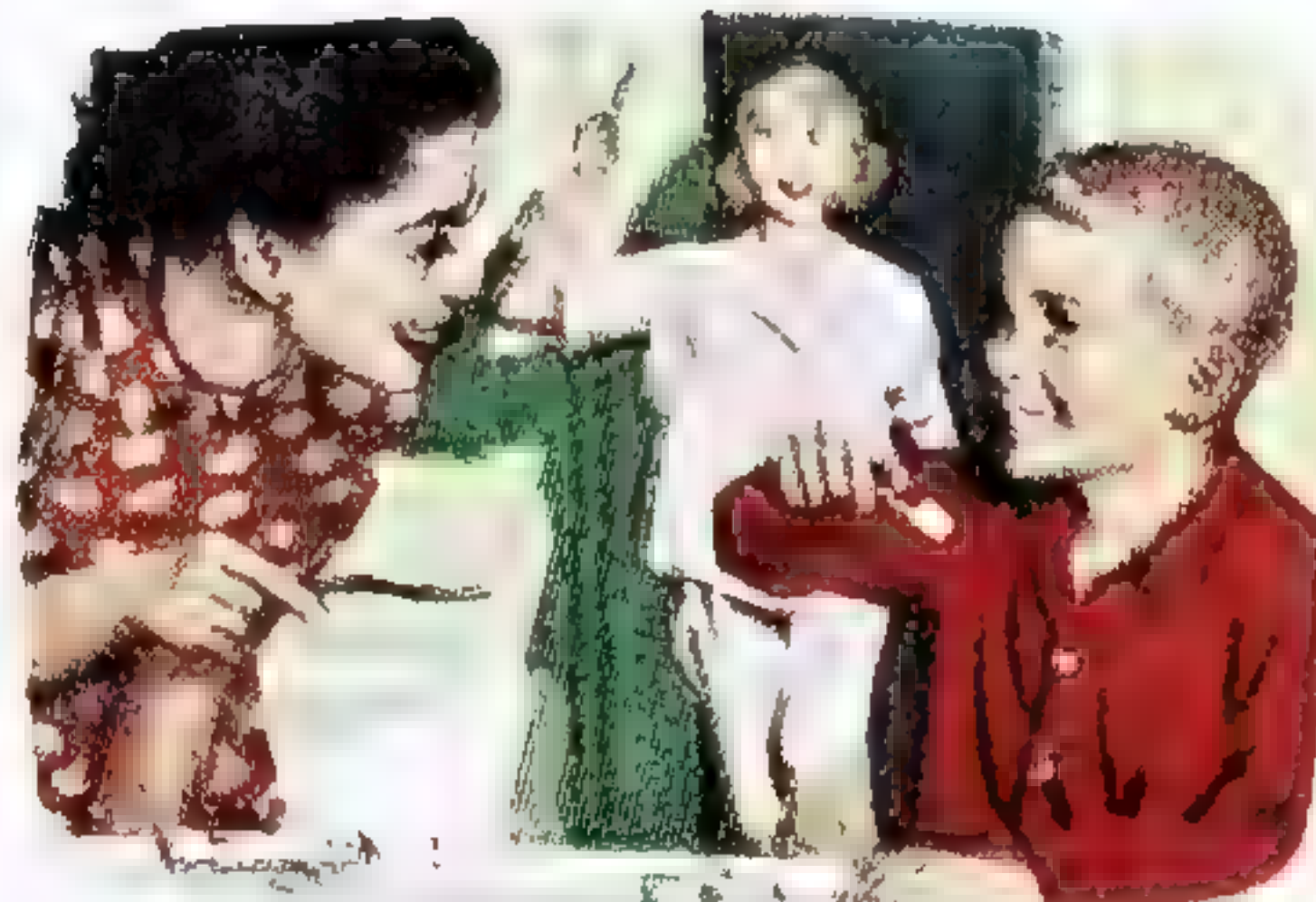
Fluoristan is Procter & Gamble's exclusive stannous fluoride formula—proven the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste



**Miracle of the Towns Without Toothaches.** For years, children in certain towns were virtually without cavities. Nature's decay-preventive, *fluoride*, was in their drinking water!



**Science Long Tried to Capture Fluoride** in a toothpaste. At last, after years of research, university scientists discovered *Fluoristan*—the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.



**Fluoristan Makes Possible Crest.** Without Fluoristan, you cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste. Protects teeth of adults and children, six and over.



**Dentists Tested Crest** for three years on 5,673 people. No toothpaste can end all decay, but Crest set records of decay prevention *never approached by any other toothpaste.*

## IMPORTANT

Crest with Fluoristan is the only toothpaste ever developed that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay for everyone, everywhere, by strengthening tooth enamel. Thereby, Crest marks a turning point in man's age-old struggle against this almost universal disease.

Instead of waiting helplessly for cavities to strike, Crest now makes it possible for you to build strong defenses against decay *within teeth* . . . to fortify teeth so that they turn back the destructive attacks of decay (as opposed to the old-fashioned method of brushing a temporary coating of protection on the surface of teeth). With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.



**NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE PREVENTS DECAY LIKE CREST!**



NEW FROM **DUBARRY**

— makes your hair

Curls lanolin softness  
right into your hair!



# look born beautiful!

## the only all-lanolized home permanent

- Lanolin waving lotion
- Lanolin-treated end papers
- Lanolin neutralizer



Never before a home permanent like this! Never before could you curl lanolin-softness right into your hair *at every step*! For DuBarry now brings you the first and only all-lanolized home permanent!

No wonder your hair looks *born beautiful*! No wonder it has all the sheen, the softness, the gentle springiness of naturally curly hair! You never, never see that frizzy "just-permanented" look, even on the first day. Yet curls are so strong, so *lasting*—you can't lose them unless you cut them off!

### Simplest Wave Ever

DuBarry is fast, sure, *easy*. All you do is wind, wave, neutralize. No test curls. No "head steamer" towel wrap. No dip and drip waiting. You're done in minutes, you're set for months!  
P.S. DuBarry smells *nice*, too—no eye-stinging ammonia fumes.

So, for lanolin-soft curls with that *born beautiful* look—get the new DuBarry. In Gentle, Regular, Super. Also, DuBarry Perfect Pin-Curl Permanent. Each, \$1.75 plus tax in fine department and drug stores.

# DU BARRY

*the "Perfect Home Permanent"*



# Tan Safely... beautifully!



...wonderful new Squibb  
product, Sun 'n' Surf.

Comes as lotion, cream or  
handy spray, actually  
FILTERS OUT dangerous  
burning rays, helps you  
to a gorgeous golden  
tan. Non-greasy  
and will not stain.

## Sun 'n' Surf\*

The answer to the burning question!\*

TRADEMARK



**SQUIBB** quality...  
the priceless ingredient

## WHAT SHOULD I DO?

*continued*

was based in Paris for a time after the fracas of 1939-1945. I was impressed by the fact that the designing business there was male-dominated and was *big* business, and I decided right then to qualify myself for the profession in the U.S.

It struck me that American women were far more beautiful than the so-called chic women of Paris; also that the average American woman had a better figure to decorate and more money to spend on that decoration than the average European woman.

Now that I have qualified myself for this profession, I should like to be associated with one of the motion picture studios or one of the California designers, but I am finding it difficult to secure an entrée.

I'm married and the father of one son and one daughter, so I have only a limited time to make the necessary contacts. I am prepared to exert myself and I believe I have designing talent and business acumen. How then, does a fellow get started if he does not have the capital with which to launch himself?

TOM A.

**A** I am very much in sympathy with your ambition to get into the dress designing business, Mr. A. I am always more interested in what men think of both my professional and my personal wardrobe than I am in the comments of other women for a reason which interests me very much: I find that other women usually admire what they feel they, too, could wear, and are indifferent to a style, a color, a treatment which their taste would discard. Contrariwise, men are interested in the garment of the moment on the woman of the moment; their opinions are pure, in that there is no ego-complication in them.

In your case, I think your first consideration must be that you have a family to support; therefore you must approach your profession with income primarily in mind. That means that you must get into the volume market, where sales are made by the thousands. You need to develop your sense of what "Everywoman" wants in her closet, how much she will pay for it, and how you can satisfy both her clothes-hunger and her pocketbook. The best rehearsal stage for acquiring this professional perception is the vast American wholesale garment industry.

Ordinarily, motion picture and TV studios are interested in designers who have already perfected their craft to a high degree and have earned reputations in the commercial field. Incidentally, many of these talented designers, when venturing into the custom field, have found that they could not afford the high art of dressing a few fastidious customers, but must go into the wholesale field on a grand scale in order to clothe their own families.

I do wish you every success because your letter leads me to believe that you have the training and the qualifications for a satisfying career.

**Q** Mine is a problem which many girls have, but never get a chance to talk about. I am sixteen, a sophomore in high school and live with my mother who has been divorced for fourteen years. My sister is eighteen and is going to college. It is not easy for my mother to send a daughter to college on what she earns, and my sister doesn't appreciate it.

To give you an idea: instead of staying at school over weekends, my sister takes every chance to ride down with friends,

*Continued*



# THE WONDER SHOW OF THE WORLD!



It Happens  
There  
In Mid-Air...  
In All Its  
Fire, Flesh  
And Fury!

HECHT AND LANCASTER  
present

## TRAPEZE

BURT LANCASTER

TONY CURTIS

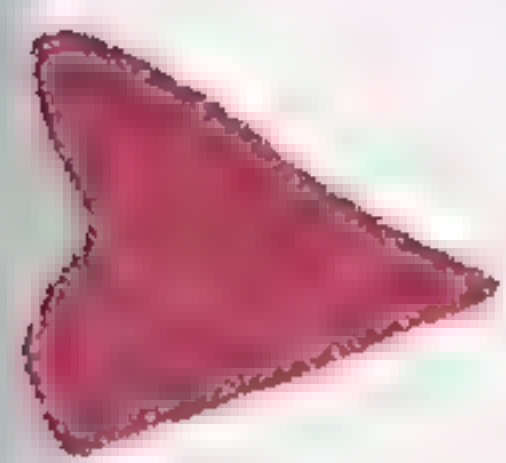
GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA

CINEMASCOPE COLOR by De Luxe

Also Starring KATY JURADO · THOMAS GOMEZ · With JOHN PULEO · MINOR WATSON · Directed by **CAROL REED** Produced by **JAMES HILL**  
Screen play by JAMES R. WEBB · Adaptation by LIAM O'BRIEN · A SUSAN PRODUCTIONS · INC. Picture · Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



Dramatic  
paper test proves



A

B

C

Lady Esther  
Sheer Flattery  
Creme Make-Up

at last you can be  
close-up confident  
about your complexion!

A piece of paper can show you quicker than anything else how good your make-up is. Smears, streaks, lines, pores show up on paper at a glance—the way they show up on your skin at close range. And you can see for yourself how much, *much* smoother Lady Esther's new Sheer Flattery is than other make-ups tested.

Sheer Flattery is a new sheerer than sheer, creamier creme make-up that smooths on so easily . . . smooths over every blemish so evenly, you can be absolutely confident that the closer he looks the lovelier you'll look.

No other make-up—cream, liquid, or cake—can give you such wonderful close-up confidence in your complexion as Lady Esther's new Sheer Flattery! Just look at the paper test! It shows the difference!

6 new "SKIN-HARMONY" shades

blend perfectly with natural skin tones  
Stunning pink and French Gray case

79¢ plus tax

price slightly higher in Canada

Lady Esther®

SHEER FLATTERY

Creme Make-Up



©1956 by Lady Esther, Div.

## WHAT SHOULD I DO?

*continued*

then Mother has to pay her fare back on the train or the bus. I think my sister keeps coming home because she is afraid the home is going to get out of her power. One week I changed around all the furniture in our room, and it looked much better. I even papered one wall and put up some pictures done by artistic kids at school (I made and stained the frames myself and got an A on the work). Well, you should have heard my sister when she saw that room. She took down the pictures and when I made a fuss she hit me across the face and drove me out of the room. Then she put all the furniture back the way it had been and told me that the next time I changed anything I'd really get it.

Another thing is the closet. She has used up about three-fourths of the space with things she never wears. All her good things are at school, but if I push the stuff into the back of the closet so there is some room for me, she cries and carries on.

I don't talk this over with my mother because when there has been a ruckus in the past, Mother has just said, "Oh, give her her own way. Don't argue. You know how she is."

Well, I do know, and I don't like it. Can you tell me what to do about it?

STELLA M.

**A** Isn't it time for you to decide exactly what you are afraid of, Stella? To evaluate what is important to you as a person? Fear has its place in our lives, of course; it keeps us from walking in front of trucks and trying to pet lions, but it should never be permitted to set up an adult pattern of submission to coercion.

You have precisely as much right to rearrange the room to please yourself when your sister is away as she has to maintain an arrangement she likes when she is at home. Naturally, you shouldn't expect to have your way all the time, and neither should your sister—but that is her problem.

This division of opinion between your sister and yourself need not lead to open conflict. You could keep the room the way you like it when she is away, rearrange it for her homecoming. It goes without saying that there should be no mention of this routine, a course of action which might be called mild diplomacy.

At all times you should be aware of what you are doing, which is this: you are striking a balance. No person can achieve true success along with the feeling of being a fulfilled personality, until he has learned to preserve his own individuality while, at the same time, he is getting along with other people.

I may as well admit—and it will come as no surprise to you—that there are some who never master this knack, but I think you can. Don't you?

**Q** Because you are a mother yourself, I'm sure you will understand my mother's ambitions for me and not criticize her as some of the members of our family are inclined to do.

You see, I fell in love when I was only eighteen and immediately wanted to get married. My mother begged me to wait, but I was certain there would never be anybody like Jerry. Actually, there never has been, and there never will be. He is an absolute darling, and so unselfish and kind. I love him dearly, and our two little boys are absolute angels. I couldn't be happier in my family life.

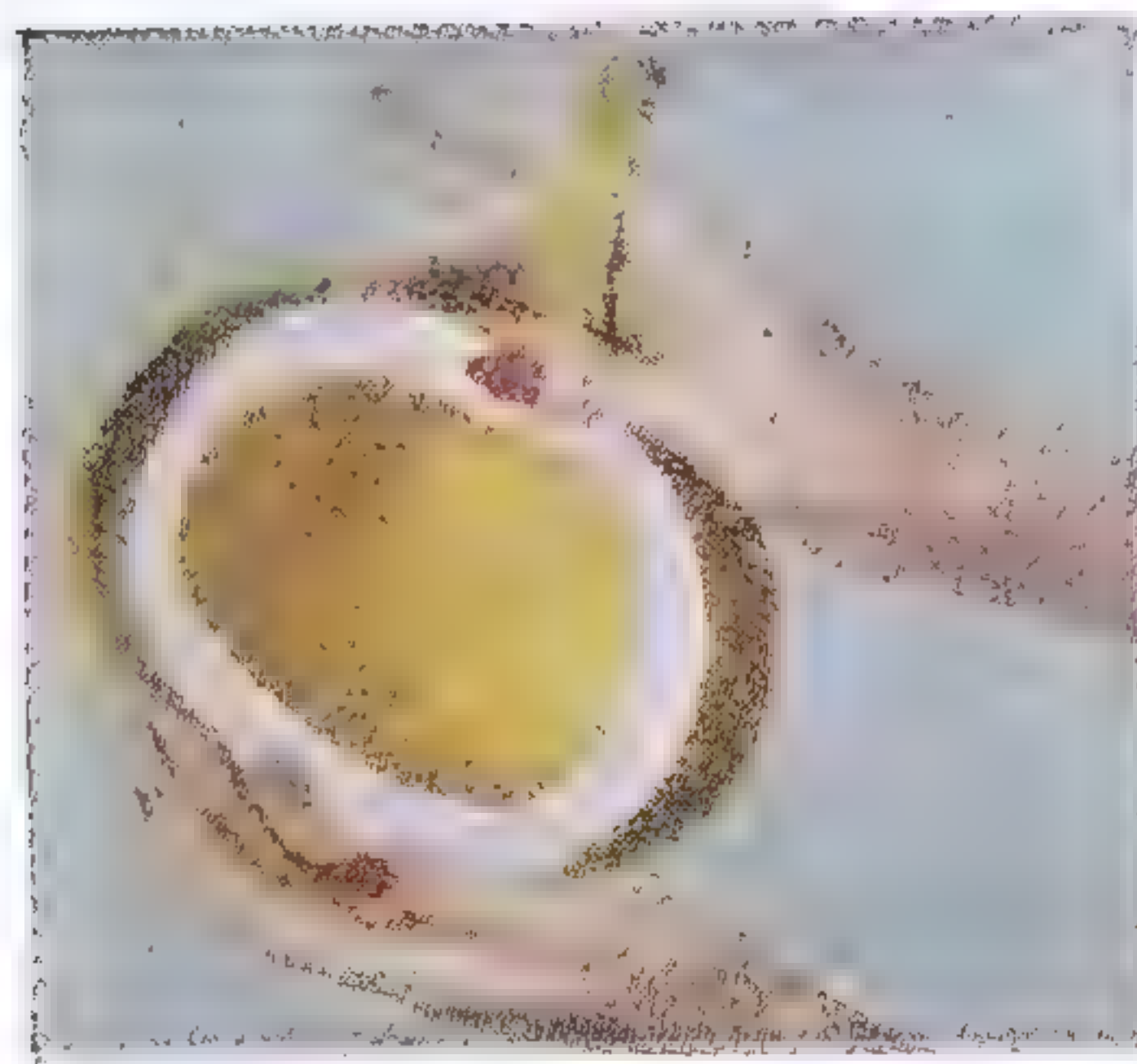
This is what has happened: My mother has received an unexpected inheritance,

*Continued*





They keep you chic in the water...and sleek when you "land"



Kleinert's Sava-Wave Swim Caps have the Magic Inner Rim that keeps water OUT! They're GUARANTEED watertight...and guaranteed to start wave after wave of compliments rolling your way! Side-show (above, left), \$1.69. Cap with pearl-centered posies, \$2.00. Gamin cap, \$5.00. In pretty watercolor colors. Other caps from \$1.00.



Beach bag with waterproof lining, \$3.98.

**K**® *Kleinert's*  
SAVA-WAVE SWIM CAP



# HALO leaves hair



## Cleaner Softer Brighter

*—than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo*



**Halo—unlike most shampoos—contains no greasy oils or soap to leave dulling, dirt-catching film!**

Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly, then rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Brings out all of your hair's bright, shining beauty with each shampoo. Get safe, gentle Halo today!



### Halo Glorifies Your Hair—Naturally!

#### WHAT SHOULD I DO?

*continued*

quite a large amount of money, and she wants to give me a chance in the world beyond what Jerry will ever be able to provide. She wants to take me to Hollywood and give me training, because she believes I would have an excellent chance for a screen career.

Jerry objects, feeling that my place is with my husband and our sons, and I must say that most of the family—even my mother's relatives—agree with him. Mother says Jerry is merely jealous, and that he wants to keep my beauty and talent his personal possession instead of sharing me with the world.

I feel that I am right in the middle of this dispute, and I'm terribly torn. I love Jerry and want to make him happy. On the other hand, if I could succeed in Hollywood, we could have a very different life which he could share with me.

What do you think are the chances for a girl of twenty-five who is willing to work like a slave, and who was said to have exceptional looks and talent during her high school days?

HELENA P.

**A** Authentic, breathtaking beauties are a dime a dozen in Hollywood, Mrs. P. Salesgirls, waitresses, receptionists, and secretaries are often so pretty that visitors to Southern California remark upon the general loveliness of the feminine scene. In many cases they are girls who didn't realize that nine out of ten of the most successful actresses in motion pictures are not great beauties at all, but possess an indefinable quality which makes it possible for them to elicit an emotional response from an audience.

You say you are "willing to work like a slave," but this statement suggests a stevedore's or a sandhog's profession rather than the delicate, perceptive, highly-trained occupation of acting. There is an epigram in Hollywood that goes like this: "Over-night successes have had ten years of training." Are you willing to invest the next ten years in preparing yourself for a series of exacting roles which may supply a sense of accomplishment and a comfortable living, but which may never supply the fame and affluence which you seem to take for granted?

I must confess that I am not at all in sympathy with your mother's point of view. She appears to be thinking, not of your present and future good at all, but of her position as the mother of a famous beauty. It is as if she had fashioned a sumptuous lace tablecloth and wanted to exhibit it at the fair; having produced beauty, she wants to make certain the indifferent world knows about it.

If you are restless and want to try for a career of some kind, why don't you take a modeling course, or work as a photographer's model; since you live quite near a large city, this would not represent a separation from your husband and your sons, and it would give you some idea of what a career girl's life is. I might add, in closing, that most career girls would envy you the married and maternal happiness which you seem to value so lightly.

**Q** My weight has always been a very discouraging matter to me. I weigh 202 pounds, I am 41 years old, and I am 5 feet 6 inches tall. I have three children, one married, one in college and one in high school, and I know that at times all of them have been ashamed of their tubby mother. Especially when they see some of my pictures taken when I weighed 118.



I have dieted and have proved to myself that I can take off fifty pounds, but then something upsets me and I go on eating binges and put on everything I have lost. No will power.

I decided that it would be a good idea to form a club to be called "Eaters Anonymous." If a group of us collaborated on menus and encouraged one another to check calories, and to be firm, I think it might be an incentive.

However, my problem is how to acquire the members for this club. I can't tell the friends who are fat that they *are* fat, and invite them to join. In addition to the membership difficulty, there is another worry: when women get together in the afternoon, one of the things we look forward to is the refreshment to be served.

I suppose I'm about to say a stupid thing, but wouldn't it be possible to make dieting glamorous? Isn't there some way to prepare a perfectly delicious, unusual dessert that isn't fattening? It just seems to me that actresses must have solved this problem, so I'm coming for help to one of the best, in my opinion.

(MRS.) PERINE T.

**A** I sympathize with you, Mrs. T., because yours is a very definite—and widespread—problem; the idea of the club is interesting, but before I discuss it, I'd like to suggest a new angle of approach.

Doctors now are pretty well convinced that, unless an individual suffers from an authentic glandular imbalance—which can be determined by an easy test—overeating is a symptom of boredom.

Psychologists have known for at least a generation, and philosophers have stressed the same opinion since Plato's time, that in any conflict between will and imagination, will is certain to be defeated. When you say in your letter that you have no will power, you are only confiding that you are exactly like every other human being. Even in your plan for a club, your imagination is preparing to defeat you; it is conjuring up dreams of the color of a dessert, its fragrance, its texture, its flavor. Your will power has already lost the battle, so you—caught between the two warring elements of personality—seek to remove the calories.

The reason actresses remain slender is that they employ their imaginations to present alluring images of themselves in a certain gown, in a certain photographic pose, in a certain role. Discipline is necessary, of course, because all of us like at least a few fattening things, but when discipline works with imagination instead of against it, there is no real problem.

You must take a lesson from the Hollywood routine: become enthusiastic about things to do, things to wear, the response of children, friends, and your own reaction to your mirrored self. At this point, the club idea would have merit if it could be made up of women who wanted to study ceramics, or raise money for a community youth center, or refinish furniture. In brief, turn your full attention upon doing or learning something that has always interested you, do it full steam, and you'll grow slender in the process if you really want to be slender.

Do you have a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the advice of Spring Byington? If so, address your letters to her, in care of Box 3095, Beverly Hills, California. If your problem is of general interest, Miss Byington will consider answering it in this column. All names will be held confidential.

# Tony Curtis

**IN AN EXCITING,  
NEW KIND OF ROLE!**

...as reckless  
Ben Matthews,  
the Gambling Man,  
who staked his life  
on the love of  
the River Lady  
they called  
"Zoe"!



*Universal International presents*

**TONY CURTIS  
COLLEEN MILLER  
ARTHUR KENNEDY**

*The* **RAWHIDE  
YEARS**

PRINT BY  
**TECHNICOLOR**



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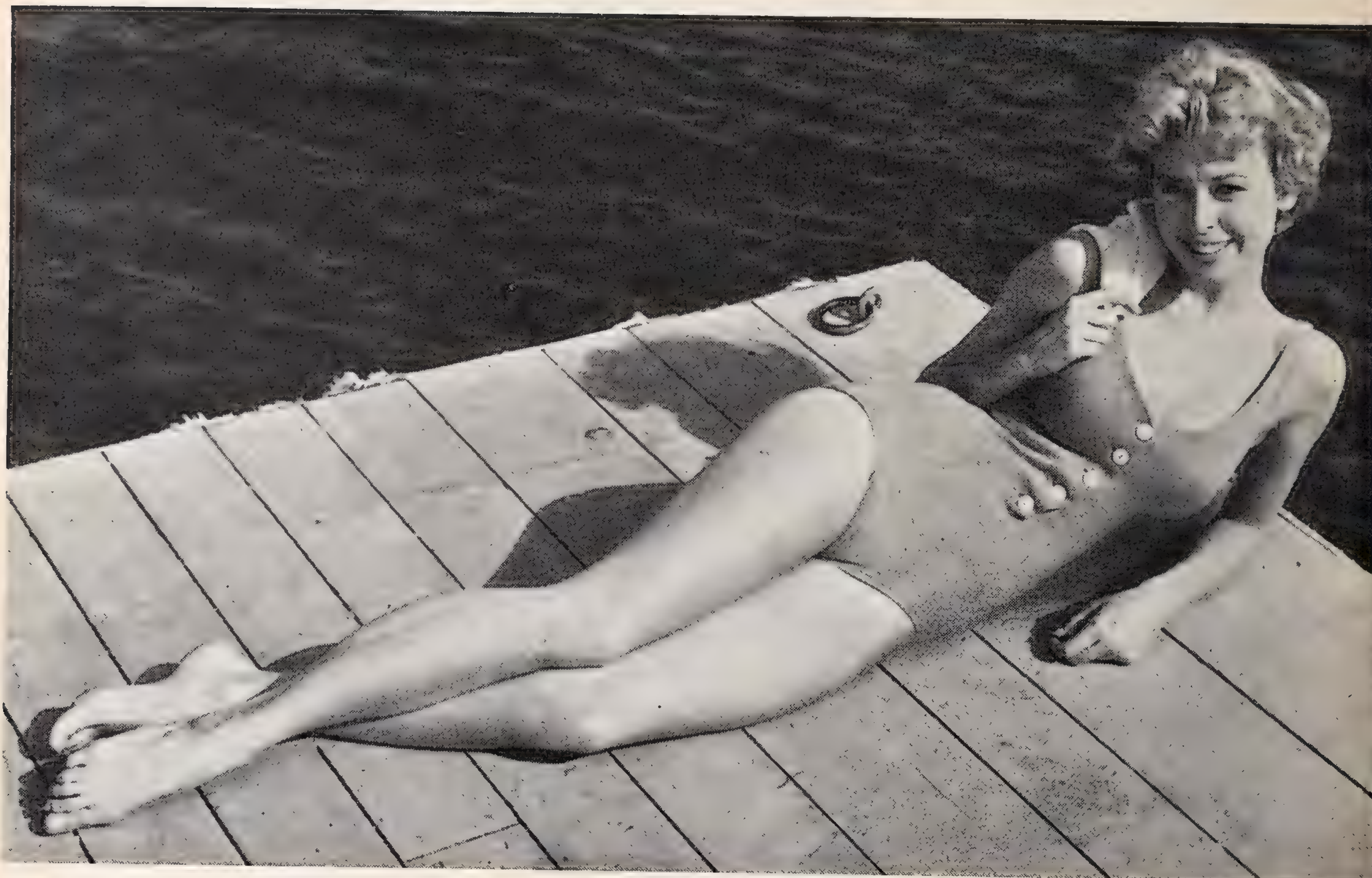
**WILLIAM DEMAREST • WILLIAM GARGAN  
PETER VAN EYCK • MINOR WATSON**

Directed by RUDOLPH MATE' • Screenplay by EARL FELTON • Produced by STANLEY RUBIN





*If you're a fair-skinned blond or redhead,  
you can tan faster if you take it slowly*



*Not a girl to play with fire, blond Barbara Ruick has her own way of tanning without first going through the burn and peel stage*

# The Lady's Not For Burning

BY HARRIET SEGMAN

● Unlike many fair-skinned blonds, lovely Barbara Ruick has little trouble acquiring a sunny, golden tan. She starts with ten minute sessions, morning and afternoon, working up to two half-hour sessions by the end of a week. She is extra careful between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M. And she doesn't let herself be fooled by an overcast sky. It's not the heat of the sun, she knows, that can frizzle your skin, it's the ultraviolet rays. These "burn" rays are strongest at midday when the sun is high and their intensity is increased by mist or low hanging clouds. Because the sun can fry you badly right through them, don't be lulled into a false sense of security! Barbara speeds up her tanning by applying several coats of suntan lotion, allowing time to dry thoroughly between coats. That way, her fair skin can be exposed to the sun for longer periods without burning. Because she's found that skin needs far less time to tan after a cold dip, she always gets in a quick swim before lying down to toast. And even after she's acquired her tan, she never risks exposure without suntan lotion. And never spends more than four hours at a time under the sun. She never forgets that when she's out in the sun, she's playing with fire.



Richard Hudnut 3-month test proves

# NEW **PIN-QUICK** OUTLASTS ANY OTHER PINCURL PERMANENT



**3 MONTHS AGO**

"From the first time I combed my Pin-Quick wave I've had the soft, casual curls I adore," says vivacious model, Sandra Dee. "Pin-Quick's *easy*—like setting your hair! *Fast*, too! I dried it *in minutes* with a dryer." (And see that lovely lanolin shine in Sandra's Pin-Quick curls!)



**TODAY**

"Imagine!" exclaims Sandra. "After all these months and all those shampoos, my Pin-Quick wave is *still* lovely. My curls are like new—so soft and springy. That's Pin-Quick for you! It's *really* permanent!" And here's the answer: Pin-Quick's Magic Curl Control locks curls in to last.

**Richard Hudnut guarantees**  
**Pin-Quick to last longer**  
**than any other pincurl permanent**  
**...or your money back!**

**1.50**  
PLUS TAX





The story of Grace Kelly's wedding by Alyce Canfield

# THE ROCKY ROAD TO PARADISE

*Behind the nightmare of publicity, two lovers waited for that solemn moment that made them man and wife*



*Their Serene Highnesses, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace at the buffet luncheon which was served at the palace, following the ceremony. In background is the imposing seven-tiered wedding cake*

● Two people in love plan to marry. They want their wedding to be sacred and beautiful. This is neither unusual nor unrealistic; it happens every day, everywhere, and it always will. But recently, when the two people in love happened to be Grace Kelly, the movie queen of America, and Rainier Grimaldi, the reigning Prince of Monaco, their marriage became one of the most extraordinary, explosive events of our time—from the astounding fact that an American actress was marrying a foreign ruler, to the fantastic, world-wide newscoverage and the frantic attempts to maintain order in the midst of international confusion.

At precisely 10:11 A.M. in Monaco, on Thursday, April 19, Grace Kelly entered the sun-drenched Cathedral of St. Nicholas, situated high above the Mediterranean Sea. In her flowing white and ivory gown of taffeta and lace, and her 125-year-old rose-point lace veil, she was a picture of flawless loveliness as she floated slowly down the aisle on the arm of her father, John B. Kelly, and took her place beside Prince Rainier.

Watching this solemn ceremony in awed silence were some 600 guests of the Kelly and Grimaldi families, the official representatives of 25 nations, plus 100 representatives of the press—reporters, television and newsreel cameramen. Throughout Europe, millions of people were watching via television.

When the ceremony ended, Princess Gracia Patricia gave a little sigh of joy. Then she and the Prince, both unsmiling, walked down the aisle and out of the cathedral, while trumpets blared, drums rolled, cannons boomed and jet planes roared overhead. Outside, thousands upon thousands of well-wishers lined the narrow, winding streets of Monaco and wildly cheered the couple as they drove by. Shouts of "Vive le Prince!" "Vive la Princesse!" thundered across the tiny principality.

Then the grand procession advanced to the palace for a gala reception for the 500 official guests. Delicacies of all kinds were graciously served and consumed, including thousands of bottles of champagne, bushels of caviar, and a gigantic seven-tiered wedding cake.

*Continued*



*Father Francis Tucker, Prince Rainier's chaplain, listens to the words that made Grace Kelly, movie star and Philadelphia heiress, Princess of Monaco*



A FOOLISH  
GIRL...

A DANGEROUS  
BOY...

A FATAL MOMENT!

But who is the more  
ruthless? The killer...  
or the newsmen *and women*  
who risk jobs, loves, *lives*...  
to be the first to find him!

*Suspense as startling  
as a strangled  
scream!*



# While the City Sleeps

10 Top Stars!  
10 Peak  
Performances

starring DANA ANDREWS / RHONDA FLEMING  
GEORGE SANDERS / HOWARD DUFF / THOMAS MITCHELL  
VINCENT PRICE / SALLY FORREST / JOHN BARRYMORE, Jr.  
JAMES CRAIG and IDA LUPINO



Directed by FRITZ LANG • Screenplay by CASEY ROBINSON  
Produced by BERT FRIEDLOB • Music by HERSCHEL BURKE GILBERT



# Jean's WRETCHED



## PERIODIC PAIN

It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

**"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"**  
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. B-76, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

# Jean's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores  
have Midol



Bride and groom wave to crowds from palace balcony

## THE ROCKY ROAD TO PARADISE

*continued*

In contrast to the utter lavishness and grandeur of the wedding and reception, the bride and groom spent the afternoon at a soccer match. Then, shortly after 5 P.M., they boarded their honeymoon yacht, *Deo Juvante II*, and disappeared into the sunset.

After it was all over, it still seemed hard to believe that Grace Kelly was now Princess Grace of Monaco, wife of the absolute ruler of the smallest state in the world. And, looking back over the events of the preceding weeks, it truly seemed like a fantastic dream.

From the moment Grace disembarked in Monaco, on April 12, the excitement and festivities continued without pause. Without a doubt, the major reverberations were evoked by the press—some 1500 of them—who clawed and clamored with the greatest of uneasiness as they tried to record every motion, every utterance of the celebrated couple.

While editorial tempers rose, and a few over-eager members of the press were forced to cool their heels in the Monaco jail, thousands of other visitors and guests managed to enjoy the round of celebrations, as did the couple—to a certain extent. At all times, Grace remained outwardly calm and unruffled, a stunning picture of regal poise and dignity—and truly a woman in love. As one close observer remarked: "Her eyes follow the Prince at all times. She gives out an aura of love that almost bends to him physically. And when she speaks to him, there is a breathless quality in her voice, a kind of vibration."

The Prince, however, showed signs of strain, partially because he was kept so busy, running everything from the guest lists at all affairs to the censoring of photographs.

They did manage to have a few moments of peace and privacy. The night after Grace's arrival in Monaco,

she and the Prince dined alone at the palace. The following night, at a champagne dinner given by Grace's father at the Monte Carlo Casino, they enjoyed dancing cheek-to-cheek. That afternoon, along with Grace's parents, they had driven to the Prince's villa in near-by Cap Ferrat where, after lunch, they took a stroll in the garden and were seen embracing and kissing, like any devoted sweethearts.

For days, the wedding gifts had been streaming in, faster than they could be opened and registered. Even before the wedding days, the value of gifts received had topped \$1,000,000. To add to the significance of it all, M-G-M was filming all the proceedings, while a friend of Grace's, producer Gant Gaither, had been assigned to document the occasion in book form. And throughout the little land, there was dancing in the streets, champagne parties, fireworks, ballets by Paris and London troupes. Indeed, it was extra, extra extraordinary.

And then it was all over. "The Greatest Wedding Ever" was a thing of the past, and the Prince and Princess, aboard their yacht on the Mediterranean, shared their love in welcome solitude.

What will life be like for Grace, now that she is a reigning sovereign? And what are the *true* facts behind their meeting and falling in love? Is the Prince still in love with the French actress, Giselle Pascall, as rumored?

The best way to discover the real truth was by talking to Reverend Francis Tucker, the Prince's chaplain, who brought the two together.

When asked why they married, Father Tucker smiled and said, "They married because they were in love. Although they only had met once, before they saw each other again in the States, they had what I like to call a mental telepathy for each other. They

*Continued*



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And no other toothpaste helps  
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so effectively and so safely  
against both bad breath  
and tooth decay!

**HOW COLGATE'S WITH GARDOL FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY AND BAD BREATH ALL DAY!**



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**Unlike other leading toothpastes,** Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day... with just one brushing! Your dentist will tell you how often you should brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

**Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day** for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth... gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day! And Colgate's famous flavor is preferred by men, women and children the world over!

\*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

**Cleans Your Breath**  
While It  
**Guards Your Teeth**



**SAFE** for Children of All Ages!  
**SAFE** to Use in All Water Areas!  
Cannot stain or discolor teeth!



GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK  
FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.



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be  
home-bound  
when  
you  
should  
be  
beach bound!

The lame excuses, the *you-run-along's* and *count-me-out's* are as dated as the flapper dress. Today's smart girls never let time-of-the-month interfere with a beach party. They rely on Tampax internal sanitary protection.

You know, of course, that you *can* go swimming with Tampax. But you don't have to, if you don't feel like it! The main advantage of Tampax is that it's completely invisible under either a wet or a dry bathing suit. You can simply sit on the beach, and no one will guess your secret.

Tampax has many other advantages that keep you feeling secure. It prevents odor from forming. Never chafes or irritates. Is easy to dispose of. In fact, in every way, it's nicer, daintier, more fastidious. Get your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Feel  
confident  
in a  
bathing  
suit



## THE ROCKY ROAD TO PARADIS

*continued*

weren't exchanging letters or anything like that, but they were thinking of each other. All the Prince could talk about from the time they met was Grace.

"I did not know the Kellys," Father Tucker continued, "but I made some inquiries. The more we learned of Grace, the more the Prince was convinced she was the right girl. As for her, I think she hoped—but, of course, never dared to expect—that the Prince would fall in love with her. She was very much in love with him from the very beginning."

What about Giselle Pascall? The newspapers had reported that Reverend Tucker had preached a shocking sermon in Monaco the Sunday before the wedding. He was supposed to have said that the Prince had denied his true love for the sake of his people.

"I was misquoted," said Father Tucker, without rancor. "I had heard a lot of gloomy forecasts about this marriage. There was a general feeling that it wouldn't last. My sermon was that, instead of gossiping about this royal marriage, the people of Monaco should look into their own hearts and their own marriages. I reminded them that the Prince *had* given up a young man's love when he gave up Giselle. He gave her up three years ago.

"I was wrongly credited with bringing them up. This was not so. Once even asked the Prince, 'Why don't you marry the woman you love?' But he knew he could not because his advisers as well as the people of Monaco, were against her. Not because she is an actress—for Grace Kelly was an actress—but because her background was not well-known here. The rumor was that she could not have children. Today people are saying Giselle married a few months ago and is now going to have a child. She married, but it is not true that she is going to have a child.

"I don't think he cast her aside," she gave him up," said Father Tucker. "I think they just drifted apart."

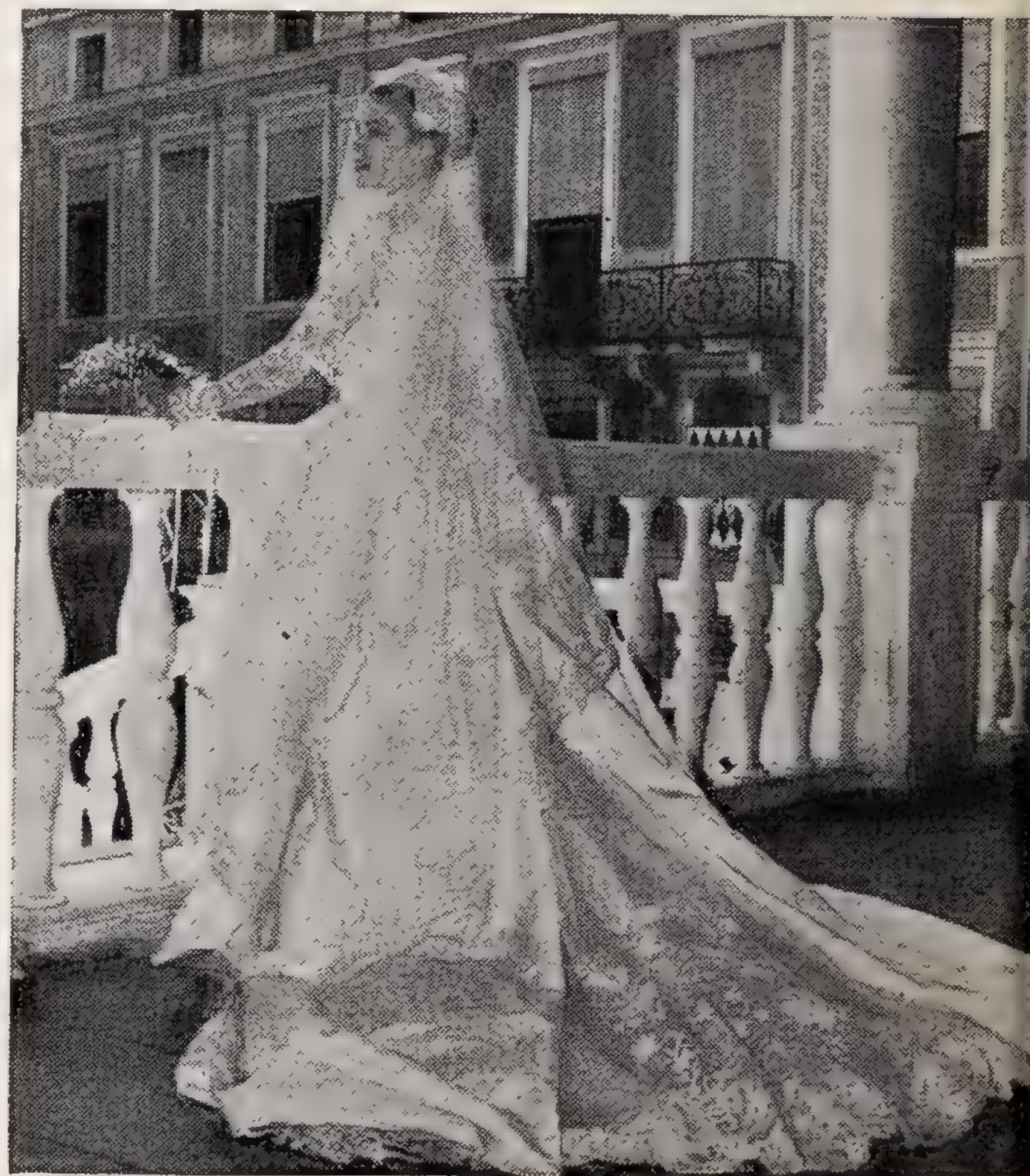
How about the rumor that the Prince came to America for a rich wife, and of Grace's two-million dollar dowry?

"The first thing John Kelly told me," said Father Tucker, "was *no dowry*. But, of course, it was wise for the Prince to marry an American. It will bring new blood to the royal line. I think, too, that the principality will benefit from the attention that has been focused on Monaco."

It was no secret that the press had felt it had been treated unfairly and had considered the edicts from the palace harsh, (*Continued on page 93*)



Sketch of front of gown. M-G-M designer Helen Rose used 450 yards of silk and lace in her creation



Grace's white and ivory gown of faille taffeta and lace, with 125-year-old rose-point lace veil, will be on permanent exhibition at Philadelphia Museum of Art





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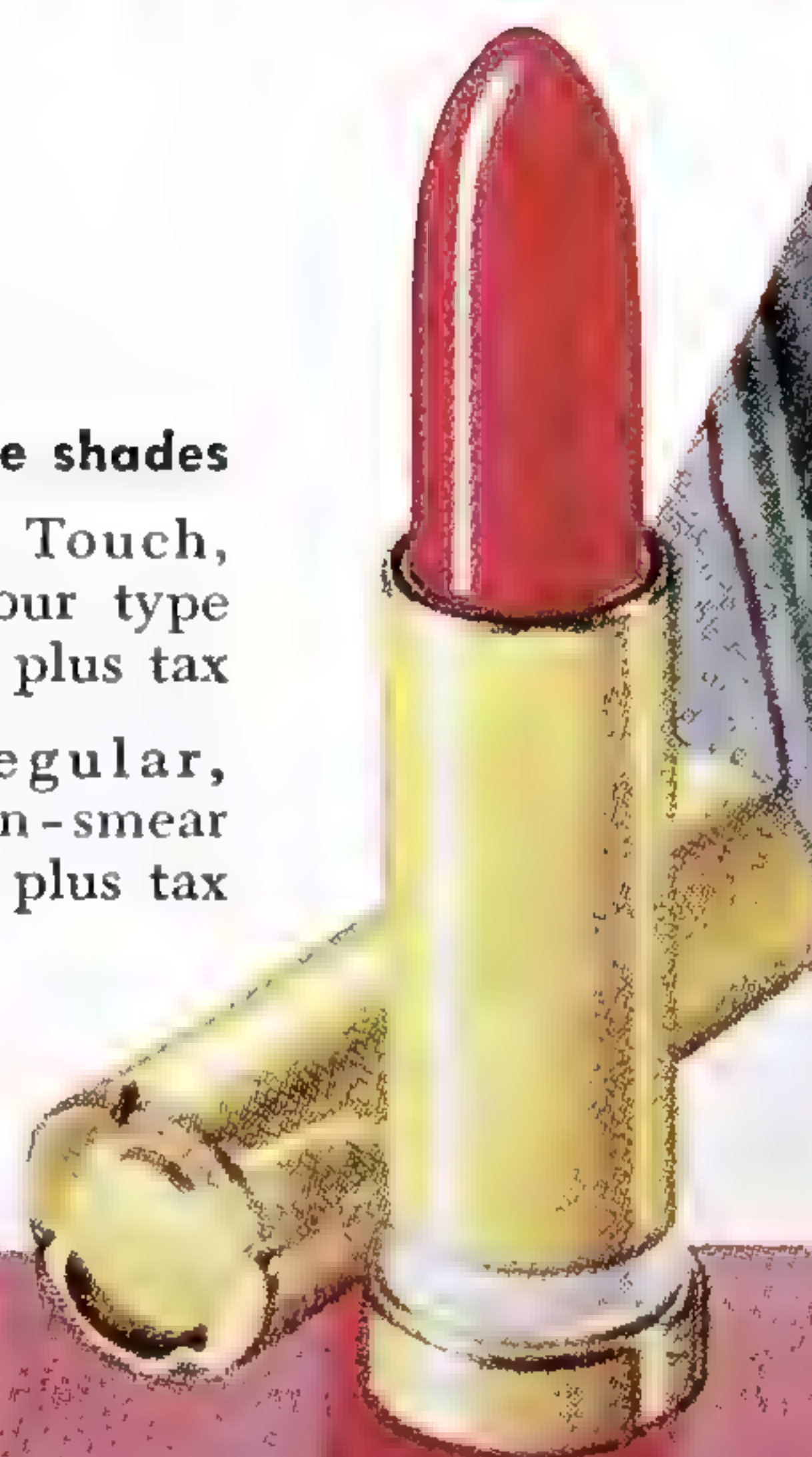
stays married to your lips...  
goes on true-color, stays true-color always

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**VIV**—Soft Touch,  
new 24-hour type  
\$1.25 plus tax

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has a "compact" shape

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Enjoy new freedom  
from nicks and cuts this safe,  
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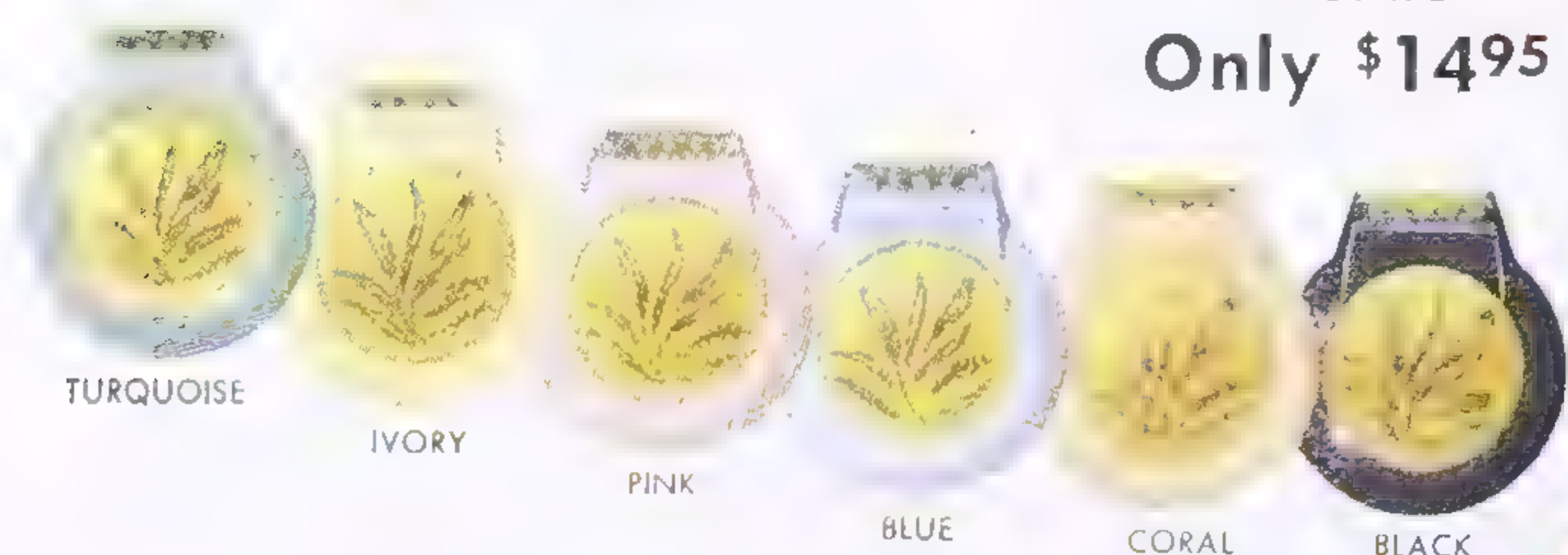
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PINK

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**BRIEF**

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

For fuller reviews, see **PHOToplay** for the month indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 34.

✓✓✓✓ **ALEXANDER THE GREAT—U.A.**; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Rich in pageantry and sweeping battles. Richard Burton, as the Greek prince out to conquer his world, is matched by Fredric March, as his blustering father. Claire Bloom plays his one love. (F) June

✓✓✓ **ANYTHING GOES—Paramount**; VistaVision, Technicolor: Amiable musical dependent on star-power. Stage partners Bing Crosby and Donald O'Connor are at odds because one wants Mitzi Gaynor for their leading lady, while the other roots for Jeanmaire. (F) May

✓✓✓ **BACKLASH—U-I**, Technicolor: Adult Western, well acted. Richard Widmark and Donna Reed take to the trail to solve a mystery following an Apache massacre. Bill Campbell and John McIntire supply menace. (F) May

✓✓✓ **BIRDS AND THE BEES, THE—Paramount**; VistaVision, Technicolor: Gentle comedy, neatly tailored for George Gobel. Heir to a fortune, he's the prey of card shark David Niven, with Mitzi Gaynor as pretty bait. (F) June

✓✓✓ **BOLD AND THE BRAVE, THE—RKO**: Movingly personal story of GI's in Italy, with a remarkable performance by Mickey Rooney. Wendell Corey and Don Taylor also score, Don as a self-righteous soldier in love with a tarnished Italian girl (Nicole Maurey). (A) May

✓✓✓ **CONQUEROR, THE—RKO**; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Epic of ancient wars, full of spectacle and violence. John Wayne's a Mongol chieftain, to be known as Genghis Khan, and Susan Hayward's a fiery princess. (F) April

✓✓ **DAY OF FURY, A—U-I**: Unusual oater. Yearning for the bad old days, Dale Robertson makes a law-abiding town wide-open again, tries to end Mara Corday's reform, too. (F) June

✓✓✓ **DOCTOR AT SEA—Rank, Republic**; Technicolor: In an easygoing British comedy, Dirk Bogarde plays a ship's doctor, with James Robertson Justice as the hot-tempered captain, Brigitte Bardot as a passenger. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ **GABY—M-G-M**; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Leslie Caron and John Kerr charmingly interpret the romance of a French ballerina and a GI. War brings them together in London, but puts their love to bitter trial. (A) June

✓✓✓✓ **GOOD-BYE, MY LADY—Warners**: Sentiment, humor mix engagingly in a story of Southern swamplands. Young Brandon de Wilde captures and trains a stray dog, then faces a hard decision, aided by uncle Walter Brennan. (F) June

✓✓ **GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING—RKO**; SuperScope, Technicolor: Vigorous action yarn of the pre-Civil War West. Southerner Bob Stack ignores the coming conflict to seek gold, court Virginia Mayo and Ruth Roman. (F) June

✓✓✓ **HARDER THEY FALL, THE—Columbia**: Tough, fast attack on the fight game. Humphrey Bogart's hired by crooked promoter Rod Steiger to publicize the fixed triumphs of an innocent young giant (Mike Lane). As Bogart's wife, Jan Sterling despises his job. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ **HELEN KELLER IN HER STORY—de-Rochemont**: True, heart-touching life of the deaf, blind child who became one of the greatest—and



# REVIEWS

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

happiest—women of our time. (F) Reviewed under title "The Unconquered." September, 1954

✓✓✓ JUBAL—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Strong drama, set in old Wyoming. Going to work on Ernest Borgnine's ranch, Glenn Ford is pursued by Ernest's wife (Valerie French) and hated by her ex-lover (Rod Steiger). Felicia Farr's a sweet pioneer girl. (A) June

✓✓✓ MIRACLE IN THE RAIN—Warners: Tender wartime romance of a New York spinster (Jane Wyman) and a GI (Van Johnson), with Eileen Heckart as a devoted friend. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ RACK, THE—M-G-M: Deeply understanding close-up of an officer on trial for collaboration in a Korean prison camp. Fine acting by Paul Newman, as the defendant, Walter Pidgeon, his father, Anne Francis, his sister-in-law, Edmond O'Brien, defense attorney. (A) June

✓✓✓✓ RICHARD III—London, Lopert; Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Dazzling movie version of Shakespeare's play. Laurence Olivier's work as the villain who murders his way to the throne is brilliant, surprisingly humorous. Claire Bloom is his unhappy bride; John Gielgud, his brother; Ralph Richardson, a confederate. (F) April

✓✓ ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK—Columbia: Feast for rock 'n' roll fans. Manager Johnny Johnston helps Bill Haley and his Comets to fame, falls for dancer Lisa Gaye. (F) June

✓✓✓✓ SEARCHERS, THE—Warners; Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Solid, realistic saga of Indian-fighting days. John Wayne, Jeff Hunter spend years seeking two girls (Natalie Wood's one of them) kidnapped by Comanches. (F) June

✓✓✓ SERENADE—Warners, Warnercolor: Mario Lanza makes a comeback in the highly emotional story of an opera singer nearly ruined by his patroness (Joan Fontaine), but saved by a Mexican girl (Sarita Montiel). (A) May

✓✓ SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD—Stanley Warner Cinerama; Cinerama, Technicolor: Narrated by Lowell Thomas, the third super-wide-screen travelogue ranges from the Taj Mahal to St. Peter's, from Japan to the Alps. Some slow spots, but plenty of spectacle. (F) May

✓✓ STEEL JUNGLE, THE—Warners: Perry Lopez is sympathetic as a street-bred young convict, clinging to the crooks' code against the persuasions of wife Beverly Garland, warden Walter Abel, psychiatrist Kenneth Tobey. (A) May

✓✓✓ STRANGER AT MY DOOR—Republic: Appealing Western, actionful and inspirational, ably acted by Skip Homeier, as a young desperado, Macdonald Carey, as a preacher bent on saving his soul, Pat Medina, as Carey's wife. (F) June

✓✓✓ SWAN, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: In a quaint, eye-soothing romance, princess Grace Kelly chooses between prince Alec Guinness and tutor Louis Jourdan. (F) June

✓✓✓ TRIBUTE TO A BAD MAN—M-G-M: CinemaScope, Eastman Color: James Cagney's vigorous acting sparks a big Western. He's a rancher whose ruthlessness and distrust keep his sweetheart (Irene Papas) from happiness. As a tenderfoot, Don Dubbins plays narrator. (A) May

✓✓✓✓ 23 PACES TO BAKER STREET—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: First-rate mystery. As a blind playwright, Van Johnson regains zest in living by turning sleuth to prevent a crime in London. With Vera Miles. (F) June



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Lady Esther  
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New Fresh Stick gets underarms dry, really dry, in seconds . . . ends all danger of perspiration and odor. And still it's safe for normal skin. In addition, it's the only one that goes on dry, invisibly, without any greasy or runny messiness.

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Beau Scott Marlowe likes Nat Wood's new "Sarita Montiel cloche" hairdo!



Rita Moreno likes Bob Wagner's dancing—and Brando's long-distance line

# INSIDE STUFF

*Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood*

**Love In Bloom:** Exercising a woman's privilege of changing her mind, Natalie Wood has forsaken "old" men of forty! The cause of it all: twenty-two-year-old Scott Marlowe. Nat first saw the exciting new actor on TV, then she happened to sit next to him at a preview of "Bad Seed." Scott was with a mutual friend, who introduced them, and they've been together ever since. Scott, who studied at the Actors' Studio, possesses the same electric talent as Marlon Brando, Cliff Robertson and James Dean. Hollywood had its eagle eye on Scott—but Natalie saw him first!

**Dad's Day:** Here's a switch. Stewart Granger's and Jean Simmons' married friends gave them not one, but *two* showers. The dolls presented baby clothes for the wee one expected in August, and the guys gave *trees* to Stew for his new yard! . . . Dan Duryea says he will never forget his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. "Because," grins Dan, "my son did the dishes!" . . . We love this one about Ernest Borgnine's four-year-old daughter, Nancy. When the neighborhood children asked her famous father for his autograph, Nancy wanted to get into the act, too. So she went and asked *their* fathers for autographs!

**Oddities:** Of all people, they're considering sweet and gentle Ann Blyth to portray the sultry, sensuous Helen Morgan, who sobbed while she sat on a piano and sang! . . . When Alan Ladd's daughter, Carol Lee, went back to work, she took a job on the famous actor's

production staff in preference to becoming an actress. . . . Mail addressed to Bridey Murphy, c/o Audie Murphy, is actually being delivered to him! . . . While the audience wept over Debbie Reynolds at the preview of "The Catered Affair," Deb sat in the back row of the Beverly Theatre munching a box of popcorn!

**Memories Are Made Of This:** Robert Wagner will never forget Spencer Tracy's kindness and help while they were making "The Mountain." The gold St. Bernard medal (the patron saint of mountain climbers) Spence wears on a chain around his neck was a gift from appreciative Bob. . . . Doris Day's birthday and wedding anniversary happen to fall on the same date. On location at Carmel-by-the-Sea, shooting "Julie," Marty Melcher gave his best girl seven presents. Six of them commemorated their happy years together. The seventh, Marty wrote on the enclosed card, he gave "just because you were born, dear Doris."

**Father Time:** Russ Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson have an amusing problem. She is still a teenager, while Russ is only twenty-one and, when they dine out on Saturday night, the waiters take one look and refuse to serve wine to this "old" married couple! . . . And seventeen-year-old Sal Mineo had an embarrassing moment when he invited a young lady out for dinner. The amazing new actor forgot his folding money, and the law prohibits him from writing a check until he is twenty-one. So Sal

*Continued*

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39¢ for two long-lasting refills

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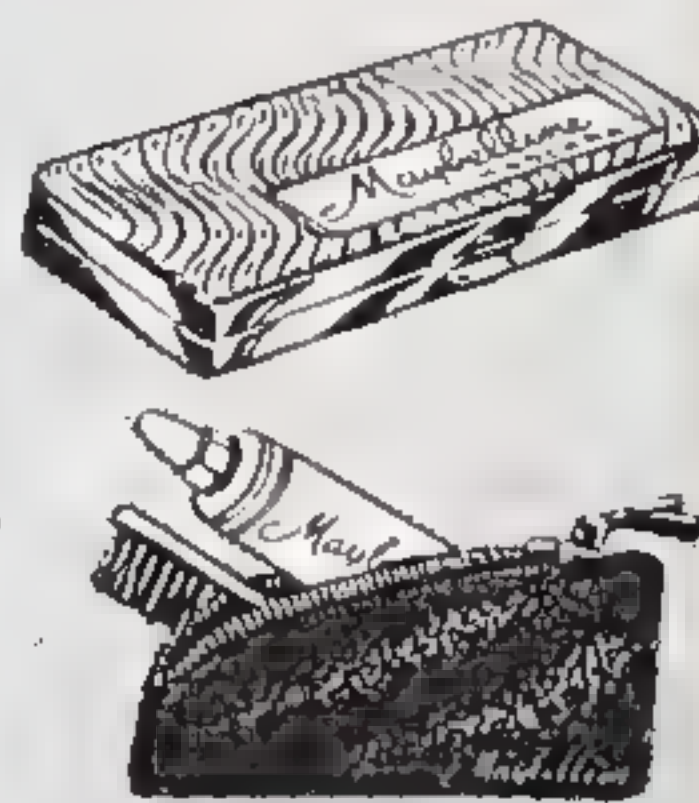
EYEBROW TWEEZERS  
designed with a grip that  
can't slip—straight  
or slant edge . . .

29¢

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for long, dark, velvety  
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gorgeous gold-plated  
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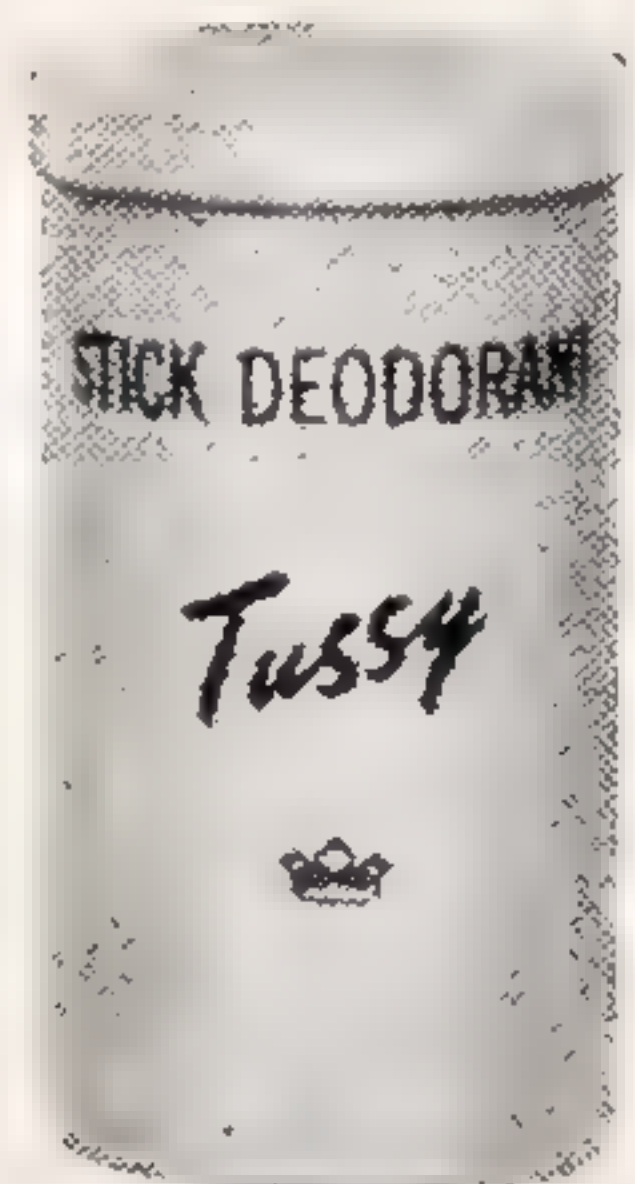


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skin  
and clothes  
safe  
from  
acid-damage!*

**The remarkable non-acid** formula of Tussy Stick Deodorant stops odor instantly...*without acid damage to underarms and fabrics!*

**It's neat-to-use**, has convenient push-up container. Cools hot underarms as it stops odor with wonder-working hexachlorophene! Yet, unlike other deodorants with acid-action, Tussy's amazing *non-acid* formula won't irritate normal skin!

**Keeps even** the most delicate fabrics safe from acid-damage! **\$1 plus tax**



**TUSSY**  
stick deodorant

## INSIDE STUFF *continued*

had to call his agent, who dashed over and "bailed" him out!

**Purple Heart:** Who says Grace Kelly is cold and unfeeling? Here's an untold story that reveals her true nature. Because she had to complete her trousseau, Grace flew to New York before her wedding gown had been finished. It arrived a few days later in an uncrushable metal box, and when the Princess opened it, she burst into tears. Thoughtful M-G-M designer, Helen Rose, had taken the time to have notes of instruction translated into French. Then she pinned them on the gown so that Grace's maids in Monaco would make no mistake when dressing her for the wedding!

**Friend In Need:** Shirley Jones and Barbara Ruick became fast friends when they shared an apartment in Hollywood. Then Barbara divorced Bob Horton and hit a low spell. Shirley and singer Jack Cassidy are so in love, they made Barbara fly to New York to meet all their eligible bachelor friends! . . . Jane Russell saw a heartless hit-and-run driver leave a puppy in the street. She put the injured animal in her car and rushed it to the hospital. The vet on duty had such great screen possibilities, Jane has arranged for husband Bob Waterfield to screen-test him. And that's how contracts are born!

**Hearts And Flowers:** Aldo Ray is trying to play Cupid for Tab Hunter, which couldn't be more ironic. Aldo and Jeff Donnell have separated again, but right up to the last, Aldo kept inviting Tab over for dinner. And invariably there was a nice young lady there for Tab to meet! . . . Anita Ekberg's fiancé, Anthony Steel, is protecting his interests while in Europe for a film commitment. Tony left a standing order for yellow roses with a local florist, and he also gifted his shapely sweetheart with a huge boxer dog. No fool he, Mr. Steel!

**Words of Wisdom:** Hollywood marriage casualties have been mounting with frightening speed, so we point with pride to the Gordon MacRaes. They were married on May 21, 1944, and today, fifteen years later, still act like newlyweds. "As far as we are concerned," says Gordon, "there is no magic formula for a happy marriage. We try to live by a few simple rules and one in particular is very important. Like all married people, we've had disagreements. But we've made it a point to never stop speaking overnight. By starting the day peacefully, it usually ends up the same way!"

**Between You and Cal:** Their personal press agents report that Rita Moreno,

*Continued*

*Fifteen years wed, the Gordon MacRaes still act so in love!*



*Shirley Jones is now acting as Cupid for pal Barbara Ruick*



*Tab's date, Lili Gentle, is the girl Ben Copper dotes on*



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no Lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay—the softest way!

**New SUPER-SOFT**

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**the spray-set  
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starring in

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SALESLADY"**

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**SUPER-SOFT**—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do's. Contains no lacquer at all. Spray it on regularly when you comb your hair.

**REGULAR**—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's. No lacquered look, no lacquer odor. Sets pin-curls in hair when dry.

5½ oz.—a full ounce more . . . Only \$1.25 plus tax  
By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness! New Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET is the softest way imaginable to keep waves and curls in place—for it contains not one single drop of lacquer!

Helps prevent dryness! Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET contains lanolin esters to discourage dryness, preserve softness.

Quick-sets hair-do's . . . ends sleeping on pins!

Set pin-curls in damp or dry hair. Then spray with Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET. Curls and waves dry in a jiffy, brush out soft and shining.



Makes any  
pin-curl style set  
faster, manage  
easier, last longer!

get new **Lustre-Net**

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# New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!



silkier...softer...easier to manage

**Brunette? Blonde? Redhead?**  
You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what *your* hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

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Economical 29c, 59c, \$1.

*Helene Curtis*  
**shampoo  
plus egg<sup>2%</sup>**

## INSIDE STUFF *continued*



*Monroe missed plane to Phoenix, but the press waited for "Bus Stop" star*

Charlotte Austin, Anna Kashfi and Josanne Berenger *all* received phone calls from Marlon Brando while he was in Tokyo. No comment! . . . Elizabeth Taylor's dieting problem took on a new twist when her "Raintree County" costumes were designed for a ten-pound loss of weight. Now lovely Liz has to recount the calories she's already counting. . . . Wise and wary Frank Sinatra wouldn't commit himself, but most of Hollywood believes he'll reconcile with Ava Gardner while he's in Spain making "The Pride and the Passion."

**Down Romance Lane:** Ben Cooper's flipped for the girl who looks like her name. She's flower-faced Lili Gentle from Birmingham, Alabama, and she is under contract to 20th Century-Fox. Poor moonstruck Ben is beside himself: Lili's only sixteen, so her homework comes first and dates take second place. . . . They insist it isn't serious, but Richard Egan gifted Dorothy Malone with a gold medallion when they finished "Tension at Table Rock" . . . Gene Nelson, who would jump through hoops for Piper Laurie, is putting her horse over jumps in equestrian shows out San Fernando Valley way.

**Destiny's Daughter:** Obviously, Marilyn Monroe can do no wrong; she had an entourage of helpers on the "Bus Stop" set. When director Josh Logan would suddenly throw her an unrehearsed line, it stopped her cold. Marilyn held up production when she was hospitalized with the usual bronchial infection which attacks when she works. But one fact remains: Those who have seen film clips of "Bus Stop" say she is simply great as the shopworn night-club doll. Incidentally, remember when she missed the plane to Phoenix? "I was *only* fifteen minutes late," she said in all seriousness, "and they *didn't* wait!"

**Around The Town:** She sells sea shells, which means Mitzi Gaynor's jewelled shell earrings are being copied by every  
*continued on page 117*



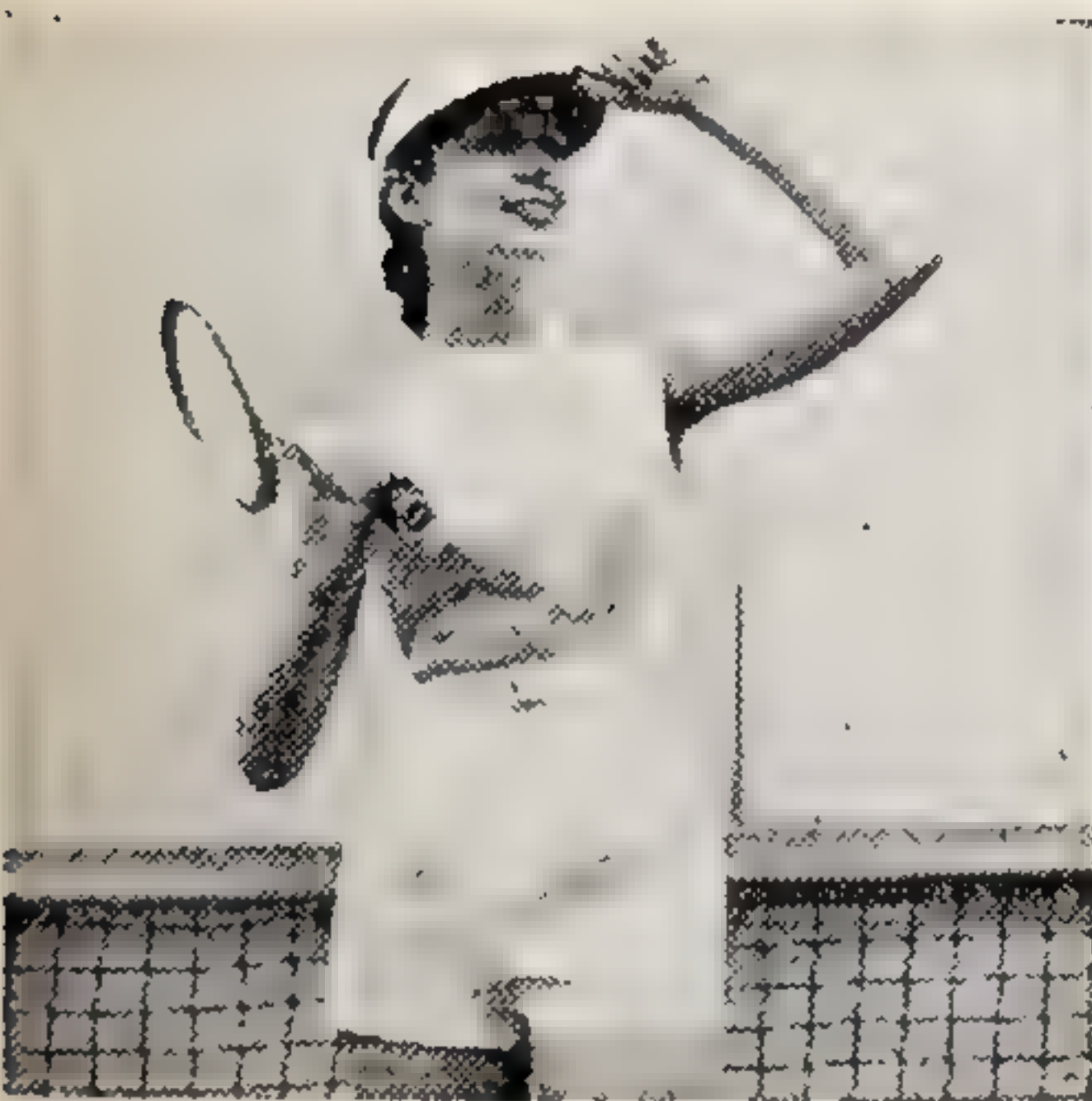
## The naked truth about the girl in the locker room!

She's the belle of the beach . . . even waves seem to snuggle closer. She's the girl with the eye-stopping figure, slim waist, smooth hips, flat tummy. She's the girl *you* think it's impossible to be . . . (but you're wrong!) She's the girl who never slips into bathing suit, dress, slacks or shorts, without first slipping into a Playtex® *Living*® Panty Brief of figure-slimming Fabricon!



*The bra in the picture is the Playtex Living Bra!*

## From morn to dawn, revealing summer fashions need a Playtex Panty Brief!



Shorts are long on flattery with a Playtex Panty Brief of Fabricon! Amazing "hold-in" power...without a seam, stitch or bone to show thru!



Any view of you is super-slim, thanks to your Playtex of super-slimming Fabricon...a miracle blend of downy-soft cotton and latex!



Wise night owls (any size) slip into a Living® Panty Brief—and take on a glamorous figure *in seconds* . . . thanks to Fabricon's "hold-in" power!



There's a Playtex® Panty Brief for Every Figure! Playtex Lightweight for wonderful control. \$4.50 Playtex Magic-Controller\* "finger" panels for most control.....\$6.95 Playtex, known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube

P



# LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES



BEST ACTING: BETTE DAVIS

Watching daughter Debbie try on the wedding dress, Bette reaches wistfully for the romance she's missed in her own life



Doris and Jimmy listen tensely for a beloved voice as they near their goal

## *The Man Who Knew Too Much*

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Alfred Hitchcock and James Stewart, director-star team of "Rear Window," take on a new partner in this fast-paced thriller. With only two songs to sing, Doris Day proves a winner in the melodrama department, too. Jimmy's the man of the title, an American doctor vacationing in Morocco with wife Doris and their son (Christopher Olsen). He happens to witness the murder of a French secret agent and to hear his dying words. These offer a clue to a plot against the life of a foreign dignitary visiting London, and Chris is kidnapped to insure his father's silence. So Doris and Jimmy head for England on a double mission: to rescue their son, to prevent an assassination. As the kidnappers, Bernard Miles and Brenda de Banzie add more suspense.

FAMILY

## *The Catered Affair*

M-G-M

✓✓✓✓ In a story of endearingly everyday people, Bette Davis surprises even her long-time admirers, and Debbie Reynolds tackles her first serious role with commendable sincerity. Glamour goes out the window as Bette adapts voice, figure and walk to the role of a Bronx housewife. Believing her own marriage loveless, she tries to make up for the lack by insisting on a lavish wedding for her daughter. The affair she envisions is 'way beyond the means of husband Ernest Borgnine, a cabbie who was just about to realize his dream of becoming a driver-owner. Debbie and Rod Taylor, appealingly earnest as her fiancé, had cherished more modest plans, but she's quickly caught up in the excitement. And Barry Fitzgerald, as her uncle, long-time boarder in the cramped flat, is a laughable meddler.

FAMILY

Continued



*Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with*

**PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A**

**Cleaner, fresher complexion today!**

**GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!**



**1.** Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing! Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove *deep-down* dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!

**2.** Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is *deep-down* clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.

*Only a Soap This Mild* can work so thoroughly yet so gently!

**Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!**

**Doctors have proved** that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

**Here's the easy method:** Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!



**DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!**



*Mild and Gentle*





# Can you trust your douche?

**Of course you douche**—regularly—for that sense of internal cleanliness, internal daintiness, that only a douche can give you. But are you relying on makeshift additives with no real cleansing power? Are you?

**Try "Lysol".** Just a teaspoonful, added to the douche water, spreads into all the folds and crevices to give you complete assurance of personal cleanliness. Rapidly, efficiently, "Lysol" kills odor-producing bacteria on contact—acts as an "internal deodorant." Yet the new, gentler "Lysol" is bland, harmless to delicate feminine tissues.

**Once you use "Lysol",** you'll be amazed at how much fresher and cleaner you feel. All nagging doubts and uncertainties vanish; you know there's no possibility of "embarrassing odor."

**Join the millions of women,** married and unmarried, who share this sense of "social" security; who use "Lysol" regularly... after menstruation... or when confronted by the problem of extra secretions... or just to be surer of feminine daintiness. Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today!... Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol", Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. PP-567.



**"Lysol"**  
Brand Disinfectant

Also available in Canada

## LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES *continued*



The serene love shared by Richard and Dana faces the test of wartime parting

### **D-Day the Sixth of June** 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Though it's set within the frame of the Normandy invasion, this is not so much a war picture as a love story, a tender triangle involving Dana Wynter, Robert Taylor and Richard Todd. Todd's role is the briefest, but he makes it count, playing an English officer who says goodbye to Dana to head for North Africa. After a time of lonely waiting, Dana meets Bob, an American officer. They're honest with each other, talking freely about the lover overseas, the wife in the U.S. But they drift into love. Then Dick returns, and Bob finds himself attacking the Normandy beach in a unit under his rival's command. In contrast to the uncomplicated leading characters is Edmond O'Brien's arresting portrayal of an ambitious officer. ADULT

### **Bhowani Junction** M-G-M; CINEMA- SCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Filmed in Pakistan, the movie version of the best-seller pairs Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger in a romance as charged with emotion and color as the teeming Indian landscapes. Like her childhood sweetheart (Bill Travers), Ava is half English, half Indian, torn between her heritages. As a British colonel, due to leave the country soon, Stewart Granger works with the native government in an effort to keep order, while Communist-backed elements try to bring on chaos. Through an incident of violence, Ava is embroiled with both sides in the struggle. Her performance is creditable, but striking photography accounts for most of the picture's impact. ADULT

### **The Great Locomotive Chase**

BUENA VISTA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR  
✓✓✓✓ Wild adventure and the tragic realities of the Civil War combine in an action movie with a fresh and picturesque

air. Based on fact, it gives Fess Parker a real-life role interestingly unlike Davy Crockett. Fess is a Union spy, believed by the South to be a gallant blockade-runner. He leads a group of Union soldiers (in civvies) on a raid deep into Dixie. There they steal a train, in order to blow up railroad bridges on the return trip. Fess has a worthy adversary in Jeffrey Hunter, as the earnest young conductor, who takes off with engineer Kenneth Tobey in stubborn pursuit of their train. Outstanding among the soldiers are hotheaded Jeff York and scholarly John Lupton. FAMILY

### **A Kiss Before Dying** U.A.; CINEMA- SCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Given an unusual assignment as a fortune-hunter and callous killer, Bob Wagner still can use his familiar boyish mannerisms, cleverly hiding his guilt from the other people of the story. The murder of his pregnant sweetheart (Joanne Woodward) looks to the police like a suicide case. But her sister (Virginia Leith) is determined to find the man responsible for Joanne's plight—and death. The dangerous quest makes good suspense fare. Also on hand are Jeff Hunter, as a professor helping Virginia, George Macready, as the two girls' wealthy father, Mary Astor, as Bob's mother. ADULT

### **Safari** COLUMBIA; CINEMA- SCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Hungry wild beasts, Mau Mau terrorists and intimate human antagonisms keep the thrills moving along merrily in this Africa-filmed melodrama of a strange safari. Victor Mature, great white hunter, has a bitterly personal reason for tracking down the Mau Mau leader. Roland Culver, arrogant British nobleman, wants Vic to concentrate on trailing a lion of fabled savagery. Janet Leigh, Culver's hard-drinking, ex-chorine fiancée, has little to do but wander into perilous situations and show off varied costumes (mostly scanty). John Justin seems to be along just for the ride, but an exciting ride it is. FAMILY

### **The Leather Saint** PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

✓✓✓ Religion and prizefighting combine quaintly in this gentle film. As a young minister, John Derek uses fistic skills learned in college to earn money sorely needed for a children's hospital. In half of his double life, he puzzles manager Paul Douglas by his refusal to hurt his opponents—except with the knockout punch. He also arouses the professional interest of promoter Cesar Romero and the personal interest of Romero's girl (Jody Lawrance). Meantime, Derek's church superior (Ernest Truex) happily accepts the proceeds without questioning the source. FAMILY

**Continued**



**HANDLE  
WITH  
CARE...**

**IT'S LOADED WITH LOVELINESS!**

**NEW "pink T.N.T."**

**FABULOUS OFFER  
"PINK T. N. T." SCARF**

designed by *Anne Fogarty*

Get the lovely PINK T. N. T. scarf shown here designed by Anne Fogarty! Imported pure silk crepe; 35 inches square; hand-rolled edges! Guaranteed \$3 value, it's yours for \$1 plus tab or card marked Scarf Offer on PINK T. N. T. lipstick or polish. Mail with name and address to Cutex, Box 110, N. Y. 46, N. Y. In Canada: Cutex, Box 1171, Station "O," St. Laurent, Montreal. Allow 3 weeks delivery. Expires Sept. 30, 1956.

**Beautiful Dynamite for Lips and Fingertips**

Gay as fireworks! Exciting as a carnival! "PINK T.N.T." is a radiant, rocketing new pink, sparked with a touch of blue. It's the hottest color that ever hit town... surefire ammunition for disarming your favorite masculine target! Get "PINK T.N.T." today and start the new season off with a beautiful bang!

**CUTEX**  
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING MANICURE AIDS

**NEW! CUTEX SATIN CLING LIPSTICK**

Here's the new 24-hour-type lipstick by Cutex! Gives your lips round-the-clock color with no drying after-effect, 79¢. **SHEER LANOLIN LIPSTICK**, 59¢. For matching fingertips, chip-resistant **CUTEX**, longest wearing polish of all! Also, glamorous, iridescent **PEARL CUTEX**.





# See? It's like washing your hair in naturally soft rainwater

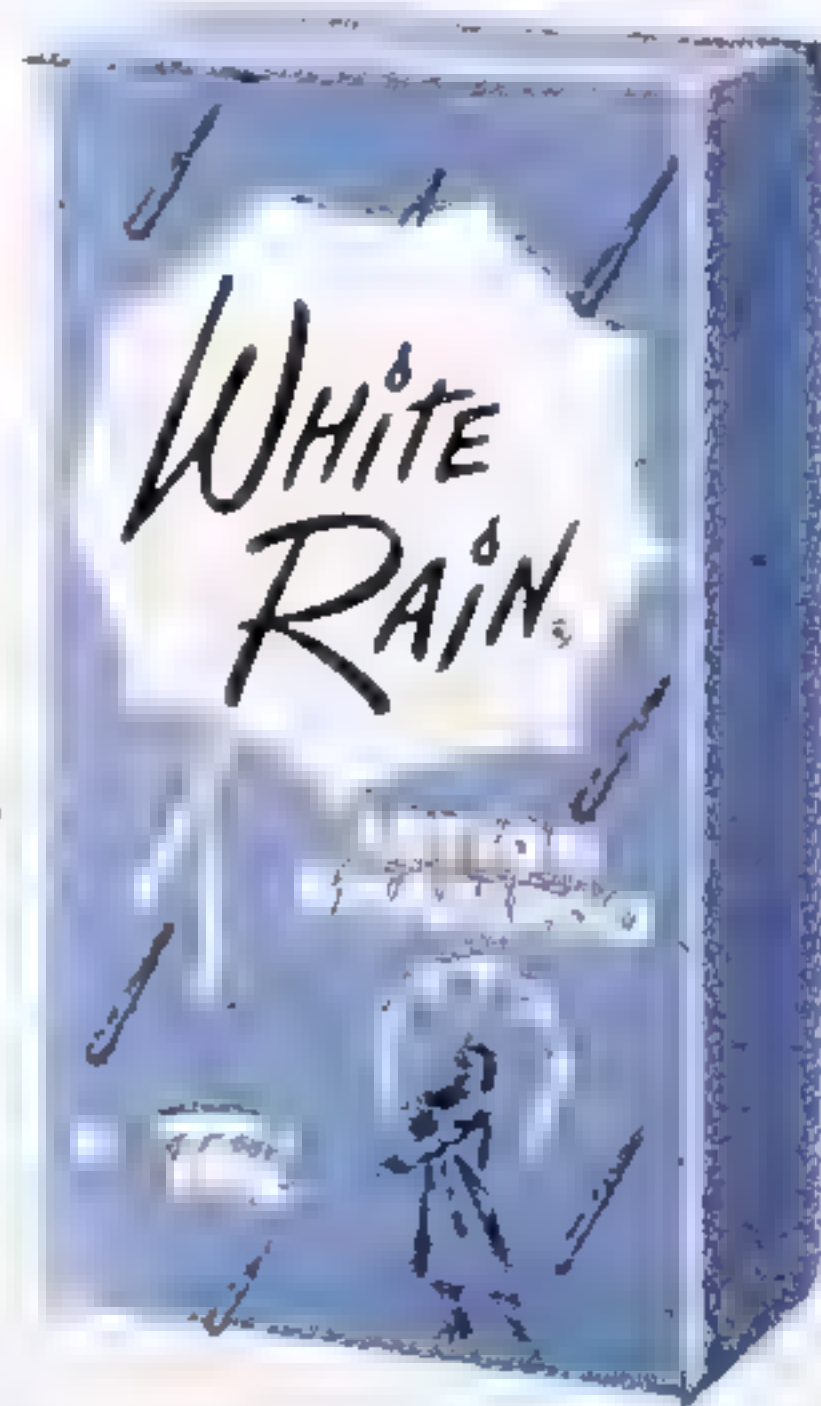


**Rainwater-soft suds!** New White Rain gives you floods of suds, soft as softest rainwater. Rainwater-clean rinsing, too . . . all dulling film disappears in a twinkling!



**Rainwater-soft results!** You comb out hair that's sunshine-bright . . . soft as a summer cloud. Yet all your sunny curls just naturally spring back into place!

NEW  
**WHITE RAIN**  
LOTION SHAMPOO



Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight . . .

Tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

## MOVIES

continued

### *As Long as You're Near Me* WARNERS

✓✓✓ German-made but with dialogue in English, this distinctive drama interweaves two stories: of a marriage, of the making of a movie. As a director who has drawn too far away from ordinary people's lives, O. W. Fischer finds a way back. He drafts a shy young extra (Maria Schell) to act out her own life on the screen. Delighted at her good luck, she is soon disillusioned. Reliving the terror of bombings is a grueling experience. Yet, after a day as a star, she hates to return each evening to the slum home she shares with her factory-worker husband (Hardy Kruger), who is jealous of her new associations—with reason. The plots finally converge. **ADULT**

### *The Maverick Queen* REPUBLIC; NATURAL-AMA, TRUCOLOR

✓✓ In an actionful Western, Barbara Stanwyck plays a hard-bitten dame who works secretly with a cattle-rustling gang—until love blurs her allegiances. Barry Sullivan is the gallant stranger responsible, a detective who promotes himself into the gang by plotting a successful train robbery for them. Also involved are Scott Brady, as an unshaven bandit, who turns vengeful when Barbara casts him off, and Mary Murphy, as a lady ranch-owner victimized by the rustlers. **FAMILY**

### *Crowded Paradise* TUDOR

✓✓ Here is a touching film, as long as it focuses on the very real problem of young sweethearts: Enid Rudd, as a New Yorker of Puerto Rican parentage; Mario Alcalde, as a Puerto Rican newly arrived in the U. S. metropolis. Frank Silvera is equally believable as the girl's loving yet disapproving father. Though Hume Cronyn and Nancy Kelly perform creditably as the half-crazed janitor of the apartment house and his blind wife, their situation has little to do with the lovers' simple, affecting worries. **ADULT**

### *The Animal World* WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ With some use of cartoon technique, but more of authentic nature shots, this ambitious film sets out to trace the development of living creatures on the earth. It ranges from microscopic water organisms to gigantic dinosaurs. Eventually it strays into a general survey of present-day beasts, giving the edge to the often-photographed but always fascinating menagerie of Africa. **FAMILY**

### *Zanzabuku* REPUBLIC, TRUCOLOR

✓✓ Concentrating entirely on Africa, this nature movie also has trouble getting its variety of exciting shots into organized form. Beginning with an expedition to trap animals for zoos, it turns aside to glance at tribal customs, returning to capture—just on film—more creatures roaming the beautiful landscapes below the snows of Kilimanjaro. **FAMILY**

Continued on page 92





The realest suntan that ever smoothed on with a puff!

*Ooh— what a luscious suntan!*

# “Bronze Angel”

**Love to look toasted-golden ... but cool as a julep? Read this!**

**Don't** smother your face in heavy, greasy make-ups that will streak and run!

**Do** smooth on the *one* summer make-up that's all sun—and no shine! Luscious Angel Face in deep, velvety “Bronze Angel.” C-o-o-l!

**Don't** expect chalky, dry powders—loose or solid—to cling smooth to a shiny nose!

**Do** glamorize your tan in 5 seconds with “Bronze Angel.” Never shiny or drying and it clings! Because it's made with *Vaporized Beauty Oils!*

**Don't** say “I wear *nothing* but my tan all summer!”—unless you live in No Man's Land.

**Do** give come hither smoothness to your face with “Bronze Angel.” It's sunlit perfection! And by moonlight, a wonderful soft glow. Choose the make-up more girls use than any other—Angel Face by Pond's!

**Travel light with Angel Face!**

Just *one* make-up to pack! Now in 3 slim, sleek cases! The new pink “Date” Case, just 79¢\*... the new blue vanity, 59¢\*... and this glamorous ivory-and-golden Mirror Case, \$1 \*plus tax

*Angel Face*

by Pond's





Modess .... *because*

Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury . . . the gentleness of the fabric covering that's soft as a whisper.



PHOTOPLAY  
RECOMMENDS



# 'THE RACK''

● This is the name of a motion picture which you simply must not miss. You may have already seen the original version on your TV screens nearly a year ago. But, even so, the movie version is truly one of the most exciting screenplays you will encounter. As a teenager, you will be pitting your own honorable "breaking point" against Paul Newman's on the screen. As a mother or father, you will find yourself measuring your own standards against those which this young man had a right to demand of his parents. The villain of this motion picture story is not the enemy as much as is our own human weaknesses, and the hero of the film is our own human strengths. Don't let the fact that the action centers around the trial of an American soldier for giving aid and comfort to the enemy in Korea keep you from classifying this as "just another war picture." "The Rack" is far more than that—it is a living, pulsating drama of our own troubles, triumphs and times.

THE EDITORS





**I**t was a lovely day in Los Angeles. A soft breeze was blowing, and there wasn't a trace of smog. Kim Novak came out of the restaurant, having just concluded a luncheon interview, and walked down to the corner of Gower and Sunset Boulevard. She stood waiting for the light to change.

"Kim. Hello."

Kim turned to face a tall and slender girl with long dark hair. She looked very familiar.



*There she was,*

*hanging on for dear life.*

*"Don't lose your grip, girl,"*

*Kim told herself.*

*She didn't have to worry.*

*This wonderful new person*

*she'd found*

*had everything under control*



*Kim, caught up on the merry-go-round of stardom, with its crammed hours, is no longer thrown off-guard by questions about love—and beau Mac Krim. As for Mac, she's still his best girl*

**IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT**

**KIM FOUND**



BY DON ALLEN

"Hi," Kim said, flashing her familiar friendly smile. "Do you remember me?" the girl asked. "I used to live at the Studio Club."

"Oh, sure. Of course. How are you?"

"Look, Kim," the girl said. "I have a friend who's a producer on radio. He has this show that goes on the air three times a week. . . ."

Kim listened intently. The story was a little involved. What it boiled down to was that the girl wanted Kim to

make a guest appearance on her friend's radio show.

"Gee, I wish I could," Kim said, and smiled. "But it's impossible. All these things have to be cleared through my studio."

"Oh?" The girl's eyebrows registered disappointment and a trace of disbelief.

"I'm sorry, I really am," Kim said. "But that's the way it is. Now that I have a contract, the studio makes all those decisions for me. And (*Continued on page 114*)

Kim Novak is next in "The Eddie Duchin Story"



# SOMEONE NEW





A BOY FOR HIM...  
A GIRL FOR HER...



# THEY'RE EXPECTING A LIVING DOLL

● "When Dr. Krohn told me I was going to have a baby," says Jean Simmons, "I floated out of his office like a sleepwalker. And when, driving home, I'd reached a more rational state, I said to myself, 'Jeannie, old girl, one thing you're *not* going to do is tell a living soul—not for months and months.' Nobody, but Jimmy." (Jimmy is husband Stewart Granger's given name.)

"So," continued Jean, her high-voltage eyes suddenly merry, "I opened the door, and there were Jamie and Lindsay—Jimmy's children who came over from England to live with us permanently—playing with the poodles, Old Beau and Young Bess; the Tibetan water spaniel, Me-Too; and the twin Siamese cats, both called Traybert because we can't tell which is which.

"No sooner had I said (*Continued on page 84*)

*Jimmy's home now and in command—of Jean's diet, plans for the nursery, preparations for the big event*



Jean Simmons is in "Hilda Crane" • Stewart Granger, in "Bhowani Junction"

*You could hear Jimmy clear across the Atlantic Ocean  
when Jean told him the happy news!*



- Mitzi Gaynor is in "The Birds and the Bees"
- Victoria Shaw, in "The Eddie Duchin Story"
- Myrna Hansen, in "Raintree County"
- Mara Corday, in "A Day of Fury"
- Cyd Charisse, in "Meet Me in Las Vegas"
- Martha Hyer, in "Kelly and Me"

Mitzi Gaynor: When she appears, with one accord,  
The cry goes up, "Man overboard!"

5'6", 116 LBS., 36" BUST, 21½" WAIST, 33" HIPS  
MITZI'S PRINT SWIMSUIT ENSEMBLE BY EDDY GEORGE

# SHAPES

● Men who venture out to the beach this year will be swimming in dangerous waters—if they don't want to find themselves deep in a romance! Because today's mermaids, judging by this crop of Hollywood sea sirens, are practically irresistible. A warning for the girls, though. The new swimsuits, in vivid cottons, lastex and knitted sheaths, bring out a gal's best lines—but they also reveal the bulges. So if you want to lure the lads, trim those lines, lassies. Because it's the shape you're in that will decide whether you'll shine in the sun or solo in the shade!

Victoria Shaw: With lines like these who needs bait?  
All she has to do is relax—and wait!

5'6", 115 LBS., 36" BUST, 23" WAIST, 36½" HIPS  
VICTORIA WEARS COLE'S "RIBBONAIRE" SWIMSUIT



Myrna Hansen: Who cares if it's cooler in the shade?  
It's more fun to sun with this mermaid  
5'6", 123 LBS., 39" BUST, 23" WAIST, 34" HIPS  
MYRNA'S SWIM SHEATH BY SEA NYMPH



Mara Corday: Provocative in print, this dark-eyed dish  
Threatens to disturb more than mere fish!  
5'5½", 120 LBS., 36" BUST, 23½" WAIST, 35" HIPS  
MARA WEARS JANTZEN'S "JAMAICAN RIPTIDE" SHEATH

# AHOY



Cyd Charisse: In dazzling suit and mad chap  
Cyd steals the summer seaside show

5'6", 115 LBS., 35" BUST, 23" WAIST, 34" HIPS  
CYD'S BRILLIANT-STUDED SUIT BY ROSE MARIE REID

Martha Hyer: A golden goddess, sheathed in white;  
The temperature soars when she's in sight

5'6", 120 LBS., 36½" BUST, 23" WAIST, 36" HIPS  
MARTHA'S SWIMSUIT IS CATALINA'S "BRITE SPRITE"





*Agent Dick Clayton is Tab's closest friend, helped guide him to the top. But even Dick can't predict what Tab's decision will be*

Tab and Natalie Wood co-star in "Burning Hills"

*Tab wanted love on his own terms. Now he must make a choice. It will be a decision that will affect his future as a star*

● One might wonder if Tab Hunter, Warner Brothers' star and one of Hollywood's most popular young actors, ever heard the story about the fond parents who sent a telegram to their son, who was contemplating marriage. The message read: "We rejoice in the news that you are to be married and wish to congratulate you on your wise and admirable choice. Our heartfelt congratulations. Mother and Dad. P.S. Your mother just left the room. Stay single, you blithering idiot."

Whether or not this incident ever came to Tab's attention, the fact remains that he is still discouragingly single. Only recently has there been any indication that this condition may change in the foreseeable future.

This young actor with the disarming smile and captivating good looks does an amazing amount of thinking. And he is very outspoken on the subject of personal independence. He expresses his views frankly and sincerely. To Tab, a conviction (Continued on page 94)

*Tab enjoys the company of friends like Natalie Wood, resents being nudged into a romance*



## TAB HUNTER: caught in that TENDER TRAP?

BY HYATT DOWNING









*Liz Taylor, as a woman who knows at last the answer to the question, "How does it feel to be beautiful?"*

Elizabeth Taylor is in "Giant" and "Raintree County"

# SHE BEAT THE BARRIER OF

# BEAUTY

BY BEVERLY OTT

● The brother of the Caliph of Morocco was giving a ball, the elegance of which could be matched only by an M-G-M Technicolored spectacle. But, in spite of all this, the eyes of the guests were fixed upon a visitor from America . . . Elizabeth Taylor, who had accompanied her husband to Morocco on a picture location.

The crowd watched as Michael Wilding and the vision of beauty who is his wife moved onto the dance floor. Then other men bore down upon the couple to claim a dance with Mrs. Wilding. "What they say is true," murmured one dignitary awaiting his turn. "No one could be more exquisite."

The music played on and the dancers responded and the multitude encircling Mrs. Wilding grew larger. As is the custom in Morocco, partner after partner cut in by taking hold of her arm. Before long, her arm began to ache, but her smile remained gracious. Two steps, change partners . . . three steps, change partners. She was whirled around and around the room. Somewhere in the confusion, she lost a diamond earring. She never found it. The jeweled brooch that she was wearing came unclasped and fell to the floor. The jewels were recovered, but the brooch was crushed.

Hectic as it was, the Moroccan tribute might have been considered a triumph by any girl. It might also have been taken for granted by many. Yet, as the Wildings left the ball later in the evening, Elizabeth smiled at Michael and said, "How nice of them to be so attentive to a stranger."

To those who know her, the reaction was a typical one. And those who know her best are also aware that the price she has paid for her

*Continued*





God can give you a beautiful face  
and figure. But happiness, Liz learned, is  
something you must create yourself





# SHE BEAT THE BARRIER OF BEAUTY

*Continued*



*Today, Liz has a serenity that amazes everyone. "It's made her warmer, more outgoing." And she never looked lovelier*

beauty cannot be measured by material things—a missing earring, a crushed brooch.

Scores of her fans might find it difficult to believe that, for Elizabeth, the price has been higher. To most, she is a star who represents a dream—the one that came true. Countless young girls slip into the world of make-believe as she brings it to the movie screen. In the dim theatre, the glare of reality is left outside and for a time seems far away. A teenager's painful shyness can be lost, if only briefly; today's misunderstandings will be easier to return to, after a short respite; disappointments are momentarily forgotten.

But, let Van Johnson describe a telling scene that occurred just five short years ago:

"'The Big Hangover' was the first picture we did

together," Van recalls. Although Elizabeth was playing a twenty-five-year-old woman, she was really only seventeen years old.

"She was still going to school when we were making the picture," Van continues, "getting ready for her final high school exams. One day when I passed her dressing room, there she was with a school book in her hand, but gazing at the ceiling with a tragic look.

"'Hey, sugar,' I said, 'what's wrong?'"

"'Oh, Van, I'm so depressed,' she sighed. 'I just feel as if I'd like to die today.'"

"You couldn't laugh; you remember too well how it was when you were having growing pains yourself. 'Do me a favor, honey?' I said. 'Just get up and take a look in the mirror, will you?' (Continued on page 108)





*A beautiful child and entrancing teenager, yet Liz faced the barrier of beauty even then. Even with friends, above, at left, she was somehow different. New girls eyed her with suspicion, envy. Liz longed for dates—but the boys, awed by her beauty, found it impossible to be casual with her as they were with other girls. She married Nicky Hilton in a dream of love. It was a brief, disillusioning experience*



*Mike Wilding was not a man to be dazzled by beauty. With real love, Liz became the woman she'd always wanted to be—wife, mother, actress. The barrier was down, forever!*

*Arriving on "Giant" location, Liz was snapped by late James Dean (back to camera). "The Texas location was tough—hot and dusty," said the producer, "but Liz took it best of all"*







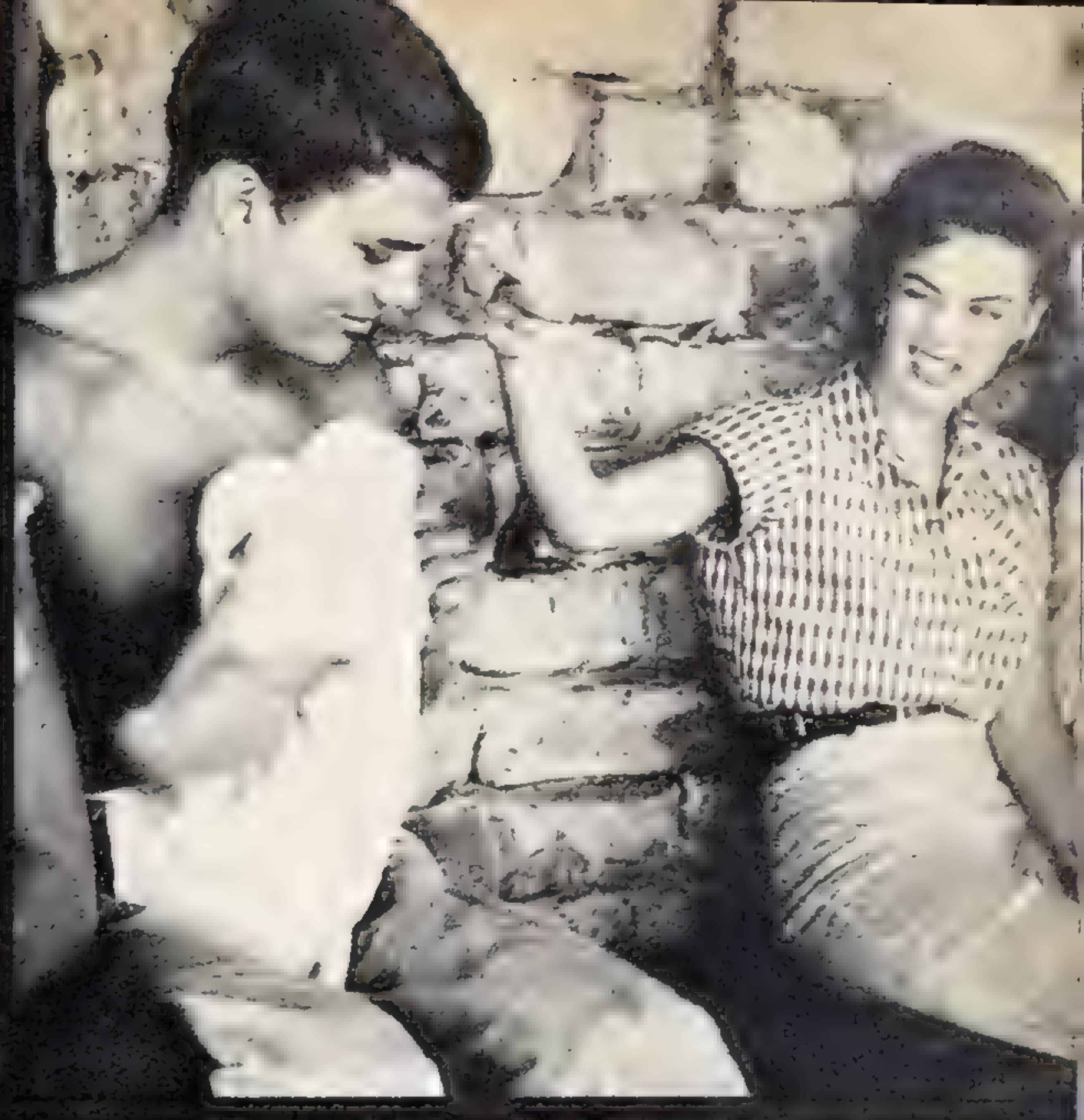
Pat's attempts to play the accordion sends Natalie — into protesting shrieks! "That's 'Love Me or Leave Me'," he explained. To Nat, digging the sand out of Pat's eyes, it sounded more like the coyote chorus!





# SQUEEZE PLAY

**W**hen "The Searchers" company went on location to Monument Valley, the outlook looked pretty grim for teenagers Pat Wayne and Natalie Wood. No corner drugstores or drive-ins — just sand and sun and long evenings of nothing. It was the end, simply the end, until director John Ford produced a miracle — character actor Don Borzage. An accomplished accordionist, Don soon had the joint — er, desert — jumping for Pat and Nat!



16-year-old Pat and 18-year-old Nat enjoyed each other's company, kidded a lot between scenes. He thinks Nat's a swell actress. Pat's no slouch himself, has inherited acting talent of proud dad Duke Wayne, who stars in film

Natalie Wood is also in "The Burning Hills"





*Beautiful, but no one suspected the fire "Meet Me in Las Vegas" released—no one except producer Joe Pasternak, who had movie written especially for Cyd*

Cyd Charisse is next in "Designing Woman"



# THE SEXIEST GIRL IN TOWN!

*By Earl Wilson*





*Earl keeps an appointment with that torchy dancer, Cyd Charisse. It turns out to be illuminating!*

● Cyd Charisse may go 'way up in the movie world, now that M-G-M's leading attraction, Grace Kelly, has become a Princess. And lots of people are already congratulating Cyd on her bright new future.

There's been talk of her taking over Grace's role in "Designing Woman," and she's already set for the lead in "Silk Stockings."

Cyd will fill the role as well as the stockings nicely. I made a little boo-boo when I talked to the beautiful "new Cyd Charisse" about this recently.

"What's that thing in your hair?" I asked.

"A streak," she replied prettily. "This is the first time I've had streaks."

"A gray streak!" I exclaimed. Then, realizing I'd said something unforgivable, I added, "Oh, you're too young for gray hair. Come now!"

"Thank you," returned Cyd. "It's a blond streak."

"But what does a girl with beautiful smoky brown-black hair do to get a blond streak?" I inquired.

(A man runs across more useless information when he writes about glamour girls.)

"Sidney thought of it," Cyd said.

"Sidney who? Cydney Charisse?" I said, and then threw in a "har har" in the Jackie Gleason manner just so she'd know I was joking.


"No, Sidney Guilaroff, the M-G-M hair stylist who 'creates' coiffures for Grace Kelly and the other stars," Cyd explained.

"That's something I've been dying to find out so I can tell the other fellows," I (Continued on page 118)

←  
*Cyd's sexy appeal doesn't make husband Tony Martin jealous. When he overheard two guys drooling over his wife in a theatre he leaned over and congratulated them on their good taste! Far left, hairdresser Mary Keats prepares Cyd for new, sexier still shots*







*Ernest and Rhoda Borgnine on Academy Awards night. "It hadn't mattered that I wasn't the doll Hollywood girls are expected to be. But now the public expected his wife to be something special"*

**"I  
was  
letting  
'Marty' down!"**



*There are more dangerous ways to lose a man,  
than to another woman.*

*Mrs. Borgnine's revelation of how she faced  
her own personal problems  
and what she is doing about them  
is one of Hollywood's most inspiring stories*

BY

SYLVIA ASHTON

Ernest Borgnine is next in "The Best Things in Life Are Free"



*Always close to his family, Ernie called his dad, sister Mrs. Velardi in New Haven right after winning the Oscar*

● If anybody had told Pharmacist's Mate First Class Rhoda Kemins that the sailor lying in her surgical ward at the Brooklyn Navy Yard would someday make her the wife of an Academy Award Winner First Class, she would have burst out laughing, long and loud.

Because to her he was just another serviceman. The wards were full of sailors in those days of World War II. They came and went. Rhoda was generally too busy nursing them, writing their letters, or just playing sister to them, to take any single one seriously. If she'd known then that he would go into the theatre as an actor, she'd have made it a point to avoid him. Show business was certainly not the right setting for her!

Ernest Borgnine was the sailor, and Rhoda Kemins, the plump and cheerful Pharmacist's Mate *did* become his wife, six years later. It would take seven more years—years lean and hard with struggle, conflict and poverty—before her husband was to reach the pinnacle of his (Continued on page 96)



*Oscar winner: Ernest Borgnine as "Marty"*



*Above, in current "Jubal" and below, with Debbie Reynolds in "The Catered Affair"*







*Guy Madison lassoes favorite reporter Ruth Waterbury on set of "Reprisal." "His shyness fooled people when he first went to Hollywood"*

# Glamour

## Happy Marriages

When a marital crash like Jeanne Crain's and Paul Brinkman's comes along, I really steam when I hear people say, "That's Hollywood marriage for you." Sure, it's one type of non-working Hollywood marriage. But before you start thinking Hollywood is always love's undertaker, consider some of the other situations.

For instance, the Charlton Hestons, and Lydia Heston's latest birthday present. Like most husbands, Chuck didn't have the foggiest notion as to what to give his little woman for her birthday. He kept fussing and fuming until the lucky evening when he and Lydia went to see "The Birds and the Bees."

In one scene, aboard ship, Mitzi Gaynor wore a doll of a suit, made of a wonderful light wool in a shade that was like creamy caramel, and collared and cuffed with dyed fox to match.

At the sight of it on the screen, Lydia Heston let out a gasp and, bless the man, Chuck heard her sound of rapture. The next morning, he turned up at Edith Head's office at Paramount.

*Ava Gardner, in Spain, made sure she saw Frank's movie.*

## Smart Guy

When I visited the set of "Reprisal" this month, to see Kathy Grant, I found myself lassoeed by Guy Madison. This fellow keeps on getting pleasanter and handsomer as he grows more in love with his wife Sheila and baby Bridget and more excited about the new baby.

During the war years, when Guy first came to Hollywood, a lot of superficial people thought he wasn't very smart, just because he was shy. Now they know he's smart, what with his own producing company, his marriage, his lovely home. Guy is delighted to have two leading women of the caliber of Kathy Grant and Felicia Farr in "Reprisal," but he glows especially over the fact that his kid brother, Wayne

Mallory, is in the picture, too. "You wait and see," Guy insists. "He's a much better actor than I am."

Guy and I got to talking about the way that Kathy Grant stands. Just as Grace Kelly turns the simple act of walking into a thing of beauty, so Kathy makes standing absolutely eye-catching. This is probably because she started out as a ballet dancer, and besides, everything about this subtle girl is unique—particularly her intelligence. After talking to her for ten minutes, you know why she continues to hold Bing Crosby's attention. I'm beginning to think that, if Bing does get Kathy to marry him, it will be just one more occasion when he is "Mr. Lucky."





# Gab of Hollywood

- A second wedding ring for Liz Taylor
- Hollywood glamour history recalled at Pickfair party
- A Waterbury prediction about Ava and Frankie

Of course, with Edie's designing salary, plus the imported fabric and the specially dyed fox, that suit had set Paramount back about \$1000. But, for Chuck, money was no object.

It took Edie only fifteen minutes to make another sketch of the suit, to fit Lydia's proportions. In another five minutes, she had cabled France for more wool and had the furriers stirring their dye vats. Thus, on April 14, on location in Phoenix with her ever-loving husband, Lydia Heston was a happier wife than ever when she got the suit of her dreams.

Incidentally, Edith Head says that the most becoming way to wear those new inverted bowl hats is—to carry them! In my opinion, the only Hollywood belle who can get away with it

is Dana Wynter. Her trick is to wear them with solid black, untrimmed, unjeweled sheath dresses.

Beverly Hills is one of the few spots in California where people go walking, and there's never an hour of any day that you won't run into top stars on Rodeo Drive out there.

Recently, I encountered Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding in a jeweler's shop on Rodeo. Mike was buying Liz the most beautiful matching gold bracelet and earrings in a braided design, as an Easter present. Then Liz spied a wedding ring—wide, and in a rough gold design, rather like gold nuggets. As soon as he knew she wanted it, Mike grinned and happily bought it for her.

I am terribly fond of Liz, and I have a lively respect (Continued on page 112)

*And Ruth Waterbury knew he'd be sure to see her in Spain!*



## Reunion in Spain

Complicated as it is, perhaps the Sinatra-Gardner love is still "for real." You've probably read that Frankie recently sent Ava a new Cadillac. What I don't believe you've heard is that Ava persuaded U.A. to screen "The Man with the Golden Arm" for her in Madrid—at 2 A.M., so that no one would know about it. U.A. did just that, but they could hardly keep it quiet since, the next day, Ava went about everywhere saying, "He can do anything the best!"

By the time you read this, I'll be in Spain, where Ava and Frankie will both be this summer. I'll wager anything you like that they will get together. But for how long?



*The Charlton Hestons and son Fraser. Chuck wanted the impossible for his adored Lydia—and got it!*



*The Tony Curtises with the Dean Martins. Tony's taking no chances on being away when Janet needs him*



*That second wedding ring Mike bought for Liz is a symbol of what this marriage means to both of them*



# STAMPED BY SCANDAL !

BY DORA ALBERT

*Flaring into sudden violence, following an ugly story in an exposé magazine, Jeanne Crain's ten-year marriage exploded in a divorce court. The cause is here*



*Jeanne is facing heartbreak realistically. For the sake of the children, she is not giving in to grief, will not give up her house or her work*



● Probably the most shocking news Hollywood has had this year came on Good Friday, when front-page headlines announced that Jeanne Crain was suing Paul Brinkman for divorce.

Even more shocking than the split-up of this supposedly ideal couple was the divorce complaint. It said that Paul Brinkman had "inflicted physical injury and violence" upon Jeanne, without any provocation on her part.

For the next few days, Jeanne went into seclusion near San Francisco. Her sister, Rita, who has always been very close to her, confirmed what the divorce complaint charged. "Paul beat her up something terrible the other night," she said.

Good Friday was a very black (Continued on page 104)



Jeanne Crain is next in "The Fastest Gun Alive"

*A ninth anniversary gift from Paul, this 200-year-old diamond cross became a symbol of unhappiness*





*Barbara, Jeff and son Chris when marriage was perfect. But today, sharing equal custody of Chris, Jeff knows where and why it failed. Knows that even love can't bridge separations*



#### BY MAXINE ARNOLD

● For Jeff Hunter, the search had only begun.

A journey to nowhere—that's what it must have seemed to the handsome young star that night, almost two years ago, in Durango, Mexico.

In his motel room, Jeff packed his bags, wearily wondering where he had failed, and why. From next door, the jukebox in the cantina was flooding the air with Spanish love songs, and from somewhere across the September night there echoed the soft strum of a guitar.

But the night held no romance for Jeff. Not too long before, the beautiful girl who had been his wife had told him their marriage was through.

Now he had finished making "The White Feather," and he was going home. But not to "the early Byrd house" he and Barbara Rush had saved for so long to buy. That was no longer his home. And their sturdy little boy, Chris—who held his father's heart in his little hand—would be with him only half of his waking hours from now on.



*Chris sees his daddy often—but Sunday is a special delight. For then Jeff can be with him all day, doing things a little boy loves*



JEFF HUNTER

# He Got Out From Behind the 8 Ball

*Life had always been a friend to Jeff. Then, into his marriage and career, came a stranger. And suddenly Jeff realized how unprepared he was—for failure!*

*Searching for the answers to his own problems, Jeff has found a deeper happiness, still greater success in his career*



*Continued*



# Jeff Hunter

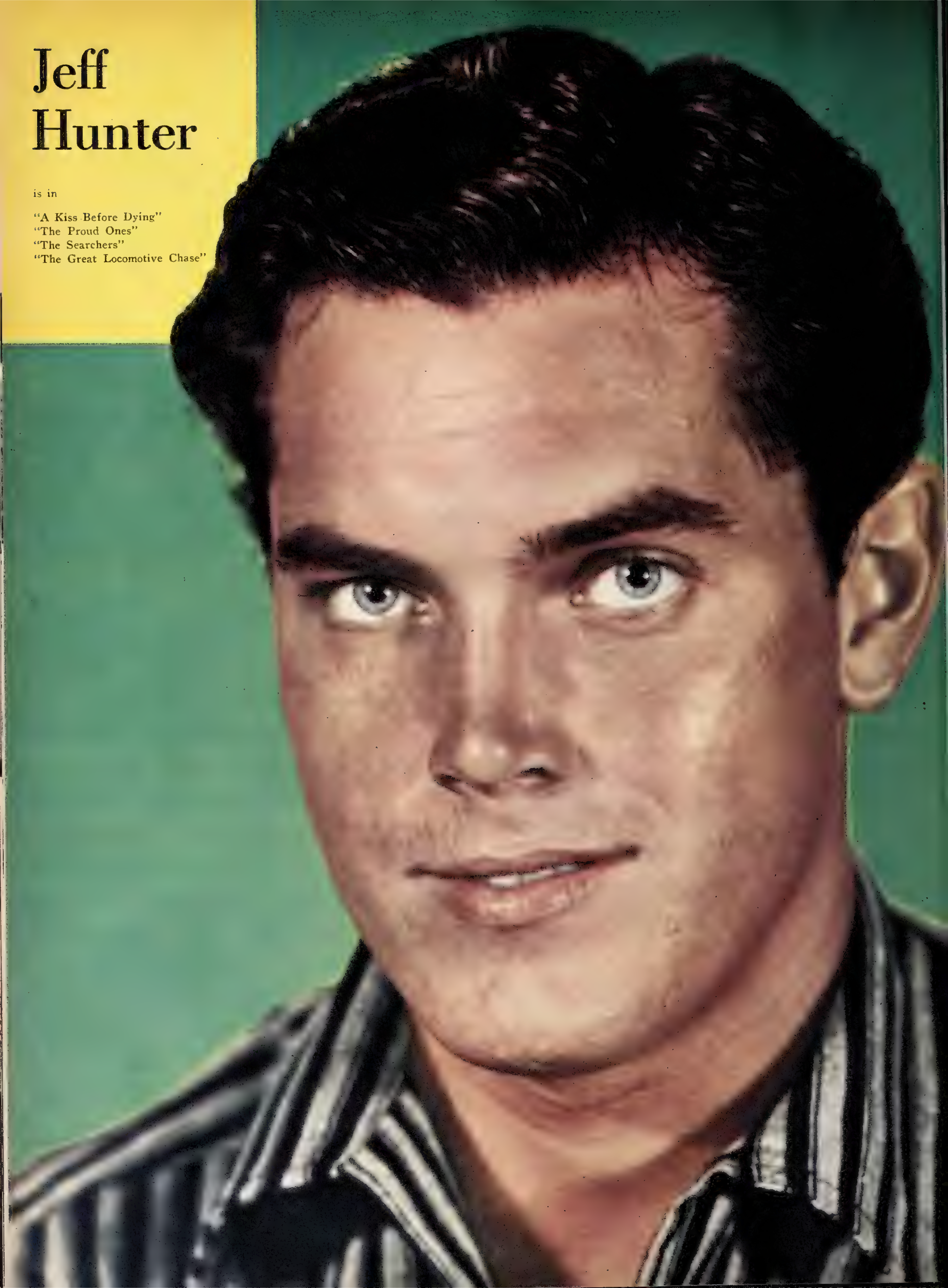
is in

"A Kiss Before Dying"

"The Proud Ones"

"The Searchers"

"The Great Locomotive Chase"





# He Got Out From Behind the Ball

Continued

Hollywood had tabbed Jeff's and Barbara's the "perfect marriage" and had predicted a brilliant career for Jeff. All his life, in fact, he had been voted the boy most likely to succeed. His home town had summed it up on an achievement plaque they'd presented to him, forecasting, "Future—Unlimited."

Now Jeff Hunter was flying back to face that future. There was no marriage, no brilliant career, not even any pictures scheduled for him. It was ceiling zero—all the way around.

He wondered what his life would have been like if he had remained Henry McKinnies and become the college professor he'd once planned to be. And he wondered what Jeff Hunter's life would be like from now on. What now?

Life had never conditioned him for failure in any way. Life had always been his friend, welcoming him with all its warmth and smiles. And Jeff had always given back the same—living and working and loving with full trust and sincerity.

Those dearest to him had also expected the ultimate from their only son. "I always expected perfection from Hank," says his mother, Edith McKinnies, a wise and charming woman. "But I wasn't conscious of this at the time. What mothers are? Naturally, I wouldn't do it again. It isn't fair, and I'm sure it put too great a strain on him."

Yet, the habit of doing all that was expected of him, having the strength to measure up to their faith, was to prove vital later, when Jeff was grasping for happiness and still greater success.

Success, in every form, had always seemed inevitable and easy to come by from the hour he was born. As a baby, he had the bluest eyes and the biggest smile of any in New Orleans' Jefferson Parish. He was christened Henry McKinnies, Jr., and nicknamed Hank. His happiest New Orleans memory dates back to when he was four and, dressed in a clown suit, stood on Canal Street, holding tight to his mother's hand and watching the Mardi Gras parade. (Continued on page 100)



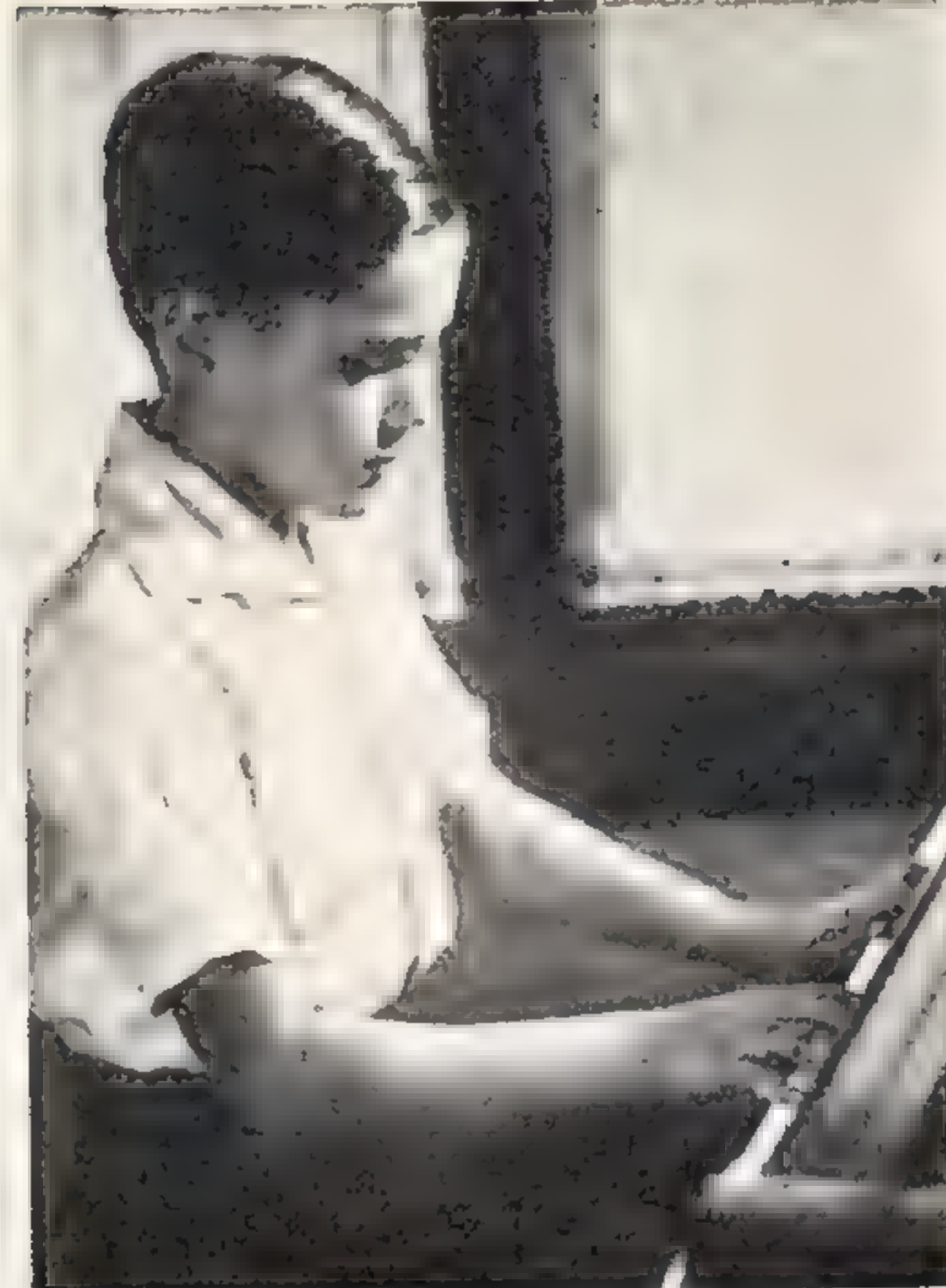
Jeff, as 11-months-old Hank McKinnies, Jr.



Age 14: He always had some project going!



Age 5: Life at home centered around him



Age 8: Music was an early love of Jeff's



At 16: A high school hero and award winner



Boy-sized locomotive and cars were made by dad—really ran



High school "steady" was cute Mary Mockly



At Northwestern, yen to act "sort of grew"



With parents and Fess Parker, on location



In Hollywood, the "perfection" pattern continued—he zoomed to stardom



*The Hollywood answer to that all-important question*

# IS COLLEGE REALLY



Richard Egan is in "The Revolt of Mamie Stover" and "Tension at Table Rock."

*"It takes all kinds of people to fill a campus. The thing is, to know if you belong there—and why"*





*John Kerr: "I wouldn't recommend it for anyone who wouldn't enjoy working hard for a degree"*



*Jeanne Crain (with her daughter): "College gives you time to know yourself as well as others"*



*Fess Parker: "College is no passkey to success, but it's much better than fighting with one hand tied behind your back"*



*Marilyn Monroe: "I'll always be sorry not to have known warm feeling of belonging that girls know in college"*



*The Charlton Hestons: "Colleges with dramatic courses seem to turn out more successful actors than professional schools"*



*Jack Lemmon: "College offers mental discipline plus the social advantage of learning to get along with other people"*

# NECESSARY?

BY RICHARD EGAN

● Editors frequently ask me for my considered opinion on the virtues of marital bliss, or what are the seven sure-fire means by which a damsel can snare an elusive male. On these and similar topics I am no authority. I've neither been married nor snared; therefore, I'm completely unqualified to give advice.

But, when PHOTOPLAY's Editor asked me to express my thoughts on "Is College Really Necessary?" I was delighted, because I do have some knowledge and opinions about this subject. You see, I was graduated from the University of San Francisco in 1942 with an A.B. degree in speech and drama. I also spent three years working for my Master's Degree in theatre history and dramatic literature at Stanford University.

As for myself, I know the value of a college education.

But for you, who may be a junior or senior in high school, the most important question facing you at the moment may well be, "After high school, what?" College? Junior college, vocational school, on-the-job training, or work?

More than a million boys and girls will graduate from high school this year. Of these, thousands have already made up their minds to go to college and join the some 2,500,000 who are already enrolled. Many in this group are serious, mature students whose character, ideals and aims have led them to the earnest conviction that college leads the way to a happy, useful and prosperous life. College is a steppingstone to the careers they've already planned. Others in this group, who are vague on career plans, have decided to go to college to be in the spotlight as great football heroes or because college sounds like fun and their parents can easily afford to send them. They dream of dates, dances, proms, the bull sessions, late-snack parties in the dorm and unlimited freedom away from the watchful eyes of parents.

But there are thousands more who are not sure whether they want to go, (Continued on page 90)



based on his make-up research for color TV  
Max Factor creates a  
new kind of lipstick



new! the color won't come off until you take it off!  
new! no waiting for it to set! no blotting!  
new! it never, never dries your lips!  
new! the brilliant beauty of high fidelity colors!

**BRINGS BRILLIANT NEW BEAUTY** to your lips . . . because Hi-Fi does for lipstick color what high fidelity does for music . . . creates a whole new scale of clear, brilliant tones *never possible before*.

**HIS BRILLIANT BEAUTY WON'T COME OFF** until you're ready to *take* it off! For Hi-Fi is an altogether *new kind* of lipstick, radiant with color that stays on beautifully not just 24 hours, but even *longer*.

**NO 20-MINUTE WAIT FOR IT TO SET!** *No blotting.* From the moment you apply Hi-Fi, your lips are *ready*.

**HI-FI IS NON-DRYING.** *Does not draw the lips.* Creamy-ne, it caresses your lips with appealing smoothness,

gives a fresh deliciously moist feeling you will *love*.

**HI-FI IS NON-GREASY** . . . glides on cleanly, with delicate precision, and stays *put*. Hi-Fi is non-waxy, feels perfectly natural on your lips.

**IT ALL BEGAN WITH COLOR TELEVISION.** Under the powerful lights, existing lipsticks dried out. Colors faded away. So the great TV studios turned to Max Factor for a *new kind* of lipstick.

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LIVING WITH

# YOUNG IDEAS

PHOTOPLAY  
STAR  
FASHIONS

play  
it  
cool

*These fashions available by mail from Gilchrist's, Dept.  
PP, Box 912, Boston 2, Mass. State size, add 25¢ for mailing*

British star Yana wearing the wonderful look of summer—cuffed little boy shorts in cool chambray denim sparked with white embroidery. \$1.98. The pretty icing is a white cotton and Orlon knit blouse, trimmed with strokes of embroidered denim. \$1.98. Bermuda shorts (not shown), \$2.98. Pepperell's tissue-weight Sanforized denim in sparkling Monaco blue.

YANA STARS IN COLUMBIA'S "COCKLESHELL HEROES" AND "ZARAK KHAN"

Valerie French, beautiful Columbia star, wears matching denim in dress-up separates—a camisole top, flatteringly pie-cut front and back, and trimmed at the shoulder with adjustable self buckles. \$2.98. It's paired with a floating skirt, \$3.98. Both are frosted with the same white Schiffler embroidery. All denim separates, sizes 10-20. Knit blouse, sizes S, M, L.

VALERIE FRENCH IS IN "JUBAL," "TREASURE OF SECRET MOUNTAIN," COLUMBIA



YOUNG IDEAS:

## PHOTOPLAY

## STAR

## FASHIONS

**A** Barbara Ruick in cotton poplin separates teaming brilliant Roman stripes with a wide sweep of white. Cool camisole top, about \$4. Skirt with brass-buckled striped belt, about \$8. Sizes 7-15. By Reid and Reid *Macy's, New York, N. Y.*

**B** Yana wears a neatly carved cotton swimmer shaped with the easy lines of a playsuit. It's massed with giant butterflies, several poised on the velvet halter strap. Blue, green, brown. 32-38. By Par-Form. About \$11 *May Co., Baltimore, Md.; Foley Bros., Houston, Tex.; Chas A. Stevens Co., Chicago, Ill.; Block & Kuhl, Peoria, Ill.*

**C** The beloved cotton knit overshirt, dazzling in black and white stripes with a ribbed red yoke and turtleneck. About \$6. Valerie French wears it over knit short shorts, about \$4. S, M, L. By Phil Rose of California *B. Forman Co., Rochester, N. Y.; Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.*

**D** Valerie's smart new fashion, the pint-sized bell-boy jacket—cropped short and to the point in red and white cotton poplin. S, M, L. About \$6. Cotton twill white shorts, 8-18. About \$5. Both by Amco of Norvelt *J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles, Cal.*

**E** Barbara Ruick loves the flattery of sharp black and white, used here in a poncho overshirt with strategic stripes. About \$6. The white-stitched skinny pants, about \$5. Drip 'n' dry cotton poplin. 7-15. By Bobbie Brooks *Saks-34th Street, New York, N. Y.*

**F** Yana chooses a candy-striped polished cotton skirt in delectable lifesaver colors. About \$13. The pretty white cotton peasant blouse has deep lace flounces at the sleeves. About \$6. Sizes 10-16. Both, Nelly de Grab *K-B, Cleveland, O.; Judd's, Bakersfield, Cal.*







# play it cool

*continued*

*Here comes summer with  
a cool collection of exciting  
sun and fun clothes*



DRAWINGS BY DENNY HAMPSON

**a** Braided straw belt, literally water-cooled. Dampen it, and its supple aluminum lining keeps a wilting waistline cool. All colors. By Speyer. \$2  
*Russeks, New York, N.Y.; Gertz, Jamaica, N.Y.; Richard's, Miami, Fla.; Emporium, Madison, Wisc.; Lichtenstein's, Corpus Christi, Tex.; Innes, Wichita, Kan.*

**b** Giant wedge of delectable pink watermelon shapes a beach bag in waterproof-lined cotton poplin. Zip-top. Regal Knitwear. About \$3.50  
*The Blum Store, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles, Cal.; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

**c** Fanciful red straw beach hat making merry with appliqués of animal cutouts and a whimsical straw donkey on its peak. By Madcaps. About \$4  
*Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y.*

**d** Barefoot sandal, its slender straps knotted on a yellow vamp, grey cushioned wedge. Sudsable twill. By Red Ball Summerettes. About \$4.50  
*Maas Bros., Tampa and St. Petersburg, Fla.*



# play it cool

*continued*

**A** Sunny Barbara Ruick in a cabana-striped princess tunic with just enough flare to flatter. It's back-buttoned, has deep slit sides. Red, khaki, or black and white smooth cotton poplin. About \$9. The brief shorts, about \$5. Sizes 8-16. By Rona Sportswear Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wisc.

**B** Polished cotton shapes Barbara's sundress that takes to dating like a dream. It's splashed with an ink blot print, has a draped top, tuckaway straps. Underneath: a boned, Pellon-lined bodice. Sizes 10-18. Red or navy on white. By Sacony. About \$13 Stern Bros., New York, N. Y.; H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati, O.; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**C** Yana's swimsuit and jacket ensemble in stand-out Princess Margaret plaid cotton. The tomboy swimmer frosted with a white pique cord belt and drawstring. Reversible jacket lined with white terry cloth. Sizes 10-18. Each, about \$8. By Lee Beachwear Gertz Dept. Store, Jamaica, N. Y.; Sibley, Lindsay and Curr Co., Rochester, N. Y.

**D** Lovely cool confection, Valerie French's dress in white cobblestone print. Trim bodice with V'd shoulder ties, a danceable, floating skirt. ABC's Dri-Smooth cotton that barely needs an iron. Pink, avocado, aqua. 8-18. By Alex Coleman. About \$13 R. E. Cox, Ft. Worth, Tex.; City of Paris, San Francisco, Cal.

SEE BARBARA RUICK IN 20TH'S CINEMASCOPE 55 PRODUCTION, "CAROUSEL"

A

B

C

D





## Becoming attractions

A. New under the sun: Skol Burn-Aid for fast relief of sunburn, \$1.00.\* New "Rich-Tan" formula Skol for a carefree tan, 49¢\* to 98¢.\* and newly packaged Skolex sun cream to completely protect sensitive skin, 60¢\*; \$1.00.\*

B. Neat and sweet: Sutton Stick deodorant now comes in a dainty new Swivel-Stick blue plastic case that works like a lipstick. Effective, delicately fragrant and easy-to-use; 9¢.\* In glass jar with push-up tube, 59¢.\*

C. Don't just give dandruff the brush-off—get rid of it! Dandrocide, diluted with water, is poured through the hair after shampooing, massaged for one minute and rinsed off—taking all dandruff with it. 4 oz., \$1.00.

D. Pink with a wink! There's nothing demure about Pink Fire, Du Barry's blazing new lipstick shade. A rich, glowing pink, comes in both Moisturized lipstick, \$1.10\*, and Color-Slide lipstick, \$1.25.\* Harmonizing make-up, Rose Blush Flatter-Face pressed powder compact, \$1.50\*, Flatter-Glo fluid foundation, \$1.10.\*

E. Keep it casual: New Super-Soft Lustre-Net, containing no lacquer, keeps loose, easy-going hairdos softly in place. For curly styles or hard-to-manage hair, Regular Lustre-Net offers more control. Both, 5½ oz., \$1.25.\* plus tax

## Sure lure for orchids! You in your \$2 Circl--form Bra!

Even if your figure isn't *exactly* like Miss America's, Circl-O-Form by Exquisite Form will shape you to a form divine. Choose this famous bra lightly padded or regular... it glamour-lifts you gently into beauty curves; moulds and holds you like magic because of its unique round and round stitching. *You'll be feeling no strain*, either. You see, this deep-plunge bra has tension-free straps and a breathe-easy front elastic insert for blissful comfort! So for self-confidence, allure, *X\* appeal*... wear Circl-O-Form from sun-up to moon-down.

Junior A, A, B and C cups  
in snowy white broadcloth.  
Lightly padded...\$2.50.  
Regular bandeau...\$2.00.

*Exquisite Form*  
brassieres give you *X\* appeal*

At your favorite store, or write to Dept. P-7, Exquisite Form Brassiere, Inc., 159 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. for nearest store.





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The Clifton bag—a masterpiece of polished leather! Elegantly casual accessory for an entire wardrobe... and your smartest fashion buy for seasons to come!

Shoulder or underarm models in five exciting colors. Also reversible styles. Full grain saddle leather. Leather lining and compartments; zipper, leather, brass closures. \$2.98 to \$21.75.

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*Clifton*  
HAND TOOLED BAGS

YOUNG IDEAS:

## PERSONALITY



Smart Martha Hyer is also in "Kelly and M"

# thrifty, nifty— nice

BY VICKI RILEY

When Martha Hyer won the lead opposite Rock Hudson in "Battle of the Hymns" she let out a whoop of joy that could be heard the length of the Universal-International lot.

"This must mean the triangle bit over for me at last," she said. Actually, while Martha is one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood, she was under contract to both Warn Bros. and Paramount before she got to U-I, she hasn't had the breaks she deserves. Due to her flower-like face and her flawless figure, she has had a long run of playing roles as "the other woman."

In real life, Martha couldn't be like "the other woman." While she doesn't discuss it much, she has been married and divorced. She lives alone now, in a small, exquisite house which she decorated herself. Men fall for her in droves. Right now, George Nader is her preferred date, and vice versa. However, she likes her freedom.





*Candy Jones*  
BEAUTY DIRECTOR,  
CONOVER SCHOOL, NEW YORK *says*

Probably this is because she can live just as she pleases, and is, admittedly, not domestic in the kitchen sense. Cooking is not for her, but much reading is. She is mad for all kinds of music, but prefers the classical, a taste she shares with Nader. She is also a painter of no mean talents, as well as an art collector. She has both a good eye and a thrifty knack for picking up good paintings.

Actually, Martha is thrifty in many ways. She's a travel hound and saves to make long jaunts possible. Whenever she can, she gets herself cast in a foreign locale film, shot on location. This way, she got herself to Africa and the Orient, both of which she adores.

As an example of her thrift, she recently bought her first car, a Thunderbird. Her salary is well up in the upper hundreds a week, but Martha has either walked or taken taxis to work until this summer. Further proof of both her thrift and smartness was shown when the vogue for Oriental clothes came in. Martha wasn't among those who made a dash for the luxury shops.

Always very cooperative about publicity, Martha became particularly so when U-I had a premiere coming up in San Francisco. Missy Hyer volunteered her services, was eagerly accepted, and besides taking beautiful bows up there, she hied herself to the real Chinese shops in that fabulous city. There she purchased genuine Oriental robes at half the price the copies would have cost in Hollywood's fashion emporiums. She wears them constantly at home.

Only thing is, she is seldom at home. Martha's that unusual combination of a girl whom men pursue but whom women also want to be best friends with. Part of her appeal lies in her genuine friendliness plus her unique ability to never forget a face or a name. Let Martha have met you once, in the back of a crowded elevator five years previously, and next time she encounters you, she not only remembers just who you are but exactly what you discussed. When you are as beautiful and intelligent as Martha, this is a sure enough way to win many friends and influence lots of people.

However, her very sensitiveness has kept her from aggressively promoting her own career. That's why "Battle Hymn" is so important to her. She finally plays as nice a girl as she herself is, opposite Mr. Hudson, who himself is the old Rock of box-office success.

THE END

## "Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"



**"Fun-in-the-sun is no fun for your skin!** After swimming and sunning be sure to give your skin 3-way beauty care with Cashmere Bouquet," says Candy Jones.



**Cleans cleaner than creams.** Your skin is so much cleaner when you beauty-wash with mild Cashmere Bouquet!



**Stimulates** with no astringent sting, when you stroke Cashmere Bouquet's mild lather over your skin.



**Softens** without lotion stickiness. Leaves normal, dry or oily skin naturally softer, smoother, lovelier!

### *Give your skin this 3-way beauty care!*

You can forget about greasy cleansing creams, sticky lotions, and stinging astringents! Because now, with just a cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, you can give your skin the beauty care of famous Conover students. This wonderful 3-way beauty care actually *cleans cleaner than creams . . . stimulates gently, softens and smooths your skin, too.* Just like using a whole

row of beauty products . . . but so much quicker and easier. Start today and watch *your* skin thrive!





# Have Perspiration Stains Ever Ruined Your Dress?



## New ARRID with PERSTOP\* Stops Perspiration Stains and Odor

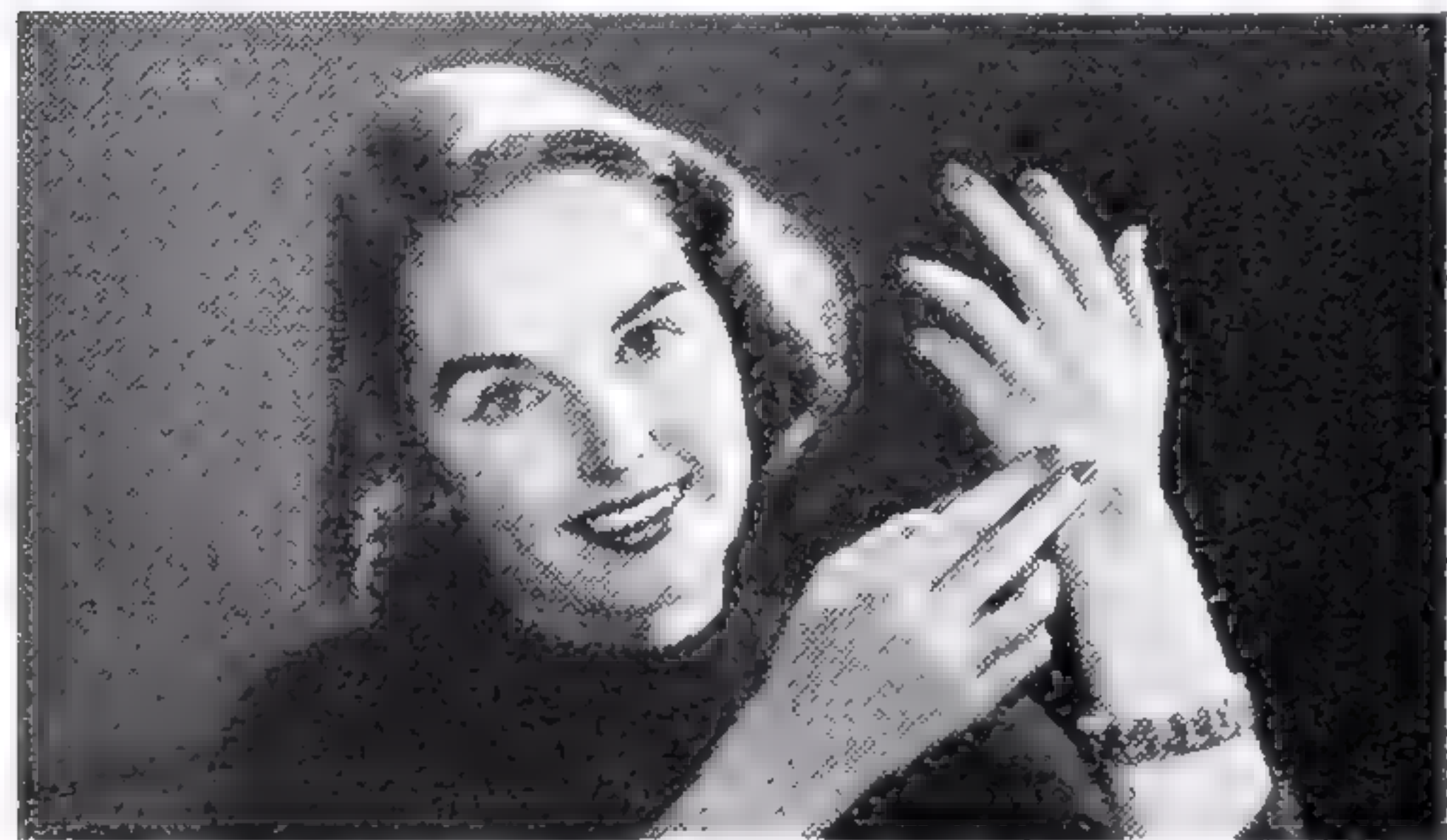
DRAMATIC STEAMBATH TEST SHOWS HOW



This woman was put in a steambath at 104 degrees. Arrid with Perstop\* was rubbed into her forehead. Fifteen minutes later...



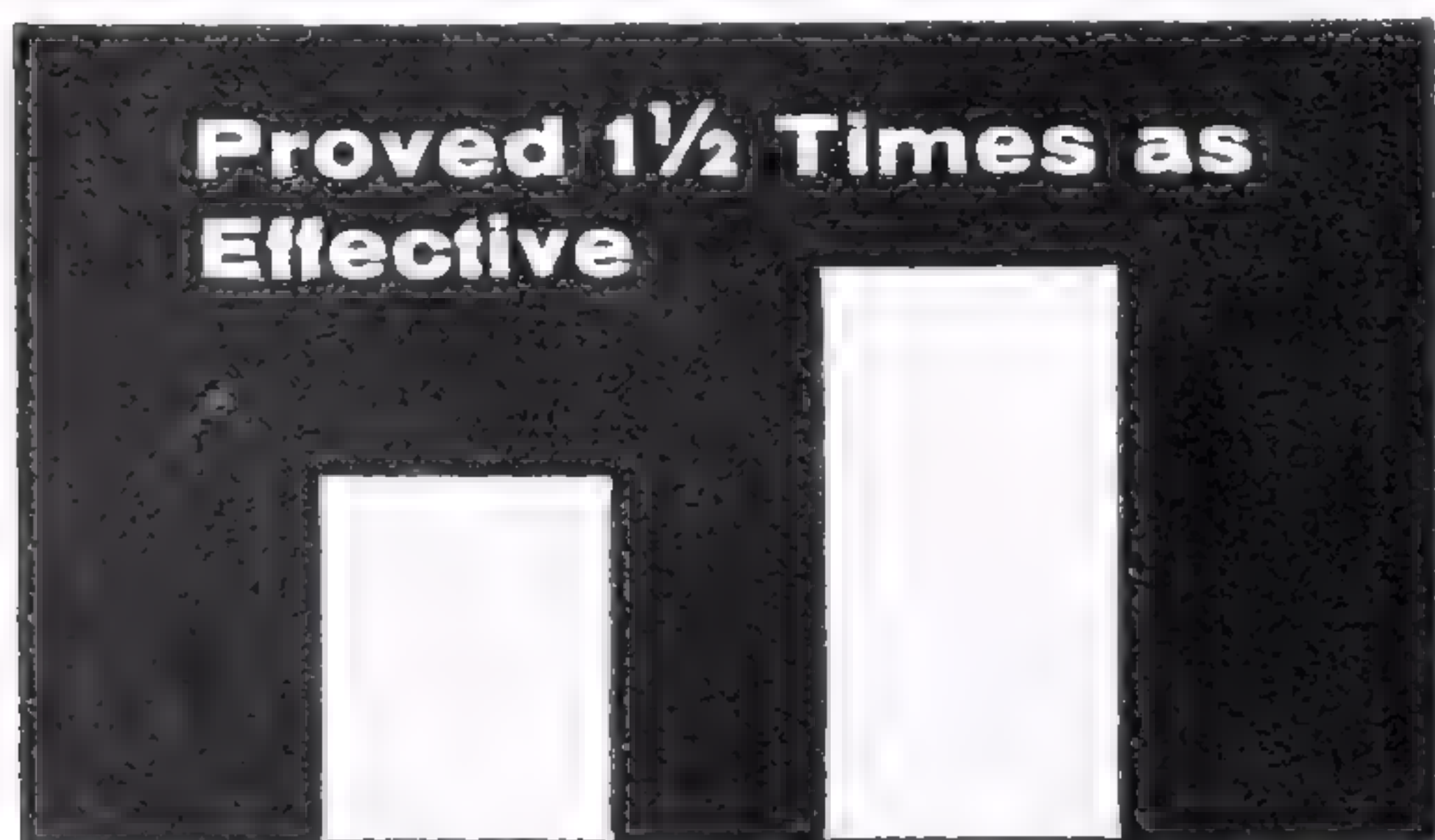
...she was dripping with perspiration—but Arrid kept her forehead dry. Arrid will do the same for your underarms, too.



Just rub Arrid in—rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe, even on hot, sticky days.



Used daily, Arrid keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains, keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet.



Arrid is 1 1/2 times as effective as any other leading deodorant tested against perspiration and odor as proved by doctors.



So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use new Arrid with Perstop\* to be sure. 43¢ plus tax.

YOUNG IDEAS:

### RECORDS

WITH vacations just ahead, most of us are looking forward to lots of fun and relaxation. In the summertime, popular records get dated faster than we can count the new artists—and, we might add, there are quite a few around. We'll try to keep you posted on a few numbers worth collecting and a few artists worth listening for.

#### New Faces:

Although a newcomer to the record world, Dick Kallman is, at twenty-two, a veteran entertainer. His first job was on a daytime TV program, *The Zeke Manners Show*. Then Dick was given one of the leads in the Broadway musical "Seventeen," for which he won the Theatre World Award as the most promising juvenile of 1952-53. Next, Dick appeared on several TV shows, both as a singer and a dramatic actor. Then he captured another lead in "The Fifth Season." He left the show after nine months to concentrate on his first love, singing. Dick entered the nightclub field equipped with all the essentials for success. For not only does he have a great singing voice, but he has an exuberant personality, talent as a dancer, and a wonderful way of putting all of these across. He makes an exciting debut with "The End of a Love Affair" on the Decca label.

Imagine yourself sitting in a crowded coffee shop one afternoon, watching a dark, good-looking young man a couple of tables away. Suddenly, someone approaches him. "Hi, Jimmy, I hear you made a record. Congratulations. Mind if I play it? I understand it's in the jukebox." The young man smiles warmly. "Thanks. Sure, put it on." His friend did, and I heard a terrific folk artist singing "Johnny Rollingsone." I was so tremendously impressed by both the song and the young singer, I spoke to the young man. His name is Jimmy Gavin and he is twenty years old. He bears a slight resemblance to the late James Dean. Jimmy has been singing, playing the guitar, and collecting folk ballads throughout the country for many years. He has a lot of talent and, if you hear this Epic record of "Johnny Rollingsone"—which, incidentally, he composed—and agree with me, add it to your collection.

#### Old Faces:

Bing Crosby, by no means a newcomer, has become an entertainment phenomenon in the years since 1930, when he turned vocal soloist. Born May 2, 1904, he was reared in Washington and attended Gonzaga U. There he teamed up with Al Rinker and formed a seven-piece band. Later, the duo was booked as a singing act at the Tent Cafe in Los Angeles. After a

\* Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.



udeville tour, Al and Bing joined Paul Whiteman in 1927 and with Harry Harris became the Rhythm Boys Trio. Three years later, the trio was booked one into the Los Angeles Cocoanut Grove, where Bing's reputation as a soloist was built. He began making records and before long was broadcasting twice nightly over CBS. Next came the start of a lengthy film career, highlighted by an Academy Award for his role in Paramount's "Going My Way." Crosby's enormous popularity was continued unabated for two decades. And now with the release of his new Decca record, "Old Man River" and "In a Little Spanish Town" promises to continue.

"Her Nibs" (the nickname was bestowed on her by Garry Moore) Miss Georgia Gibbs got her first show experience by singing at a radio station in her hometown, Worcester, Massa-

chusetts and commuting on weekends to Boston to work the Plymouth Theatre by day and the Theatrical Club at night. Next, she joined the Hudson-DeLange band, then landed on the Herb Shriner radio show, later jumping to the Durante-Moore program. Her first disc break came in 1944 when she waxed "Shoo Shoo Baby." Her latest release is "Rock Right" on the Mercury label.

#### For Your Collection:

1. A follow-up to their "Lullaby of Birdland" in French, the Blue Stars sing "Speak Low," on Mercury.
2. Another Decca hit for Bill Haley from his movie, "Rock Around the Clock." Titled "R-O-C-K," this one rocks more than any of his previous hits.
3. Elvis Presley, one of the newer and brighter stars on the musical horizon,

sings "Heartbreak Hotel." (RCA Victor)

4. The McGuire Sisters sing "Missing" on the Coral label. You'll be "missing out" if you don't get it.

5. By all means add Jimmy Gavin's first release for Epic, "Johnny Rollingstone," to your list. Flip side, "Rock Island Line," is a good folk ballad also.

6. Another Epic record is hitting the top right now: "Cherry Lips," a new recording by The Four Coins.

7. After Nelson Riddle's tremendous hit, "Lisbon Antigua," comes another good instrumental. "Port au Prince," waxed on Capitol.

8. From the picture of the same name comes Joni James' hit of "The Maverick Queen." (M-G-M)

9. Tommy Leonetti on Capitol doing "Wrong." Don't be wrong, have it when the gang comes over.

10. Georgia Gibbs sings "Rock Right" on Mercury. "Her Nibs" does it again.

The pretty girl spinning records is Barbara Ruick living it up in Reid & Reid's cotton tulle separates—a red and white print rib-tickler jacket, \$5, and red pedal pushers, \$6. The handsome portable phonograph\* has a high-fidelity, four-speed record changer, special amplifying system, and adjustable tone control. In a smart two-tone carrying case. By V-M. About \$76.50



\*Dimensions: 17 1/4" deep, 15" wide, 8 1/2" high (lid closed)



**I** was surprised when the Jack Lemmons announced that they had separated. Of course, Hollywood will be blamed. . . . Can you imagine the panning Hollywood would have received if the Grace Kelly-Prince Rainier wedding had taken place in movietown instead of Carnival in Monaco? . . . No matter how bad the dialogue is in a movie, I prefer it to the conversation of the couple sitting behind me. . . . I believe they're wearing out the welcome of *Mister Magoo* by having him do too many commercials on TV. . . . Eleanor Parker is recognized less by movie fans than any other important movie star. . . . Robert

Wagner believes in finding his own girlfriends. . . . I know that Kim Novak is still amazed by her success. . . . Audrey Hepburn doesn't putter around in the kitchen or profess to be a housekeeper. Says Audrey: "Actresses who pose for photographs doing household chores look ridiculous." . . . Rita Hayworth does cook but is not a good cook. "I make great desserts though," says Rita. . . . Memo to Piper Laurie: Gene Nelson was a rah-rah cheerleader at Santa Monica High School. . . . Why isn't Elaine Stewart busy making movies? . . . I'll bet that Marlon Brando will turn in another fine performance in "Teahouse of the August Moon." . . .

Marie Wilson, who started the vogue of the current troop of smart dumb blondes in pictures, asked Jack Schwab, when purchasing toothpaste: "Why should the large economy size cost more?"

Tony Curtis does a great impersonation of Cary Grant, who is his favorite movie actor, while wife Janet Leigh has been happily acting for real in the role of prospective mother. . . . In these days of actors becoming producers, it's not unusual to see Curtis, Bob Mitchum and others behind an office desk in the morning behaving like businessmen. . . . Guadalupe's real name is Robert Moseley. . . . Say, agent Henry Willson must not

## THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU



Who wants to cuddle a lion? This one's purring over making his debut in Anne Francis' film "Forbidden Planet" as the sixth lion in the famous M-G-M trademark



Janet Leigh, chatting with Errol Flynn, is content to stay home and enjoy her role of mother-to-be



Sid is appealing to you to prove whether he is right about Joan Crawford, here with her husband Al



ave signed any new actors recently, because there haven't been any newcomers with odd first names. . . . Watch newcomer Tony Perkins. He's on the road to stardom. . . . Joe E. Lewis, who will be portrayed by Frank Sinatra in "The Joker Wild," says a racetrack is a place which costs you money when you're just window-shopping.

I'd like to hear a recording of Zsa Zsa Gabor and Hal Hayes while they're on date. . . . Rock Hudson makes no secret of the fact that his favorite movie actress is Lana Turner. Now that Lana is to make a movie at U-I, they might be

teamed. . . . Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin believe that the fact that they're both professionals gives them "something to talk about and helps the marriage." . . . I'd say that two of the best-liked actresses on a movie set are Jean Simmons and Deborah Kerr. I believe a poll of co-workers would prove me right. . . . Debra Paget is always pleasant on a set whether the going is rough or smooth. . . . Look at the record and you'll see Montgomery Clift always makes important and prestige pictures. . . . To me, Mitzi Gaynor is a picture-stealer and not a picture-carrier. . . . Donna Reed offers this advice to beauty contest winners:

"Forget your looks and go to work. Act anywhere or anytime you get the chance. Keep on acting if you want to be an actress." . . . I believe that the only two performers who were stars in silent pictures and are stars in the talkies are Gary Cooper and Joan Crawford. If you know of others, let me know. . . . Fame: Whenever an actress occupies Greta Garbo's old dressing room at M-G-M, the studio immediately sends out publicity about it. . . . Ava Gardner prefers to sleep in smooth, soft white silk (men's) pajamas. She sleeps with the windows open. . . . Producer Joe Pasternak talking about Gene Kelly: "Gene ought to dress better. He's always running around in an old pair of Gunga Dins."

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



The Jack Lemmon break-up surprised Sid—but he won't be surprised if people say Hollywood's to blame!



Anita Ekberg with fiance Tony Steel. Now they are calling Tony the English Defroster!



George Nader, with Martha Hyer, Julie Adams and Ray Danton, is the kind of guy the gals like because he doesn't kiss and tell!

Bill Holden is always leaving the caps off toothpaste tubes. . . . Jeff Chandler's real name is Ira Grossel. He got his screen name from a character in a movie and from an actor: Van Johnson was called *Chandler* in "Easy to Wed," and Gerald Mohr supplied him with Jeff. . . . By the way, Van Johnson washes those red socks he wears himself. . . . I'd say Vera Miles is an actress who has started on the road to stardom. . . . My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, talking about an executive said: "He believes there are two sides to every question. His side and the wrong side."

I've been told George Nader is well-liked by many actresses because he's eligible and he doesn't kiss and tell. . . . Robert Taylor is always prompt for appointments. "It's just common courtesy to be on time," says Taylor. . . . The Elizabeth Taylor-Mike Wilding modern, all-glass house on a hilltop features a tree growing in the living room. The beautiful portrait of Liz, which also graces their home, was done by Mike. It proves he's an accomplished artist. . . . Sheree North gets her best opportunity to date to display her talents in "The Best Things in Life Are Free," because in it she does the hot dances of the 20's. . . . Doris Day always looks freshly scrubbed, regardless of the role she's playing. . . . Anita Ekberg is becoming an actress, improving in every picture. In the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis picture, "Hollywood or Bust," she cites that she is the only actress in town who could play Anita Ekberg. Incidentally, since Anthony Steel became engaged to the Swedish Iceberg, he's been known as the English Defroster. . . . When an interviewer asked Frank Sinatra what he thought of women, his answer was: "Well, it's the best the opposite sex has to offer." That's Hollywood for you.



Address your letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY,  
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We  
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters  
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan  
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.  
For list of studio addresses, see page 110.—Ed.

# READERS INC...

## SOAP BOX:

Oscar, Oscar, I wish I knew,  
Why Susan Hayward didn't get you.  
This makes the fourth time you passed  
her by,  
So here I sit wondering why.  
Please Mr. Oscar don't be mad,  
But you goofed this year and I'm not glad.  
Everybody's disappointed and I share  
their sorrow,  
For Susie should have won you for  
"I'll Cry Tomorrow"



This fan chose Susan

So that's why I sit here all alone,  
Wondering why Susie didn't take you  
home.  
For truly her performances are really  
great;  
But again you made a big mistake.  
So Oscar, Oscar, I wish I knew,  
Why Susan Hayward didn't get you;  
Maybe next year when you're given away,  
I hope you're not lost like you are today.  
DIXIE BRUGGEMAN  
Dayton, Ohio

On "Oscar night" I watched a wonderful  
thing take place. In Hollywood, a town  
where glamour and paint are too often con-  
fused with talent and true beauty, the  
tables turned. Two performers received the  
highest awards offered in the motion pic-  
ture industry, not because of their popu-  
larity rating, many marriages, minks or  
Cadillacs, but because of two beautiful por-  
trayals of warmhearted, real human beings.

For those who have nothing but criticism  
for the movie industry, this recognition of  
a great actor, Ernest Borgnine, and a su-  
perb actress, Anna Magnani, should make  
them reconsider. Hollywood can truly be  
proud of this year's Academy Award pres-  
entations!

BETSY SCHULZ  
Evanston, Illinois

I recently saw "I'll Cry Tomorrow" and I  
would like to say that I was very disap-  
pointed even though the acting was superb.

Lillian Roth's life story as told through  
her novel was truly tremendous. I'm sure  
Hollywood could not have imagined a story  
with more drama, depth, feeling and just  
pure courage. When I finished reading her  
story, I admired Lillian Roth and was

happy because she had at last found hap-  
piness and contentment.

In the movie, however, too much effort  
was concentrated on the sensationalism of  
her downfall into skid row. I could not  
help but get the feeling throughout the  
picture that here was just a spoiled brat.

So much more could have been told. Her  
devotion to her third husband's son; the  
time she wholeheartedly gave to the start-  
ing of the A. A. Organization in New Zea-  
land and Australia.

Hollywood really missed the boat on this  
picture, and this opinion is shared by  
many who have read the book. So now I  
have two alternatives: I must either stop  
reading or stop going to the movies, as I'm  
tired of having Hollywood movie-makers  
distort wonderful novels.

HELEN S. GHIZ  
Shrewsbury, Massachusetts

## QUESTION BOX:

I wish you would settle an argument be-  
tween my husband and me. He says Bing  
Crosby has only two sons. I say he has four  
sons, none adopted.

ELEANOR NELSON  
Cedar Falls, Iowa

Bing has four sons, none of whom are  
adopted. They are Gary, 23; twins, Phillip  
and Dennis, 22, and Lindsay, 18.—Ed.

My husband and I have a new dog and  
we cannot think of a name to give him.

Can you please tell me the name of the  
dog in the movie, "Back to God's Country,"  
starring Rock Hudson?

MRS. MELVIN BATESON  
Wayne, Ohio

The dog's name was Wapi.—Ed.



Keith's coming up fast

Since seeing "The Second Greatest Sex,"  
I've been hoping to see an article on Keith  
Andes, who I thought was wonderful even  
if his part wasn't big. I would like to know  
how old he is, where he lives, the color of  
his eyes and hair.

MARLENE WEAVER  
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

Keith was born July 12, 1920 in Ocean  
City, New Jersey. He had radio and stage  
experience before his first important screen  
role in "Clash by Night." He is 6' 2", has

light brown hair and blue eyes. He lives  
with his wife and two sons in California.  
You can see him in "Away All Boats."—Ed.

A few of my friends and I have been  
arguing about the age of Loretta Young.

I would appreciate it very much if you  
would tell me her age—month, day and  
year. You would settle a long argument.

DONNA SARRON  
San Antonio, Texas

January 6, 1914.—Ed.

Could you please settle an argument?  
Who played Frank Lovejoy's son in the  
movie, "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I."?

My girlfriend says it was Ben Cooper.

ELIZABETH YOUNG  
Monroe, Utah

He was played by Ron Hagerty.—Ed.



It wasn't Jack's voice

I have just seen "Helen of Troy" and en-  
joyed it very much. Could you give me  
some information on Jack Sernas, the man  
who played Paris? Can you tell me if his  
voice was dubbed in?

NANCY GOODMAN  
Springfield, Massachusetts

Jack is 6', weighs 165 lbs. Blond and  
blue-eyed, he is married and has one child.  
All the voices in the film, Jack's included,  
were dubbed in.—Ed.

## CASTING:

I have just finished reading the James A.  
Michener story, *Sayonara*, and think that  
it would make a marvelous movie if filmed  
in color.

For the part of *Hana-ogi*, the beautiful  
Japanese girl, I nominate Ava Gardner.  
For the role of "Ace" Gruver, I think  
Robert Stack would be excellent.

LINDA FERONG  
Mountlake Terrace, Washington

I have recently finished reading *Captain  
of the Medici*, by John Pugh. In my opinion  
it would make a good, exciting movie, with  
Tyrone Power as *Captain Pietro Lucca*;  
Ann Blyth, *Lady Maria*; Paul Newman,  
*Ridolfi*; Pier Angeli or Marisa Pavan as  
*Cia*; Michael Rennie as *Michaelangelo*;  
James Mason, *Baccio Valori*.

CONNIE E. RUSSO  
Preakness, New Jersey



**this is how you feel...**

*All over... all day  
— wrapped in the flower  
freshness of*

*Cashmere Bouquet*

**Cashmere  
Bouquet**

**TALCUM POWDER**



**Conover Girls Pick  
Cashmere Bouquet**

"Borrow this good-groom-  
ing cue from our Conover  
Career School students!  
A quick dusting with  
Cashmere Bouquet Talc  
smooths hot, chafed skin  
... helps girdles, stockings  
and shoes ease on smoothly."

Says

*Candy Jones*  
(Mrs. Harry Conover)  
Director Conover School



## They're Expecting a Living Doll

(Continued from page 45)

'Hello' than I found myself shouting, 'I've got news for you!' (This is an expression the children had picked up and used *ad nauseam*.) 'I'm going to have a baby!'

"A baby! A baby!" cried both children. Then they rushed at me with glad shouts, knocking me down, and soon children, cats, yipping dogs were treading on my stomach, rolling me over and over like a ball of yarn, pounding me and screaming for joy.

"When we'd unraveled ourselves," Jean added, laughing all over again at the memory, "I sent a cable to Jimmy. He was in London, doing added scenes for 'Bhowani Junction.' I didn't dare phone him because, before he left, we'd had a solemn discussion on our high-flying budget, what with buying the new house and all. But Jimmy phoned from London immediately, saying 'Blast the budget,' and we talked and talked. Right then, we decided that our best friends, Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding, would be asked to be godparents.

"It will be a girl, I'm sure," I told Jimmy.

"It will be a boy, I'm certain of it," he told me.

"Well, come next August, one of us will be right."

Still resolved not to tell anyone else the exciting news, Jean proceeded the next morning on the set of "Hilda Crane" to make with the "I've got news for you" bit to everyone from co-stars Guy Madison and Jean Pierre Aumont right down the line to the electricians. Within hours, the columnists were calling, chiding her for not giving them "exclusives" about the baby. "But I didn't think that was news," Jean said, in her little-girl voice. "And, anyway, how did you know about it? I'm keeping it a secret for months and months."

It was as impossible for Jean to keep this secret as to stop smiling. Today, no matter how the conversation starts out, it winds up with the Blessed Event. "I hope," Jean laughs, "that my friends will gag me if I become too sickly sweet and sentimental. I know it's been said that a bore is a man who, when you ask him how he is, tells you. But that goes triple for a woman who's going to have a baby. Now, that's enough baby talk," she will say briskly. And, in a few minutes, mysteriously enough, the conversation is back to baby talk.

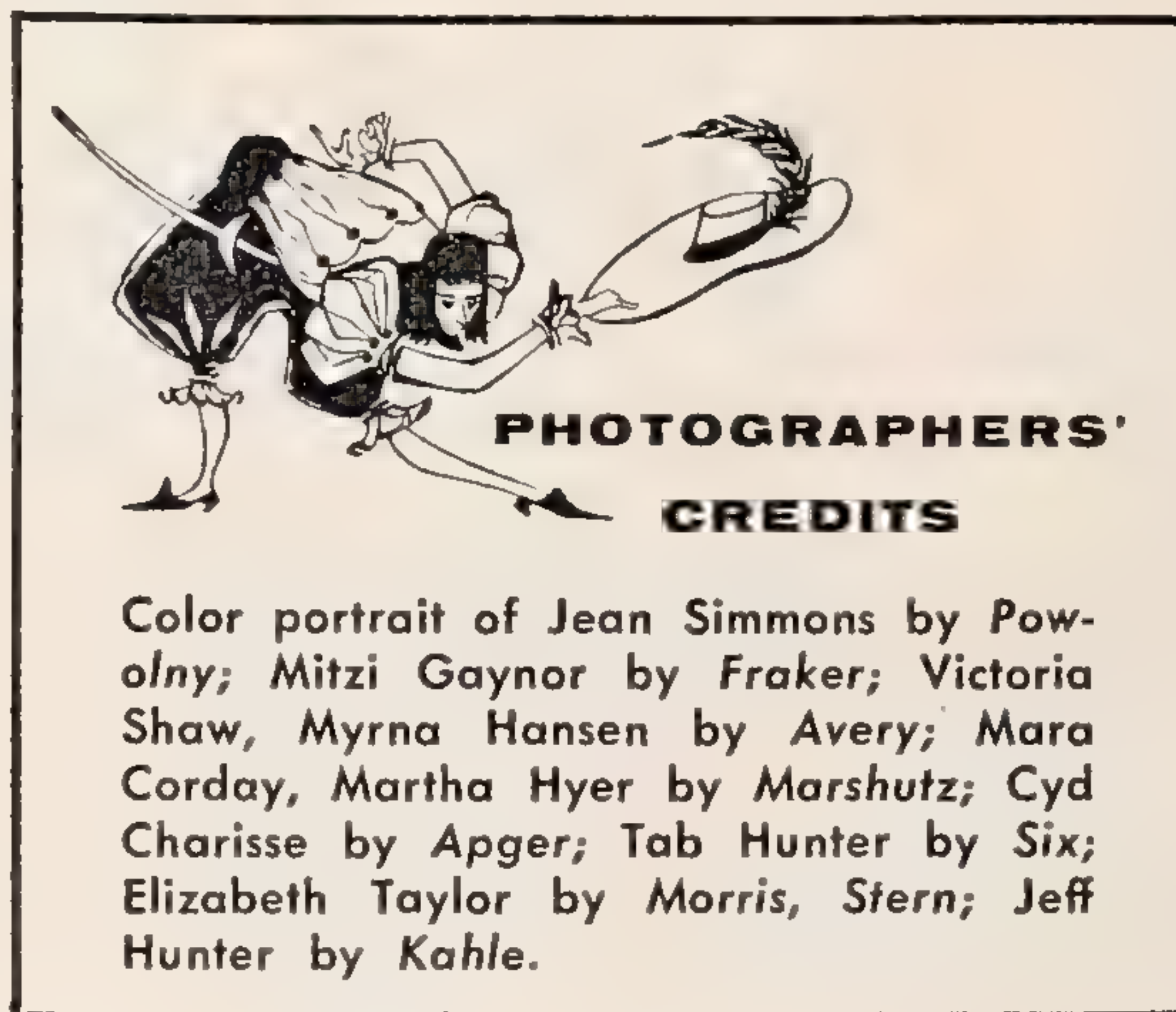
As the beauteous brunette explains, "When a friend tells me she's going to have a baby, I think, 'Well, that's jolly nice, that's just fine,' and I'm ready to go on to some other topic. But when *you*, yourself, are being followed by some bird that could be the stork, then it's the most earth-shattering thing. You feel you're having the only baby in all the world. You can't think of anything else, and suddenly every day is like Christmas with something wonderful to look forward to. There's a kind of undercurrent of excitement. You feel so special, so complete. I'd say it all boils down to this: Every woman should have a baby."

After she finished "Hilda Crane," Jean luxuriated at home for several lazy weeks. Then one day she returned to the 20th lot for lunch. Her table in the commissary was soon surrounded by friends—directors, actors, executive, extras—for Jean Simmons has the rare ability to inspire affection in everyone who knows her. Months earlier, when she returned to make her last film before her temporary retirement, she'd been greeted by a huge Welcome Home banner. And halfway

through the shooting she'd been given a combined birthday party-baby shower by the crew. "Don't you have a nice hefty part for a pregnant lady?" she cajoled Philip Dunne, the director. "Perhaps a whole film, set in a maternity ward, and titled 'From Here to Maternity.'"

As reporters well know, you can get in a rut writing about Jean Simmons because you always end up telling what a genuinely gracious, nice girl she is. That day she looked wonderfully healthy and happy. Her olive skin had been bronzed by the sun, her enormous, gold-flecked hazel eyes were shining, her close-cropped brown hair jaggedly framed her little-girl face. She wore a simple, full-skirted pink and white checked tissue gingham dress, with white embroidery outlining the collar. The back hung loosely; the front was gathered in by a thin belt. "I bought it at the Jax sports shop. It's not a maternity dress at all," Jean explained, "and later I'll wear it full in front and belted at the back."

Jean has no intention of disobeying even one rule laid down by her obstetrician. He'd explained to her that diet and weight control are the two most important factors in a healthy pregnancy. He noted her weight was 120 and asked what she considered her ideal weight. Jean said 115,



and Dr. Krohn advised her to gain no more than twenty pounds during her pregnancy. He promised that if she follows his diet list and post-pregnancy exercises, she'll regain her ideal figure shortly after the baby is born. Wise Jean's relationship with her obstetrician resembles that of obedient child and highly-respected teacher. "If," she explains, "I'm a little over the weight I should be, I'm told about it, and I cut down before my next visit."

Jean's doctor doesn't believe in formal exercise during pregnancy, but he did strongly advise that she continue her daily swimming and walk as much as possible every day.

She admits that she never felt better in her life. She hasn't had any morning discomfort at all; she'd been told by friends that the months would drag, but they haven't; she'd been warned about depressions and irritations over small things and that she'd develop strange tastes for exotic foods at 2 A.M. "A few mornings," Jean says, "I woke up and I could swear I smelled fried bread cooking, just as I had when I was a child in London. This is a breakfast dish common there—large slices of bread popped into sizzling bacon grease, like an egg. Um, um, so wonderful. Finally, I told Jimmy and he said, 'I'm going to make it for you three times today. Eat your fill and then you'll forget about it. It's too fattening and not good for you.'" After a day of heavenly

fried bread, Jean was content to follow her doctor's diet list.

In past times, when Jimmy would return from his long and frequent location trips abroad, he'd look at Jean tenderly and say: "I see I've got to 'pork' you up a bit," and proceed to tempt her flagging appetite with gourmet dishes, for Jimmy is a noted chef and connoisseur of fine food. But today, the whole Granger clan is diet-conscious. They adore steaks grilled on the outdoor barbecue, without sauces. "It's a crime," Jimmy says, "to tamper with the natural flavor of a superb steak." Jean agrees, and she agreed also when Jimmy noted that Lindsay and Jamie were gaining too much weight on the rich American food they adored. So now ice cream and fancy desserts are taboo, except on festive occasions.

Jean feels that her simple, doctor-prescribed diet is a small price to pay for a healthy, happy pregnancy. "Also, it's a good thing I haven't developed a craving for cockles and winkles at this time," she says. "Because Jimmy would have to fly to London to get them." Jean sighed ecstatically. "When I was a kid, I received sixpence a week as an allowance. And I'd fret myself silly deciding how I'd spend it—on winkles or cockles. Do you know winkles? They're lovely little shellfish so tiny you have to dig them out of the shell with a pin. They're sold on the streets in little paper bags just as you get hot roasted peanuts here. Jimmy says it's a very low taste on my part. But then he loves bubble-and-squeak, which is made from cold potatoes, boiled cabbage and bacon fat. Sounds revolting—until you've tasted it. Jimmy's mad for kippers, too, although they smell up the whole house when he grills them."

Jean took a cigarette from a beautiful gold cigarette case, another of the thoughtful gifts her husband had brought her from abroad. It's a very old box and Jimmy found an even older tiny gold medallion of Catherine de Medici for the cover. "Eight cigarettes a day—no more," Jean explained, "on doctor's orders. I mind that a bit more than giving up the before-dinner cocktail or the glass of Budweiser in the evening to drink while listening to a TV announcer extol a rival beer. (It tastes better that way.)"

Like any other newly expectant mother, Jean is lost in the wonderment of her new role, very happy and yet a bit apprehensive. Will she be frightened the first time she bathes an infant? How does one know whether a baby cries to exercise his lungs or because he is in pain? All these questions are discussed as Jean and Jimmy spend quiet evenings together, savoring the anticipation of parenthood.

Jimmy reassures Jean, for he's an old hand at diapering and fixing formulas. Son Jamie, he remembers, hardly ever cried, but Lindsay was a bawler. And he found that holding the baby quite closely, letting her feel the warmth and security of a parent, stilled her. Babies, he knows, needn't be handled like fragile glass; they're tough creatures and very smart.

"Both Jimmy and I feel very strongly about leaving a baby with a Nanny," Jean explains. "Naturally, we'll have a nurse while I'm working, but my freelance status makes it possible to delay accepting a picture until I want to. And I plan to stay with the baby a long time before I do another film, though Jimmy, looking thunderous, says, 'I'll give you just one week after the baby is born, Old Girl, and then, it's back to the coal mines for you!' But he doesn't mean it. When

(Continued on page 86)



Introducing *New! Romantic!*

# Lilac Time

Big, money-saving  
"Coming-Out" Offer

**This Drawer Full**  
of 19 Extra Pieces

**Just \$1<sup>00</sup>**

Open stock price  
of these 19 pieces  
is \$27.00

with the purchase of this  
**52-Piece Service** **\$69<sup>75</sup>**  
at the regular price

Love and romance and Lilac Time\*—they go together like moon and June! The shape and sweeping lines of this lovely new pattern are young modern at its best.

And now—for a short introductory period—you can have 71 pieces of this beautiful pattern for just \$1.00 more than you'd pay for 52 pieces! A complete service for 8, in its own drawer chest! It's the buy of a lifetime! Every much-used piece has an overlay of pure silver at vital wear point! Today—see the silverware that gives you "more for your silver dollar" . . . new Lilac Time at your favorite store!

\*Trade Marks. Copyright 1956, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

**Your "introduction"**  
to Lilac Time!

This Butter Serving Set, a beautiful covered Butter Dish and Butter Knife, in this charming young pattern! For a short time, you may have it for just

**\$3<sup>95</sup>**



(Plus Fed. tax on dish.)  
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76-piece service for 12  
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**71 Pieces in all!**



## YOUNG IDEAS:

# PHOTOPLAY AMERICAN DESIGNER PATTERNS



## portrait neckline charmer

AMERICAN DESIGNER PATTERN #1183

Framing your summer suntan is this white-cripsed Joseph Halpert design. Double-breasted bodice is scooped in front with white-trimmed neckline and cap sleeves. Pleated skirt is designed to flare out for extra width at hemline, making this your most danceable warm weather dress. Try organdies, silk taffeta for dressups, cottons for daytime.

Sizes 10-18. Size 10 or 12 requires  
4¾ yards of 36-inch fabric;  
⅝ yard for contrast.

## buttoned and bibbed dress

AMERICAN DESIGNER PATTERN #1208

Versatile is the word for this princess-line dress created by American designer Brigance. With its button-in sailor dickey, it'll be your breeziest summer dress. On cooler days, wear it jumper-style with a blouse. With sleeves added, it'll be a favorite this autumn. Use cottons (the wash'n'wear kind) or woolens if you're sewing for fall.

Sizes 10-18. Size 10 or 12 requires  
4¾ yards of 36-inch fabric;  
½ yard for dickey.

These patterns are hand-cut to  
Designer measurements. Check the  
figures below for your best fit.

BUST	34	35	36½	38	40
WAIST	24	25	26½	28	30
HIPS	35	36	37½	39	41
SIZE	10	12	14	16	18



(Continued from page 84)

we hear of Nannies who tell the parent when they may visit the baby, we both know we'd send such a nurse packing. With a baby turned over completely to nurse, it's just like having an unread book in the house, one you never get to know. Baby smiles and shows his first tooth to Nanny, waves his arms and says bye-bye, takes his first step and topples into Nanny's arms. All agog, she phones Mommy at the studio. Mommy wails to high heaven, feeling cheated, and with good reason. Having children does not make one a mother. Only mothering does—that is, experiencing a child's life through constant association. That's what I plan for our baby, and that's why I'm going to make only one film a year. I think of the baby as 'she' all the time. I've even made bets with everybody that I'll have a girl, and even hope to call her Tracy. But, really, a boy will be just as welcome. All one needs is patience to know the answer."

As lovely Jean Simmons talks, her clear hazel eyes have a placid quality, a contented quiet. She tells of still another matter under discussion, and that is American citizenship. Since the baby will be an American, it's very likely that Jean and Jimmy will take steps to follow. For as Jimmy says, "When you have children common citizenship is terribly important. Children must feel that their parents' loyalties are exactly like their own."

In Jean's first days as an expectant mama, she eagerly sought all the books she could find on babies, even met Jimmy on his return from London with a copy of Dr. Spock's famous book on infant care in her hand. Jimmy gave her his gift—a delicate porcelain figurine of mother and child—and she pressed the book in his hands. "Not an even exchange," grinned Jimmy. Although Jean read all the books she'd collected, they didn't help because they dealt with such far-off subjects as formulas, colic and the like. Jean wanted a list of pre-natal symptoms. And when she found them, she realized she had none of them. So the books are stored away now. "I don't think it's a good idea, anyway," she says, "to know all the gory clinical facts of maternity. I have a doctor, and that's his job. I know I don't believe in Caesarean section unless it's medically necessary, and I don't believe in having a baby at home. I'll take the hospital where everything necessary is at hand. All I want is a healthy baby."

Jean has wanted that for all the five years of her marriage. While in London last year, she was a little startled to see newspaper headlines: "Jean Simmons Wants Baby." "I didn't exactly say it in headlines," she giggles, "but when reporters had asked me, I told them." No one but Jimmy and close friends knew how much Jean had longed for a child. It was the only area in her life in which she felt deprived. Neither Jimmy's love nor her own soaring career could fill this special emptiness deep within her. And when Liz Taylor and other mothers came to visit her with their children in tow, Jean could scarcely mask her heartache.

All of that unhappiness has ended now. The ache was eased somewhat when Jimmy's children by his first wife, British actress Elspeth March, came to live with the Grangers last fall. They'd visited their father on school vacations, and had had frequent reunions while he was in London on location. And when Jimmy found their mother in poor health, he prevailed on her to allow the children to leave London. Full of vitality, Jamie is a very large and healthy eleven-year-old. Daughter Lindsay Jean is a blue-eyed, golden-

(Continued on page 88)





Actual photo of Bobbie Thompson, Jacksonville, Florida. Right side washed with New Woodbury, left side with another popular shampoo. See the difference!

A famous laboratory\* proves:

## HAIR WASHED WITH NEW WOODBURY SHAMPOO HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

**Woodbury's special "curl-keeping"  
ingredient makes the difference!**

The right side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo — the left with her regular brand. You can see what's happened. The left side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable. Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women and the results were thoroughly checked by \*Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. The tests showed: *Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better, keeps set longer*

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## NEEDLE NEWS

**7275**—Just one pattern part plus pockets. Make this handy cobbler apron in jiffy time. Have it in gay checks or in solid color with embroidery trim. Misses' sizes 12-14; 16-18 included. Pattern, transfer, directions.

**600**—Attractive cover for any size TV set. Its pretty grape pattern—smart combination of filet crochet, regular crochet. Square 25-inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller in No. 50. Larger in crochet or knitting cotton.



600



7212

**7212**—Baby snuggles quickly to sleep 'neath this protective cover—with little animals for company in dreamland. Embroidery transfers, diagrams for quilt 36 x 42 inches.

**7163**—Cheer up chores with these gay motifs! Fun to embroider on kitchen towels—seven colorful designs. Transfer, easy directions. A set of seven different motifs to embroider included.

**594**—Crochet a graceful bowl, matching doily beneath. They're worked together in contrasting colors! Doily-bowl combination, or 17-inch doily alone; quick crochet in jiffy cotton. Starch bowl for stiffness.



594



7275



7163



(Continued from page 86)

haired, equally active tomboy of ten. "Friends wondered," says Jean, "how I'd get on with two vigorous youngsters, my career and a new baby on the way. It's been wonderful. Jamie and Lindsay have made a quick adjustment to the American way of life and they treat me like an older sister and call me 'Jeannie.' I'm living my childhood all over in them. They both adore blood and thunder, in movies, in books, just as I did."

After Jamie and Lindsay arrived, the Grangers soon realized that their isolated, mountain crow's nest, with only two bedrooms, was too small and unsuitable for the expanded family. So they sold it and all the furniture and bought a six-bedroom modern house on an acre of wooded rolling slopes in fashionable Bel-Air. There is a striking view of the ocean and, nearer at hand, a handsome tiled swimming pool. And there are children in all the near-by homes, a fine private school across the road, a film projector in the den which can show movies even in CinemaScope. There is also a complete wing for Jamie and Lindsay, with pine-panelled bedrooms, a kitchen, barbecue, ice-cream bar, where the youngsters can have friends over for weekends and rough-house to their hearts' content.

Jean is thriving on lazy content these days, even though the house is still undergoing changes and the nursery is yet to be furnished. The new house was bought furnished, but Jimmy, a perfectionist and a man of impeccable taste, is weeding out furniture and replacing it with custom-built Robsjohn-Gibbings modern pieces. He's also occupied with the gardens and grounds—planting scores of fruit trees, shrubs and flowers and supervising the installation of huge boxed shade trees at strategic spots, just as he made a garden of Eden at the bare mountain top of their former home.

Indoors, Jimmy has found just the right backgrounds for his superb art collection—the Augustus John and the Sir Matthew Smith paintings; the two paintings of Jean in entirely different moods done by the French artist, Domergue; the Ming porcelains; magnificent Tang horses; Rodin and Jacob Epstein sculptures and Chinese ancient stone figures. Nor has he forgotten his fabulous collection of African mounted game trophies and game fish. "Some of our friends find Jimmy's decoration overpowering," confesses Jean, "but we love it."

Heretofore, Jean has definitely *not* loved the kitchen. "Jimmy's definition of chaos," according to Jean, "is two eggs, one frying pan—and me. That's not quite true. But isn't it silly for an amateur to cook for an expert? Jimmy is so gifted in so many ways. Really, he's a built-in, do-it-yourself kit. He used to do most of the cooking and I'd act as supply sergeant—and, I'm afraid, also as a thorn in his side. I'd taste everything and offer my opinion: 'A shade too much salt.' 'Meat's a tiny bit overcooked.' That was to keep him down to earth. But now, with the children, who must have early dinner, we have a cook in the kitchen and Jimmy takes over only on cook's night out."

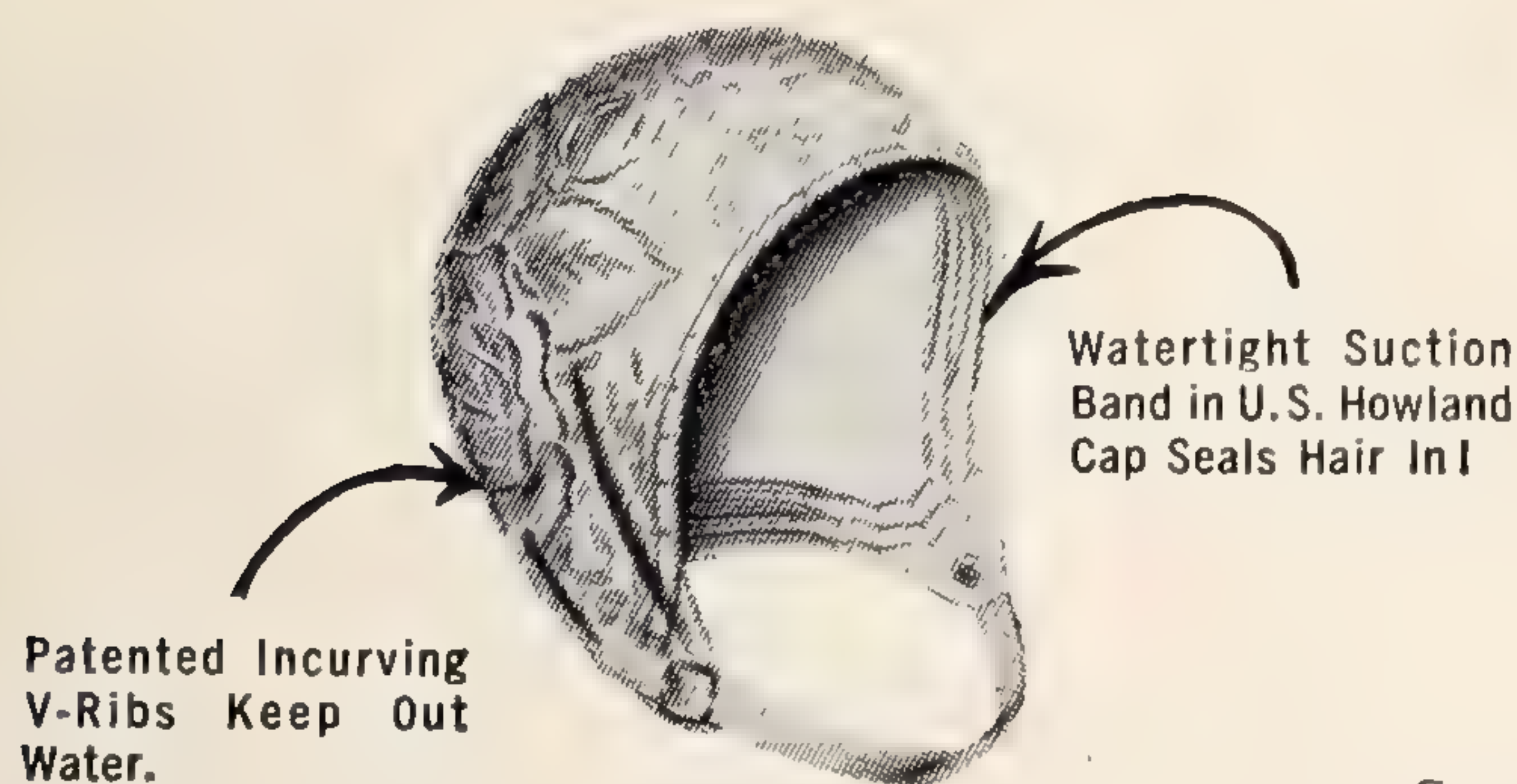
"But I can cook," Jean adds, hopefully. "Right now I'm best at cooking up the pets' food. At least they can't tell me if it's good or not. But when the baby comes, I expect to graduate to stirring up Pabulum and sieving the vegetables. And go on to taking over more duties and home responsibilities."

Today, Jean Marilyn Simmons Granger has outgrown her role of "child bride." A magnificent actress, well-wishers everywhere believe her greatest role will be "mother." THE END



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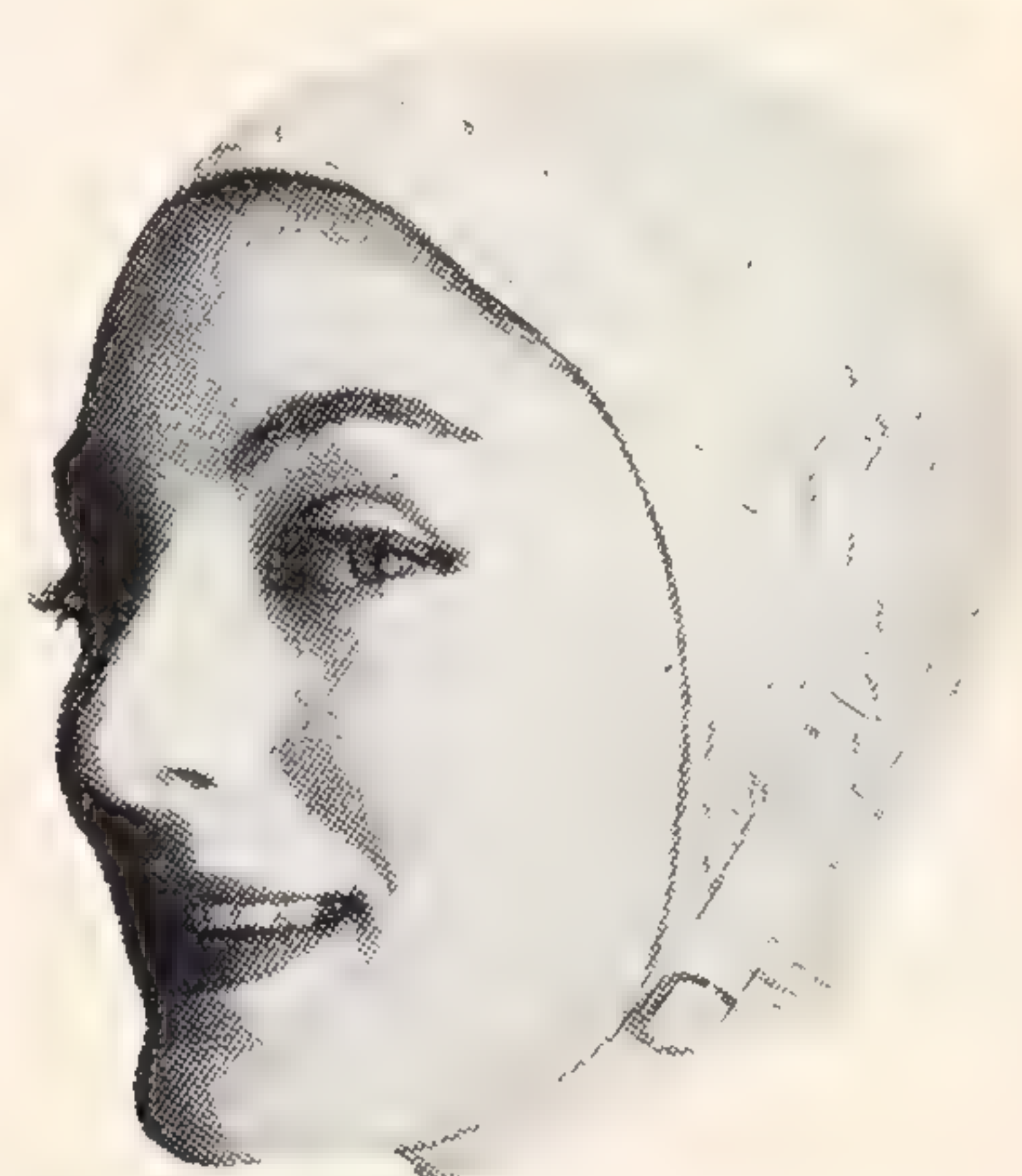
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## United States Rubber

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# Is College Really Necessary?

(Continued from page 69)

need to go, or can afford to go. In this group are those who have no idea of what they'd like to do in the future. Then there are still others—strong-minded little characters who knew as far back as grammar school that they wanted to be engineers, or nurses, or lawyers. For example, my brother Willis, who is a couple of years older than I, knew what he wanted to do with his life by the time he was fourteen. Willis was the leader of our group's football and baseball games and he could use his fists when he had to. I remember the day he said, "I intend to study for the priesthood." And he did. Today he is Father Willis Egan, S. J., and is completing his thesis for a Ph. D. at Loyola University in Los Angeles.

In kindergarten, I played John Alden in a Thanksgiving pageant. After the performance, when the teacher told my proud mother that I had a fine voice, that did it! From then on I was a ham. A couple of years later, at Jefferson Grammar School, my teacher, Dorothy Bailly, gave me the part of an American traveling salesman in a little opus called "The Windmills of Holland." She encouraged my interest in the theatre. I knew then I wanted to go to college and study dramatics. I took all the drama and literature courses at St. Ignatius High School and when, at seventeen, I entered an open oratorical contest with some 15,000 other young hopefuls and won both a trip to Honolulu and a check for \$100, I was more than ever convinced that dramatics in some form was to be my future career. To prepare myself, I knew college was necessary.

**B**ut for you—undecided, still faced with the choice of a future plan for life—I believe the most important question to ask yourself is: Do you *want* to go to college? Some say no right off. They are the youngsters who are eager for independence, for a salary check, even for marriage. They see little use for high school courses—such as Latin, literature, biology, trigonometry. "How will Shakespeare help me in my job, or Latin help me find a husband?" they ask.

Others are wondering what college has to offer them. In my opinion, college can be one of the most wonderful experiences you'll ever have. It can change your whole life—broaden your mind, give you self-confidence, teach you self-discipline, give you the tools of learning. And while college is teaching you how to live and to make your life richer and happier and more useful, it can also teach you to make a living. In addition, it can be fun. All this, if you are college material.

It takes all kinds of people to fill a campus. There's the All-Around Student—good in class, popular and equally interested in extra-curricular activities. Then there are the Big Man and Big Woman on Campus—the go-getters and natural-born politicians who feel social contacts are the chief thing to be gained in college. And there are the Greasy Grinds—those who concentrate on getting A-averages and Phi Beta Kappa keys, and are seldom seen outside the classroom or the library.

So college is not just one road but a maze of many. A student can train for one of a number of careers or he can decide to get a general education—the classic ideal of the well-educated individual. Of the liberal arts degree a cynic has said: "It is regrettable, but culture is inedible." Not all will agree by any means.

But everyone does agree that college

costs money. Will it be worth all the struggle, both to you and your parents? Before you decide, it's a good idea to take stock of yourself. How good a student are you? You don't have to be a "brain" in order to go to college, but your grades certainly should be average or better. Some colleges won't accept you unless you rank in the top ten percent or twenty-five percent of your class. Some insist that you pass College Entrance Board examinations.

If you're vague about a career choice, don't worry. You'll most likely find the answer after you get to college. Or, if you are torn between two different careers, college can help you make a choice.

I'll confess that for a time I did waver a little from the idea of becoming an actor. That was after I'd served four years in the Army and seriously considered studying law. Getting a toehold in Hollywood or on Broadway looked pretty bleak to me. But acting finally won out, because my whole life had been bound up in it for as long as I could remember. Besides, I already had earned my A.B. in drama and speech. So I enrolled at Stanford and began working on my Master's Degree in theatre arts. For added experience, I attended Northwestern University.

After answering the question of whether you *want* to go to college, there is another question to ask yourself: Do you *need* to go to college? This is an age of specialization and, if you wish to advance in almost any field, you'll need specialized training. Otherwise, you'll find yourself competing with people who have had the benefit of college training.

In debating the whole subject of higher education, you may begin to wonder: Will a college education pay off? All cultural and spiritual considerations aside, a college diploma does have considerable cash value. This is borne out by statistics which show that, although college graduates come from every type of home and go to every type of college, they have one trait in common: they are conspicuously successful, from a materialistic point of view. They hold the best jobs; they make more money than their non-college friends.

But graduating from college won't necessarily mean that you can immediately step into a fine, high-paying job. Take my own case, for example. After a pretty extensive education and after appearing in dozens of plays, I thought I was ripe for pictures. But Hollywood didn't think so. No one in pictures thought so. And for a long bleak period I stuck it out, buoyed up by my own faith and checks from home.

**C**an you *afford* to go to college? This is another important consideration—particularly for parents, who may consider it the most challenging of all. There are thousands of gifted youngsters who do not go to college because their parents cannot afford to send them. However, with some help from parents, plus part-time jobs and vacation jobs, these youngsters could have the benefit of a college education. Today, more than half of all men students and approximately one-fourth of all women students are earning either all or part of their expenses for college.

How do the working student's grades compare with the one who gets his money from home? And, when it comes to salary checks later, which one will be more successful? Statistics show that on both counts—grades and future earnings—the working student is equal to the non-working student.

But it isn't easy. You *can* survive it, and the hard-won triumph will give you considerable satisfaction. The principal

objection to working concerns the slow student who must allot many more hours for study than the quick student. If a slow student doesn't plan his work-load in proportion to his scholastic abilities, he may find himself robbed of the very education he is working so hard to obtain. The second objection is that a working student must cut down on his extra-curricular activities. However, this doesn't mean he must give them up entirely. I'm very fond of all kinds of sports—football, baseball, rowing and tennis. By budgeting my time, I managed to include a fair share of them all through school.

I first learned to work, study and play when I took over my brother's newspaper route as a youngster. And when I was getting my A.B., I worked as a movie usher and as an office worker and laborer in the shipyard. I also worked during vacations. While I was getting my Master's Degree I taught public speaking at San Francisco University. Looking back today, I don't think I missed much of college life by working.

**W**hen you consider that four years of college may cost anywhere from \$4,000 to \$10,000 depending on the school chosen, it may cause you—and particularly your parents—to pause and wonder. No doubt you'll have to give up a great deal to get that college education. But you will not regret it.

However, one word of warning. Accept aid from your family or save enough from your summer job to see you through your first semester at college. Do not try to work during your first term because, in addition to adjusting to the startling changes from high school—new people and new surroundings, more intensive studies—employment can become trying.

Scholarships and college loan funds have helped finance thousands of students through college. You should inquire about them. Once you have decided that you can afford a higher education, you are then faced with the problem of selecting the type of school. It may be a struggling little school barely able to afford a new microscope for the science laboratory, or it may mean a Big Ten university with an enrollment of 30,000. Your choice of a college depends largely on your own personality. Do you want a big puddle to swim in? Then pick a big campus. Are you happier in small, informal groups? Then you'll enjoy a small college. A school far from home means that you'll have to stand on your own two feet. It's a wise idea to build up a list of colleges that appeal to you and then make the final decision with the help of your high school teachers, your parents and friends. Choose several and apply in good time, for colleges are overcrowded and you may have to settle for second or third choice.

Once you are in college, you'll have to choose between loafing and studying. One bright student told me, "In high school I was warned that I'd have to work hard when I went to college, that the competition would be stiff. College *does* require a bit more work, but it isn't nearly as difficult as I thought it was going to be. I learn only enough to get by."

Should you study hard—or just to coast along with passing grades? Should you or shouldn't you join in a number of alluring outside activities? Next to choosing a college and a course of study, these are the questions that most bother the beginning student—and they are often a cause of joy or regret in later life. For my part, when I look back over my college years, I'd do it all again—except that I'd



have studied harder and taken more varied courses.

When I told a friend the other night that I was doing this article he said, "I learned a fair amount in college and had fun. But if only I'd had a better idea of what I was doing when I entered college it would have been so much better. I wish I'd taken some aptitude tests, as high school students get today. My high school teachers didn't have time to help me; my folks didn't know anything about it. I just sort of picked my college out of a list and my courses out of a catalog. But it all turned out luckily."

His wife, and mother of their three youngsters, laughed as she said, "Right now I'd trade History of Civilization for a cooking and nutrition course. Now, as a housewife and mother, I'm certain my education is keeping my interests above the always present dishpan and diaper level and, furthermore, it has stimulated me to study child guidance. I believe that, even if a girl goes from graduation to the altar, as I did, a college education is worthwhile. And particularly, should it ever become necessary for me to rely on my own resources, I'm trained for a profession."

Maybe, in your particular case, college isn't the answer. You might be happier taking night extension courses or apprentice on-the-job training.

If you do not want a full four-year education, the junior, two-year college may be a perfect solution. And if you are interested in the fine or applied arts—accounting, agriculture, business, and the like—you can receive concentrated training which will prepare you for a job after you complete your two years. Or you may take liberal arts courses and transfer to a four-year college later. Junior colleges are particularly suitable for those who haven't chosen a vocation and for those who lack some of the qualifications for college entrance.

Some of the best college students are those who first went to work for a year or so before entering college. For example, a young girl, after finishing high school, gets a job as a receptionist in a doctor's office. While there she grows interested in the doctor's laboratory and decides to go to college to get her B.S.

When I was teaching public speaking, there was a goodly number of World War II veterans who filled the classrooms. Most of them were truly interested in learning and worked hard at their studies. Their incentive developed from their out-of-school experience and the added maturity of a couple of years. And college paid off for them.

So—I believe in a college education. However, that doesn't mean you can't have a happy and successful life without a higher education. Ilka Chase, well-known novelist and actress, once said at a university alumni dinner: "I'm always happy to be invited to these affairs as I have never been able to get to college except as a speaker."

But for those who do get to college as students, I believe the best advice is to listen to all advice and *then make your own decision*. Wise parents help their children find out about college, then let Susie or John take over. Choosing a college, like choosing a mate, should be done by the ones who are going to embark on the adventure.

The great question—Is College Really Necessary?—is really two questions: Do I have what a college wants? And do I want what a college has to offer? And, if you do decide to go, you'll find that a college education is not an end in itself but a means to a higher end. THE END



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## Star in the Dust

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Since "High Noon," it's been the rule that every Western of any pretensions must have a ballad written for it. This unpretentious but briskly effective yarn reverses the procedure, taking its plot inspiration from a well-known old ballad, "My Name It Is Sam Hall" (also called "The Gallows Song"). Terry Gilkyson, as the town bum, at intervals sings an altered (and cleaned-up) version to serenade the picture's doomed Sam. This is Richard Boone, black-clad, elegantly sinister and properly sneering. Ranchers who hired his gun in the local range war plan to free him on the day set for his execution. Farmers plan to lynch him. But sheriff John Agar is determined that he'll hang legally at sundown, the appointed hour. While Mamie Van Doren's miscast as a wistful Western heroine, Coleen Gray, as a seamstress pitifully in love with the desperado, is one of several interesting characters in a neatly made film. **FAMILY**

## Foreign Intrigue

U.A., EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ With tough composure, Robert Mitchum moves through a satisfyingly intricate mystery film, given extra eye appeal by location trips to various European sites. Bob has been handling press relations for a Riviera millionaire. After a heart attack kills his boss, Bob's curiosity is aroused by several odd questions he's asked about the dead man. He knows nothing of his late employer's past, but his own investigations soon reveal that the fortune was founded on blackmail. And the blackmail victims turn out to be big fish indeed. The feminine angle is supplied by Genevieve Page, handsome and poised as the money-minded widow, and by Ingrid Tulean, distinctive as a girl Bob falls in love with during his sleuthing in Sweden. **FAMILY**

## Crime in the Streets

A.A.

✓✓✓ The well-worn subject of juvenile delinquency here is freshened up by an honest approach and strong acting. Known through many TV plays, youthful John Cassavetes plays a vicious-tempered slum kid, who defies his work-weary mother (Virginia Gregg) and bullies his little half-brother (Peter Votrian). When John goes from gang fights to plotting a senseless murder, his followers back out, except for the sensitive and proud Sal Mineo and the weak-brained Mark Rydell. While most of the cast is drawn from the original TV version, James Whitmore steps in to play a social worker intervening in the tragic situation. The job of psychoanalysis he does is implausibly fast, but Whitmore and Cassavetes make it moving. **ADULT**

## Hilda Crane

20TH; CINEMA-  
SCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ The most popular feminine stars of the early 'thirties reveled in the sort of

role Jean Simmons now plays: the "modern" woman who tries to live by a man's standards but finds only sorrow. Defeated by New York, with two broken marriages and other experiments behind her, Jean returns to her small college town. Jean Pierre Aumont, as a dashing professor who once inspired her school-girl adulation, has her past in mind and



Practicality, rather than affection, is the key to Jean's attitude toward Guy

treats her accordingly. So she takes the advice of her strait-laced mother (Judith Evelyn) and marries successful, upstanding Guy Madison. But the opposition of his domineering mother (Evelyn Varden), felt even after her death, casts a pall over the marriage. The two older ladies have the best of it in the acting department, with roles of some complexity. **ADULT**

## Outside the Law

U-I

✓✓ This lively crime-busting movie takes on warmth with its study of the father-son relationship between Treasury agent Onslow Stevens and ex-convict Ray Danton, who holds his old man responsible for his trouble. In the Army, Ray reluctantly goes on a special assignment to help Onslow break up a counterfeiting gang. Leigh Snowden is a girl apparently involved with the gang; Grant Williams, the chief menace; Jack Kruschen, an amusingly matter-of-fact agent, portrayed in "Dragnet" style. **FAMILY**

## Quincannon, Frontier Scout

U.A.,  
DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ Though this horse opera comes duly equipped with a ballad, Tony Martin has a non-singing role—and seems somewhat ill at ease as a Western hero. A scout and a former Army officer, he's persuaded to take on a risky chore for his old outfit: to track down a stolen shipment of rifles, now probably in Indian hands. With him on the trek are Peggie Castle, seeking her soldier brother, and West Pointer John Bromfield, new to the frontier. **FAMILY**



# The Rocky Road To Paradise

(Continued from page 24 )

to the point of being ridiculous. The Prince had been branded spoiled, pampered.

"None of the bad press was the fault of the Prince," Father Tucker explained. "He was badly advised, for he is much too shy and gentle a person to give out arbitrary edicts. You see, the trouble is that people don't get to the Prince, himself. When I first came here as the Prince's personal chaplain, I wanted to handle a certain matter a certain way. I was told, 'The Palace doesn't approve,' and, of course, by the Palace they meant the Prince. But, one day, I happened to mention this matter to the Prince. 'Why don't you handle it your way?' he suggested.

"I was startled. 'Because I was told Your Highness didn't approve.' He was furious. You see, he knew nothing of the intrigue around him. He changed the order immediately, and I proceeded with my plans."

When asked if he thought the engagement of the Prince and Grace happened all too suddenly, Father Tucker replied, "In all, the Prince and Grace had a three-month courtship. I'm an American, you know, but I don't believe in couples going together for three or four years. This was love at first sight. You have only to see them together to know this. Of course, the Prince must always maintain royal dignity in public.

"He's a nice boy. Even John Kelly said, 'You know, he grows on you.' Mr. and Mrs. Kelly said goodbye to Grace in the castle before the Prince and Grace left on their honeymoon. They trust the Prince and know he will make Grace happy because he loves her.

"I believe in the Prince. I believed him when he made his vows before his people. I believe in Grace. Her marriage will last. She would not be a good Catholic if it didn't. And she's a good Catholic."

Father Tucker contemplated a minute. "I won't be in Monaco any longer," he said. "I have been recalled to Rome. But I'll always be the Prince's chaplain. This is something that is conferred on you and which does not change. I will always be here when they need me."

Then, this was *fact* as compared to rumor. It *was* a storybook romance, after all. They have truly made a love match.

But there is more to this marriage than that. Now the possessor of some 138 royal titles—such as Duchess of Balentinois, Countess of Carlades, Baroness of Buis—Grace will have to live up to every one of them. Some of her official duties will include running the palace, planning state functions and private parties, entertaining foreign emissaries. Then, of course, there is the all-important matter of her giving the Prince the heir that will keep Monaco tax-free, fancy-free and independent.

And what of her movie career? Will she be able to turn her back forever on the profession that did so much for her, and has meant so much to her?

Will she also be able to adjust to the European, royal way of life? Will she yearn to return to "my beloved country?"

Will she continue to see Rainier as a debonair, romantic Prince Charming? Or will their temperamental and sociological differences dim their love?

Those who are closest to the Prince have said of Grace, "She's the best thing that ever happened to him." And what of Grace? Will this be true for her?

Eventually, the answers to all these questions will be known. Meanwhile, the world will be eagerly waiting, watching and wishing Prince Rainier and Princess Grace well, on their regal journey to Paradise.

The End



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# Tab Hunter: Caught in That Tender Trap?

(Continued from page 48)

is a rock to stand on in the sea of well-meant advice which often engulfs young, inexperienced people. Tab thinks youngsters should find their own ways, without the constant advice of their elders, and should they make mistakes, it will do no permanent harm if they have the intelligence to learn from experience. A free spirit who likes room to move around in, Tab hates to be crowded. Like any well-mannered young man, he will listen to advice, but he refuses to take it if he doesn't agree.

Heretofore, Tab has been most upset by those who have tried to nudge him down the path to the altar. It isn't that he's against getting married; he simply wants to do it in his own way, in his own good time.

"I think," says Tab, "my whole attitude can be summed up by something that happened when I was in high school. I was running around with a lovely girl whom I liked enormously. We were getting along just fine until she began to say, each night when I left her, 'Don't forget to call me first thing in the morning.' I suddenly felt snared—and that was the end of the affair."

Although this kind of "nudging" may have cut short other budding romances in Tab's past, there apparently was no trace of it in his emotional life just a few months ago. In some sweetly devious manner (the details are still very obscure), Tab met a girl who is the daughter of a business tycoon in the East. Whether young love flared at the first meeting is not known, nor has her name been divulged. However, it has been learned that the mysterious romance is serious enough to have brought the young lady in question to Hollywood on at least one occasion and caused Tab to fly East twice.

But there seems to be one big obstacle in their potential trip to the altar. The young lady's father, a man of importance and large affairs, views Hollywood marriages with an unfavorable eye. Consequently, he has decreed that Tab must give up his movie career and become a respectable man of business, presumably in his own financial structure. This is the dilemma Tab faces. Will he forsake his cherished career for love? No one knows. Dick Clayton, who should know, since he is Tab's agent and closest friend, says quite simply, "I wouldn't bet a nickel either way."

On the surface, Tab appears untroubled as he faces this great decision. He still insists that love must be nonpossessive. It should, he says, be an infinitely sweet, generous emotion that seeks only a mutuality of interests and expression. It should be tender but never a trap. And, he wisely asks, if it is possessive before marriage, what would it be after the knot is tied? Tab concedes that, in the last analysis, it is the girl who chooses her mate, but he declares that this should be done with subtlety and grace. Men like to think they are running the show, and the sensitive, intelligent girl will encourage this attitude rather than destroy it.

Any man, Tab believes, is conscious of his own limitations and inadequacies. That is why he needs a wife or sweetheart who comforts him even when praise isn't wholly deserved. It saves his ego and bolsters his self-confidence. "Imagine how an actor would feel," Tab says, "if after attending a preview of one of his pictures with his wife, she were to say, 'You certainly laid an awful custard in that one.' He'd want to cut his throat.

On the other hand, if he's done a good job, his wife should tell him so. The guy's spirits would soar and he'd be a better artist, thanks to her enthusiasm."

Independence belongs to women as well as men, Tab believes. In fact, he admires girls who know their own minds and aren't afraid to speak them—but not to the extent that they become dominating. No man, he says, wants a clinging vine, but neither does he cherish a companion with a chip on her shoulder. The ideal girl, according to Tab, is one who combines the delectable qualities of sweet surrender with intellectual honesty, courage and gentleness. Nor need a girl be startlingly beautiful. Most physically entrancing women, Tab thinks, are too taken up with their exterior charms to give much thought to the spirit which must burn inside of any truly lovely woman.

When asked if he considers himself to be decidedly independent in spirit, Tab says, "Yes—within the confines of my contract." He cites an incident which arose when his studio wanted him to do a certain television show. "I read the script and knew I was too young for the part, but my bosses insisted. I worked three days and they took me out. My miscasting was obvious."

Never one to eat humble pie, Tab does, however, regret his light-hearted attitude when he first entered pictures. Riding horses was then more important than almost anything else and he regarded acting as nothing more than a mild diversion. His agent Dick Clayton, who had known Tab since he was twelve, kept urging him to study, study, study. "It was only when I began to listen to him," Tab says, "that the seriousness and possibilities of a picture career began to become clear in my mind. That was one bit of advice I've always been thankful I heeded."

Accused by his associates of a rather free-wheeling style with various young actresses, Tab has wended his careless way through the Hollywood garden of love "where they say only peaches grow" and remained singularly unattached. Many writers, plus a few important columnists, steadfastly predicted that his friendship with Lori Nelson would lead to a journey down the middle aisle. But they only shot their cupid's arrows into the sun. The lovely Lori and Tab were seen together often, then only occasionally. He still takes her out, but more rarely now. Why? The columnists can only guess, since neither Tab nor Lori has made any statement.

While making "The Burning Hills" at Warners' with Natalie Wood, a pert, eighteen-year-old with an audacious and sometimes sharp tongue in her pretty head, Tab found a personality as independent as his own. Natalie has an impish determination to stay in the spotlight. She and Tab work well together, but with a kind of guarded alertness, each watching the other warily as the scenes unfold. However, this has in no way lessened their mutual liking and respect. Indeed, they go out together occasionally and have a good time.

While Tab is now a dedicated actor, he admits that taking advice from others with more experience was the hardest lesson he had to learn. His first important picture, "Island of Desire," with Linda Darnell, was not a conspicuous success despite the friendly assist given him by Linda. She liked Tab and saw potentialities of which he himself was not yet aware. But still Tab couldn't banish from

his mind the feeling that picture-making was something of a lark.

Dick Clayton tried to convince him that "life is real, life is earnest," but Tab only smiled and went on spending all his spare time riding the horse he had just bought. In a later film, "The Return to Treasure Island," he was so bad that Clayton frankly told him it would be seen only in drive-in theatres. "I'd be ashamed," Dick said, "if it appeared anywhere else."

Even this failed to impress Tab greatly. It took another year, and a harrowing experience on a television show, to convince him that a winning grin and the ability to make people like him were not enough. It came about in this fashion: Clayton lined up a good role for Tab on a TV program, "The Jim Piersol Story." On being told about it, Tab nodded almost indifferently. That seemed to be that. On the last day of rehearsal, however, the enormous fact that he was to be watched, not by hundreds but by millions of critical people, broke over Tab's mind like a thunderclap. Waves of panic flooded through him and in terror he turned on Clayton and shouted, "You got me into this! I'll never be able to go through with it. You're fired!"

Clayton, himself a former actor and a man of instinctive sympathy and understanding, tried his best to reassure him. "No," Tab moaned. "It's all your fault. You should never have put me in such a spot."

The hour for the final rehearsal arrived and Tab, shaking like a leaf in a high wind, went through his lines. And then something happened. Whether it was the inspiration of pure fright or the guiding hand of his guardian angel, Tab never knew. But one fact was certain: his interpretation of the role was excellent.

In spite of Clayton's enthusiastic assurance that he had done a fine job, Tab was still convinced that Clayton had betrayed him. "I don't believe you," he muttered. "And you're still fired."

That night, still trembling, Tab faced the revealing eye of the television camera which was sending his every movement into the living rooms of people all over the nation. But Clayton's last words, "You're good. Remember that," remained in the back of his mind. An hour later it was over and the director, the actors and Clayton knew that Tab had given a superb performance. He stumbled back into his dressing room, however, still convinced that he had flopped dismally. It was only when telegrams began to pour in, among them one from Warner Brothers, that he turned with a weak grin to Clayton and said, "You're rehired."

One of the faults which has troubled Dick Clayton in his dealings with his many-faceted young protege, was Tab's complete inability to keep any of the money he earned. "He'd buy fabulous presents for everyone he liked," Dick says, "his mother, Lori Nelson, me and many others. He was always broke. I finally pointed out to him that James Dean, whom he admired tremendously, had employed a business manager. That did it. A few days later, Tab told me Dean's manager was now his also. It's been tough on the boy, though. All his impulses are generous and it's hard for him to remain rigidly within an allowance."

One of the qualities close friends admire most in Tab is his unswerving loyalty. For example, recently on the Warners lot a young actress who Tab believed had the abilities of a star, was noticeably being overlooked. Impulsively, Tab went to one of the top studio brass and staged one of



his better performances. "This girl, Jan Chaney, has everything," he said. "She's got a flame inside her and you'd better give it a chance to burn or some other studio will."

That same afternoon, Jan was called up for an extensive screen test and Tab, hearing about it, accompanied her personally to the hairdresser and make-up artist. "This girl is a friend of mine," he said. "Be good to her."

Tab was born Arthur Gelien in 1931, in New York City. Two years later, he, his mother and three-year-old brother moved to San Francisco. Mrs. Gelien, who has always had an important influence on Tab's life, supported her sons by working as a trained nurse and physiotherapist for the Matson Steamship Line.

In 1946, when he was fifteen, Tab hoodwinked the Coast Guard into accepting him. While receiving special training at Groton, Connecticut, he attended plays in New York City. The sight of talented people on the stage, doing what seemed to come naturally, excited Tab's imagination and prompted his first thoughts of making the stage his future career.

A year later, the Coast Guard discovered they'd been deceived about his age and forthwith returned Tab to civilian life. It was then that he turned his attention to ice skating, of all things. Returning to San Francisco, Tab got a job as a sheet-metal worker, but devoted most of his spare time and money to skating.

In 1949, Tab gave up his job as sheet-metal worker to accept a two-word role in a film called "The Lawless." Although his two words wound up on the cutting-room floor, his tiny performance brought him once again to the attention of his old friend, Dick Clayton who, by this time, was an actors' agent. Deciding that Arthur Gelien was no handle for a future film star, and remembering that his friend liked riding hunters and jumpers and must be tabbed *something*, Clayton and another agent decided to name him Tab Hunter.

The new handle was productive of nothing but hunger. For two years Tab worked at various jobs, none even remotely related to pictures. His break finally came when actor Paul Guilfoyle learned that director Stuart Heisler was looking for a young actor to play a shipwrecked Marine in "Island of Desire." Guilfoyle remembered a brief backstage conversation he'd had months earlier with a very young actor and thought he might do. He located Tab and introduced him to Heisler. The director took one look at the boy's eager face and accepted him on the spot to play opposite Linda Darnell. "Island of Desire" was followed by others, including "Gunbelt," "The Steel Lady" and "Return to Treasure Island." Then, under Clayton's careful guidance, Tab was signed by Warner Brothers. Since then he has made "Battle Cry," "Track of the Cat," "The Sea Chase" and "The Burning Hills."

Now, at twenty-four, Tab faces the most important independent decision he will probably ever be called upon to make. It is only natural to speculate on what his action will be. Will he give up his career for marriage? Or will he remain a dedicated actor?

Almost anyone can find some measure of happiness in marriage, but only the chosen few can hitch their wagons to a star and shine brightly in the movie world. Still in all, let us remember that kings have relinquished empires for love—and Tab, for all his bright and shining talent, is no king. He is just a boy with a glorious future. Just how glorious that future will be, career and marriage-wise, only time—and Tab—can decide. THE END



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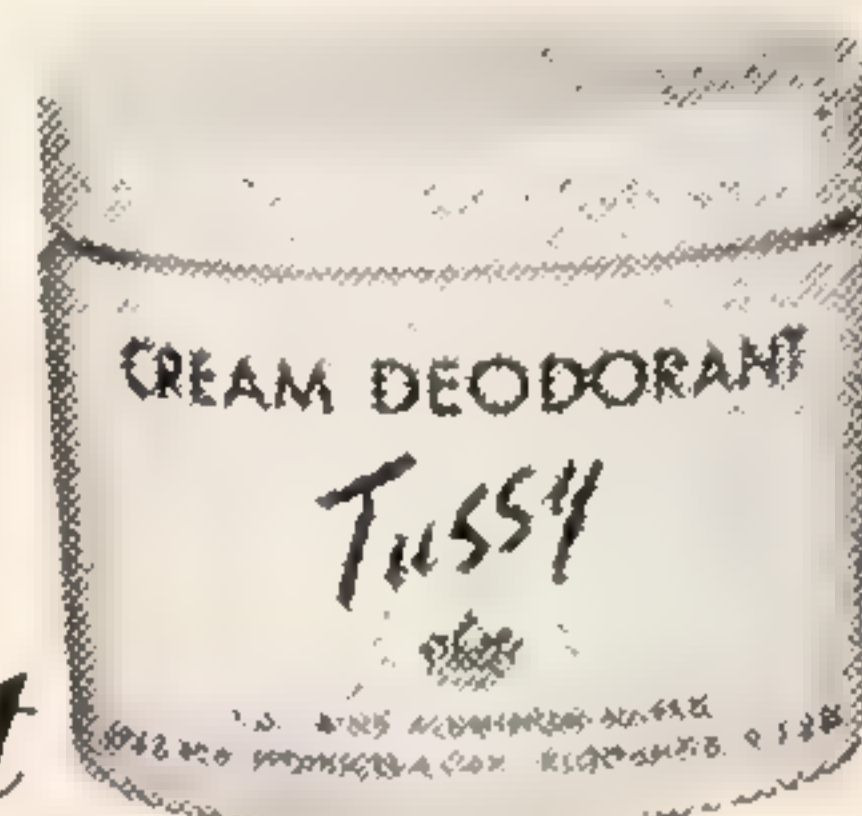
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# "I Was Letting 'Marty' Down!"

(Continued from page 59)

acting career, and a little gold figure named "Oscar" would almost upset the equilibrium of their lives.

Today, Rhoda Borgnine is a happy woman, glowing with pride in her husband's great achievement, quietly efficient in the role of his business manager. She speaks candidly and without self-consciousness of their life in Hollywood, her husband's zooming career, and of what it will do or has done to their marriage.

She has made a calm appraisal of herself and is determined to, as she puts it, "fill the bill," now that they are on top in his chosen career.

Sitting in the modest living room of their San Fernando home, Rhoda recalled that although she had always been a big girl, and surely too wholesome to be glamorous, this had never seemed a serious handicap to her.

"When I was a youngster," she said. "I had all the self-confidence in the world. I was always sure of myself. I knew, even when I was in high school, just what I wanted to do. I was going to work at something where I'd be of service to people. I had lots of friends. I wasn't trying to impress anybody, and if I lacked so-called beauty and wasn't the willowy type, it didn't really disturb me.

"I take after my father. He's built sturdy and I'm just like him. We call him 'The Rock of Gibraltar'—not only because he's big in size, but because his heart is big. No matter what troubled my sister, brother or myself, we'd take it to Dad and he'd work it out with us. He did that for everybody. And he does it to this day. However, my problem, after Ernie made the grade, was something Dad couldn't help me with. I had to work that out for myself.

"Our family is very closely knit. We had a good, full life together and it rubbed off in our dealings with others. We got along with everybody, and I was a happy-go-lucky kid. There was a club on our block in Brooklyn, just a bunch of kids from the neighborhood. We called ourselves 'The Sterling Street Kids.' Out of ten members, I was the only girl. And I didn't found the club, I was invited to join.

"Those boys treated me like their sister. I heard all their troubles, they brought me all their confidences. It didn't matter to them that I wasn't a glamour girl.

"I had a lot of other friends, too. Not long ago, I showed Ernie my high school year book. It's all scribbled up with dozens of names. They wrote: 'To Dimples, Good Luck' and 'Love to Sunshine'—silly things

that kids always write to each other in year books. The point is, I wasn't left out of things. I had my share of puppy-love crushes, but mostly I was the big sister. This didn't bother me. I was too outgoing, too busy playing basketball and tennis or going to movies and parties, to do any worrying.

"Like all girls, I used to dream of my ideal man. He'd be just like my dad. Understanding, loving, kind—a solid citizen making a good salary, a man who wasn't impressed with what people wore or how they looked. He only would want to be sure they were good human beings.

"I was raised in the tradition of the upper white-collar class, and it suited me. The kind of life where the husband has a good business and a steady income seemed the best possible life to live. That's the way it was with my own family and with all our neighbors. Having a daughter marry an actor would have made as much sense to those mothers as having her jump off the Brooklyn Bridge!"

Rhoda's pleasant face was suddenly illuminated by a wide grin. It was easy to see why her classmates had called her "Sunshine" and "Dimples."

After Rhoda was graduated from high school, she wanted to study medicine, but her family dissuaded her, on the premise that it was too hard a struggle for a girl. Instead, she took a secretarial course, passed a Civil Service examination and spent six months in Washington as a typist-clerk for the government.

"After the novelty wore off," Rhoda says, "I got restless. I still wanted to go into some sort of service. I tried to enlist in the Army, but they turned me down because I was too young. My father and I talked it over and he finally gave his consent for me to join the Hospital Corps of the Navy. I got in without any trouble and started at last to do the work that I loved.

"And I sure loved that uniform! You live in a different world when you're in an outfit where everybody dresses alike. You keep yourself neat and keep your clothes pressed and properly tailored. You have the starched, clean-soap, well-scrubbed look, and that's it. The word 'glamour' doesn't enter the picture at all. I was so happy and comfortable in the uniform, it must have shown. I was even selected to pose for a poster, designed to demonstrate how smart we could look!"

Chief Petty Officer Ernest Borgnine had been sent to the Brooklyn Navy Yard Hospital for the removal of a spinal cyst. It was the first time in his ten years in

the Navy he had ever been immobilized. And, when he first eyed Rhoda bustling around his ward, he liked what he saw.

The fact that she did not possess the classic measurements so important to his buddies didn't even register with him. Ernie wasn't a roistering sailor. He didn't gamble. He didn't drink. He believed in a wholesome, well-balanced life. What appealed to him most about Rhoda was her frankness, her ready sense of humor, her utter lack of affectation. During his two-month stay in the hospital they dated a few times, but it didn't spell Romance to Rhoda.

"I think he was too polite, too shy," she says now. "He was *Marty* in a sailor suit. He seemed kind of lost. When he was discharged from the hospital, I thought I'd seen the last of him. As far as I could figure out, he wasn't going anywhere. He didn't know what he'd do when he got out of service, and there wasn't anything he really wanted to do. He had no idea where he'd settle or anything. He looked at me with those soft brown eyes and said he'd get in touch with me sometime. I said fine. I never dreamed in a million years that Ernie would turn up in my life next time—as an actor!"

"But that's just what happened. He wrote to me from the Barter Theatre in Virginia, saying he was coming to New York, and how about a date? I wrote back and said okay. I liked him a lot and I was curious to see what he'd be like. When he showed up, I got the shock of my life. He was an actor all right! You couldn't miss it. He had let his hair grow and he was wearing a big, showy polo coat. It startled me, to put it mildly! And I was scared, too.

"He wasn't in uniform any more. I was. We were on different levels and I didn't understand him. He finally proposed, but I couldn't see it. I could see marrying a doctor, a lawyer or a businessman. That would be something concrete; I'd know how to handle myself in those fields. But an actor! I just couldn't see it.

"Somewhere deep down inside of me, I know now that I was afraid I'd never be happy in his kind of life because I'd never be able to compete with all the glamour. I just wasn't the type. It wasn't until years later that I realized I didn't have to compete!

"Ernie was still very polite under all that garish wardrobe, very gentlemanly, and very persistent. He wanted to get married. He was making thirty-five dollars a week and he thought he was living! I said no as nicely as I could. He was disappointed but philosophical. I didn't know whether I was glad or sorry. Ernie went back to the Barter Theatre, and I threw myself deeper into my work. I wanted to improve myself all I could, to better my rank. I worked so hard that I became very ill.

"I was ordered to bed for a long rest and treatment. Lying flat on my back in the hospital, thoughts of Ernie kept crowding everything else out of my mind. As soon as I was permitted to sit up, I wrote him a card. He answered by return mail and we corresponded until I got well. Then he invited me to come to Baltimore where he was appearing in 'Hamlet.'

"I worked 'round the clock to get the time off. Actually, I wasn't yet ready for such exertion, and when I got to Baltimore I was completely exhausted. I'm ashamed to admit this, but once in my theatre seat, I fell fast asleep, and slept through almost the entire performance! The little I saw Ernie do was wonderful. He was a great actor, even then. I thought he'd be hurt and angry when I confessed

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Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.



Until Ernie and Rhoda married, being out of work hadn't been a serious problem. It only meant that he'd had to

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pound the pavements a bit longer, pull his belt a bit tighter, and wait it out. But it was different now. He was a husband and father. As head of a household, you couldn't just go with the tide. So that job of playing a clown looked mighty good to Ernest Borgnine. He wanted to take it for a while, to get them out of their financial difficulties. But Rhoda wouldn't have it. So he kept on looking.

They spent a lot of time with Rhoda's people in Brooklyn, during that period. Going there for dinner with "the folks" was the high point in their social life. High point? It was their entire social life! And it helped them to forget their worries for a while.

It took seven long years, but Ernie finally made it, just as Rhoda had been sure he would, from the minute she decided to marry him. He went from bit parts in television to small parts in plays, then a leading role in "Harvey." One part led to another, until he was tapped for the part of *Fatso* in "From Here to Eternity."

That was the turning-point in the life of the Borgnines. From that sprang the Hollywood success they know today.

And with it was born the threat to Rhoda Borgnine's self-confidence.

They bought their first home—an unpretentious bungalow about three-quarters of an hour's drive from the studios—and settled down to what they thought would be a simple pattern of living in their own place at last. They renewed some old friendships and acquired a few new ones. Then came "Marty."

When the kudos started to pour in because of Ernie's magnificent portrayal, a subtle change began to take place in their lives—so subtle, so indefinable, that neither of them was aware of it at first. Gradually they came to realize that little irritations, little differences of opinion would crop up between them, and one or the other would be hurt or disturbed. This had never happened to them before. That's when Rhoda undertook a serious appraisal of their marriage. She wanted to be sure she was doing the right thing. After a lot of thought, she decided that she'd have to change—and make some changes in their living. But that in itself was a frightening prospect.

Because on the surface at least, things were as they had always been. At least that's how they seemed to Ernie. He couldn't see that their lives were different and required a slightly altered approach.

"You see," explained Rhoda, "Ernie himself hadn't changed. I tried to make him understand that we must make some concessions because of his success. He hadn't the slightest idea of what I was

talking about! He just couldn't see it. "I decided I'd have to work things out for myself. I read magazines about good grooming, I tried fixing my hair a different way, I got some clothes I thought fitted the picture of a successful movie star's wife. I listened to advice from a lot of people. Naturally, everybody told me something different. I listened to them all. What I didn't realize was that people think from their own personal point of view and it doesn't fit anybody but themselves.

"I made a lot of mistakes. It irritated and upset me that I couldn't trust my own judgment any more. I knew it was affecting my disposition."

Rhoda leaned back and smiled ruefully. She straightened her neat tailored collar and looked out of the window, as she continued, as if thinking out loud. "There's one thing about being big. People think you've just got to be good-natured all the time. They don't believe that you can be sensitive, easily hurt.

"Take Ernie. He's a big man. But he's not so easygoing as you may think. He likes to have his clothes arranged just so. At night, he wants to sit in the same chair, in the same place, and watch television. He's not too fond of going out. He's sensitive to changes of any kind—especially in our family life.

"That's why I couldn't point-blank bring up this subject of getting more glamour into my appearance. I didn't want to upset him. I wanted more than anything to think things out for myself, to get us back to normal, but I just didn't know how. I didn't know what 'normal' was for us, any more.

"After Ernie was nominated for the Oscar, all kinds of awards started to come in. We had to go to New York for one of them. I was thrilled about that. It gave me a big lift. I was homesick, I was lonely for the folks. I needed them."

At that reunion, Rhoda and her family talked for hours. Slowly, her inner strength returned. Her sister had voiced the very things Rhoda herself had known all along—that she would never be a glamour girl, but that there were lots of things she could do: sensible, intelligently thought-out things that would make her happier, restore her faltering sense of well-being. For the first time in months, Rhoda Borgnine felt strong and sure of herself. But it took an evening in the theatre, to crystallize her new resolve.

"Ernie and I went to see a play," she recalls. "I was happy and excited about being in New York again, going to the theatre, rubbing shoulders with people who didn't gasp when they saw Ernie. It was like old times. I'd forgotten for

the moment that the memory I expected to relive was from before 'Marty.'

"As we walked down the aisle, I could feel the people staring at us. A thousand eyes bored into my back. All the self-confidence I had built up during that talk at home nearly disappeared. I heard their whispers: 'There's Ernest Borgnine. There goes *Marty*!' Ernie heard them, too. He squeezed my hand. I knew he was thinking that, at last, the years of hard work, of struggle, were finally paying off. But he didn't hear the whispers I imagined: 'Is that his wife? She doesn't look as if she's married to a big star!'

"Let's face it—I didn't. They expected a movie star's wife to be glamorous, distinguished. I was letting them down. I had a job to do, and I wasn't doing it. I should be wearing a mink coat. I should look well-dressed and fashionable. No matter that I wasn't slim and sleek; I should have looked expensive. They expected it of me. That was part of my job, and to them, I had failed.

"I didn't see that play. I watched it all right, but I didn't see or hear a thing. All I did through that whole performance, was probe into my mind. I couldn't figure it out. What was happening? And why should it throw me? I was the same person, wasn't I? But, of course, I knew that wasn't true. I wasn't the same person at all. I was the wife of an important public figure—and I wasn't the wife his public expected me to be."

Upon their return to Hollywood, after that bitter-sweet trip to New York, Rhoda did a lot more thinking. She made up her mind that somehow, she'd have to carry her share of the responsibility for their new position in life. She had to convince her husband that in order to remain unchanged *inwardly*—which is what he wanted—she'd have to change her outward appearance.

"To Ernie," Rhoda explained, "acting is his business and he wants to do it right. He's not temperamental in the accepted sense of the word. He's on top because he knows his business. I convinced him that until now it hadn't mattered that I wasn't the doll Hollywood girls are expected to be. But now it did. Now the public expected his wife to be special.

"When I appear in public with you, Ernie," I said, "I want to look stylish, because that's what your public expects. That's good for your business."

And as simply as that, Rhoda Borgnine started her own self-improvement program. She enrolled in a reducing course. She's on a diet; she's got a new wardrobe.

"They're expensive," she points out, "but they're worth it. I got the mink coat, too. Ernie gave it to me for Christmas. It's not important to me in itself, but I'm glad I've got it because in Hollywood it's almost a necessity.

"Ernie and I know just where we're going. We both feel that we are maturing, settling into our marriage without a lot of the wrangling and readjustment that a lot of other people in our position go through. I'm not satisfied with my personal appearance yet, but I'll get there, slowly but surely. I'm not trying to compete with the glamour girls on the mad Hollywood merry-go-round. I'm just keeping faith with Ernie's public—and with what I demand of myself."

Maturity and wisdom indeed were manifest in what she said next: "A lot of people ask me if I'm jealous when Ernie makes love to another woman in pictures. I tell them that I never go to the studio to watch, but it isn't because I'm jealous. If Ernie were a doctor or a lawyer or worked in a factory, I wouldn't go to his place of business to watch him work, would I? And I know that, to him, mak-

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ing love in a play or a picture is work. I've got nothing to be jealous about. Ernie just isn't that kind of a man. I don't want to lose my husband any more than any woman does. But what so many of them don't realize, is that there are more dangerous ways to lose a man than to another woman.

"If Ernie were in any other business, I'd feel the same way—about fitting the picture, I mean. If I couldn't afford the things I'm fortunate enough to have now, I'd look for less expensive outfits. The important thing for any woman who doesn't fit the average conception of beauty is to remember to forget the stylish-stout *attitude*! If a woman thinks young, it shows in her face. It reflects itself in everything she does. Beauty in itself isn't important; it's the whole frame of thought that counts. If a woman thinks she's overweight, she is overweight, even if she's thin as a rail! But if she needs dieting, she should face it squarely and do the job!

"I myself am guided by my doctor. I think it's wise to get a professional appraisal and then follow orders. It doesn't have to cost a lot of money. All a big girl has to bear in mind is that until her weight comes down to where she wants it—and even forever after that—keep away from loud clothes, heavy make-up and flashy jewelry. The simpler the general effect, the smarter she'll appear.

"And never let go of that self-confidence! I'm Ernie's business manager now. Unless I can keep faith with myself, I won't be able to do a good job. But I am doing a good job now, and it brings us together. I help him study his parts. To me, it's all very important. I just try to do the best I can with what I've got—and I've got my peace of mind back again!"

If Rhoda had been decked with diamonds at this point, she couldn't have sparkled more as she talked of her activity, her usefulness, her future plans.

"There's another big job I'm trying to do for Ernie," she continued. "He's the kind of man who isn't happy unless he's working. He gets moody unless there's something to do. When he can't stay in the house another minute, he goes down the street to a friend of his who runs a gasoline station. Believe it or not, he helps service the cars! I've got to teach my husband how to relax, how to enjoy life. I don't want him to become a member of the Hollywood Ulcers Club!"

Teaching Ernest Borgnine how to relax goes hand in hand with Rhoda's personal betterment program. Recently, she gave him a set of golf clubs. She'll go along to the links with him, and help use them! That's another way she plans to cement their togetherness—and keep them both in good physical condition.

Rhoda sighed. "It's a big struggle," she said. "When there's a good income, married couples get into the habit of spending money on expensive gifts. They think money takes care of everything. They forget that it's more important and more gratifying to give of themselves.

"Ernie and I are trying never to forget that. I'm still young enough, romantic enough, and in love enough, to want the little things that mean so much to any wife. And, underneath all his touchiness about my self-improvement program, I know Ernie's pleased. He's accepted the idea. We're really partners now, and I'm doing everything in my power to see it through."

With an easy grace, Mrs. Borgnine rose and saw me to the door. She certainly didn't resemble a Hollywood doll in any sense, but she carried herself with a kind of regal bearing and a dignity that many a Hollywood doll might envy! THE END

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# He Got Out from Behind the 8 Ball

(Continued from page 67)

Through ability—and likability—Hank McKinnies was destined early to lead his own parade. Never, however, from any sense of fevered dedication. Just by constantly doing his best, as a scholar, artist and athlete. Later on, this was to puzzle other actors; they couldn't understand how he could be so well-adjusted and be an actor. Nor could they understand why he wanted to act, since he had none of their own fevered approach. As a friend in one summer stock company put it, "Hank, you'll never make an actor. You're just too darn normal."

But this was his goal—to be a well-rounded success; to excel in all he tried; to be liked by all he met; to measure up in every way humanly possible.

And his parents gave him every assist. He knew only harmony at home. As Jeff says today, "I was blessed; my parents are two very devoted people." For his mother, a former English instructor, and for Henry, Sr., sales engineer for industrial refrigeration, life centered around their son.

"Hank always had some project going, and his dad was always helping him," his mother recalls now. One year his father, whose hobby is miniature trains, made him a real sharp boy-sized locomotive, complete with a motor and two passenger cars. It seated six children, and it was always filled. When the church had an outdoor fair, Hank raised more money than anybody, selling nickel rides on his train.

Throughout his school years in Whitefish Bay, a suburb of Milwaukee, Hank's parents never pushed him toward any particular trade. "Above all," says his mother now, "we wanted him to be a fine person."

"I didn't get into too many fights, to be honest," Jeff says now. But he seldom provoked any. He was well-liked, and later on he was too husky. Besides, since early childhood he'd been taught it wasn't gentlemanly to use force. However, in the second grade there was one boy who wouldn't stop bullying him, so Hank "let the boy have it." He came home tired, disheveled and winner by a nose.

However, his urge for self-expression, by more peaceful means, was always strong. "We had a pretty big back yard," he recalls, "and I was always putting on a carnival or circus. I had a puppet show, too, and I used to do magic tricks." He was most adept at making his Christmas money disappear buying magic equipment. Then one day he met a boy who turned out to be an expert magician and, as his mother laughingly recalls, "Hank gave the boy all of his gear, everything he had. And he's never done a magic trick since."

Like any boy, Hank went to the movies. He particularly liked Western stars and character actors. "I loved 'Stagecoach,' and I was a real fan of John Wayne's," he says. Of course, he never dreamed then that the day would come when he would be co-starring with Wayne. But then, there was never any stardust about acting for Hank McKinnies, no burning dream to be a movie star.

Hank's first stage appearance was indirectly his mother's idea, and sort of a family emergency. Mrs. McKinnies was on the board of directors of the North Shore Children's Theatre group. All the member communities put on shows and gave exchange performances. "The talented ones would have the leads, then we'd bring in our children for spear-carrying or whatever needed to be done," Mrs. McKinnies recalls. Once, when the White-

fish Bay group was stuck for somebody to play a sixty-year-old man, one of the members suggested, "Why don't you get Hank up here and make him do this?" And Hank did.

Not long after this, their community decided to organize a radio group, *The Children's Theatre Of The Air*, and they needed some adults to read certain parts. A friend asked Mrs. McKinnies if she would like to read. No, she said, she would not. Then she was startled to hear her son break in with, "I'd like to try."

"This was the first I'd ever known of Hank being interested in radio—aside from listening to *I Love A Mystery*," she says. "They were holding try-outs in the high school auditorium. Hank was too young to drive a car, so his dad took him over. They got there late and had to sit in the very back of the auditorium. There must have been two hundred people there, all reading for the same thing. By the time the director got to Hank, the boy had heard so many ahead of him, he knew the reading by heart."

Hank loved radio and continued to work professionally in a wartime series, *Those Who Serve*. At first, as his mother recalls, "Hank was the soldier who called 'Nurse! Nurse!'—but he got paid."

Soon Hank entered the "Junior Achievement" program fostered by the Milwaukee city fathers to encourage youth activities in various fields. The motto: "Future—Unlimited." This seemed to be the story of Hank McKinnies' life then.

The record shows he was president of his class, president of the student body, football hero, recipient of the Citizenship Award and of a scholarship to Northwestern University. Nor was romance neglected. His "steady" was a lovely dark-eyed girl named Mary Mockly. As Jeff says, "I've always gone for brunettes."

Whatever the activity then, the score was the same. He played halfback and end on Whitefish Bay's Blue Devils team, and was co-captain the year they won the championship. In Hank's sophomore year, he suffered a football injury which might have kept him off the screen, but didn't. His nose was broken in seven places, and there was danger the cartilage would collapse forever.

"You'll have to play with a faceguard if you ever play football again," specialists told him. But Hank's concern wasn't the shape of his nose but rather the shape of the team and whether he was failing them. He used the faceguard—and typically, another injury (a broken arch), which could have knocked him out of the line-up, happened during the last game of his last season, when they'd already won the championship.

During the war, serving his hitch in the Navy, Hank McKinnies studied radar. He asked for sea duty and was assigned to the OGU—Out-going Unit—fully expecting to sail with the fleet to Japan. Instead, he was sent to the Ninth Naval District at Great Lakes.

In the fall of 1946, several months after his discharge, Hank entered Northwestern on a scholarship and the GI Bill. His college record reflected the familiar pattern of perfection. He pledged Phi Delta Theta, became president of the fraternity, and was graduated in three years.

If only Hank had failed somewhere—anywhere—he would have been better prepared for the setbacks he was to suffer later on. And he would not have blamed himself for "failing."

Throughout college, Hank worked for his meals, "hashing at the Chi Omega

sorority house," as he puts it. "It was a little shocking at first to see the glamour girls coming down early in the morning without make-up, but I got to be real fond of them and felt real brotherly and protective toward them," he says now, with an unprotective grin. He further augmented his funds by doing some modeling.

While at Northwestern, Hank couldn't decide whether to be an actor or teach English literature "on a college level." But the desire to act "sort of grew." He played Peggy Dow's father, an old New England sea captain, in "Years Ago." During the summers, he worked with Northwestern's stock company. "I played nine different character parts with nine different noses," he laughs. "That's the good thing about having a small nose—a small broken nose. You can always put another on top of it."

When he graduated from Northwestern, Hank turned down a job teaching at a small university, deciding momentarily to get his Master's Degree in radio at U. C. L. A. "Chicago was becoming a desert for radio then," he recalls. "I had another year left on my GI Bill, and I wanted to come to California. I don't know what I would have done about teaching, if nothing had happened in Hollywood."

But many things happened—and soon. Hank's life had never prepared him for some of them. The pattern of perfection was to be broken and, for the first time, he was to experience a feeling he'd striven so hard never to know—rejection. And he was to take even the smallest of failures to heart.

Hollywood discovered him when he met Estelle Harman, then in charge of the Actors' Training Program at U.C.L.A. The famous drama coach was about to direct the university's presentation of "All My Sons," and suggested, "How about coming over and reading for the part of Chris?"

"Hank wasn't even a stage major," Estelle Harman says now. "He was a radio major, and he was a little reluctant to audition. But finally he agreed to come. He read against some good people, but Hank was able to understand even at first reading that *Chris* wasn't only an angry boy, but a tormented boy. He gave the part emotional dimension."

Hank trained long and hard for that part. "When I first met him," says Estelle, "he was overweight and very casual about his clothes. He had the habit, like a little boy, of piling everything into his back pocket. I kept feeling that someday I'd probably find a whole fishing tackle back there, and I was always having him back up to me and emptying his pockets out in a big heap," she smiles. "I would clip out pictures from *Esquire* and say, 'Now this is how I want you to look.' I talked to him about a diet—one of those green-salad-and-no-dressing type of things."

"Hank really stuck to the diet," Estelle continues, "and the weight just melted off him. The suit he'd planned to wear in 'All My Sons' was flopping in the back by the time of the play, and it had to be tailored very quickly for opening night. He'd lost so much weight, the bone structure in his face showed through, and with his suit tailored to fit, this was a Hank with much commercial appeal. And with camera appeal."

Although once that door opens, Estelle Harman emphasizes, good looks can be a disadvantage. "Being so handsome can be a handicap for an actor like Jeff. When Hollywood discovers he's not only one of the handsomest, but one of the finer young actors," she says warmly now, "there will be Academy Award material."



Milton Lewis, Paramount talent scout, was convinced about Hank from the beginning, too. On opening night of "All My Sons," after the first act, Lewis was backstage inviting Hank to read at the studio.

But for all the applause, the raves, and the fact that a major studio was talking about a screen test for him, Hank's night of triumph was shadowed by a bad review in the school paper, written by a student who knew nothing about drama. As a college friend of Hank's recalls, "A freshman journalism student covered the play. He didn't like Hank's interpretation and said so. And no matter how much everybody else praised his performance, Hank treated that freshman's review like a consensus of all the top New York critics."

But Hollywood's consensus was soon to be heard, and that summer day in 1950, when Hank McKinnies walked through the gates of Paramount studios, was to change his whole life. He read in the "fish bowl"—so-called because of the one-way glass: "They can see you, but you can't see them." Afterward, Milt Lewis told him, "We want to option you to make a test." And at the same moment, Hank's eyes were "optioning" a very pretty dark-haired girl who'd walked into the office.

"Barbara Rush, meet Hank McKinnies," Lewis introduced them, explaining he'd also discovered Barbara at the Pasadena Playhouse, and that she was one of the studio's star-hopefuls. Although he couldn't know it, Lewis was then "casting" one of Hollywood's nicest love stories.

Milton Lewis was enthusiastic about Jeff's future. From the first he'd recognized in him "that indefinable quality—they call it star-magic, many things. Actually it's indefinable. We used an intensely dramatic scene from 'All My Sons' for Jeff's test, and I got Ed Begley, the original father from the New York cast, to play in the scene with him," Lewis recalls. "Jeff gave a fine performance. He showed great depth and virility. In my opinion, he can do more dramatic things than he's ever done on the screen. If they give him something really good to do, he'll knock the heck out of it."

However, there was nothing else he could do for Hank at Paramount then. It was a great test, and the studio was excited about it, but Henry Ginsberg, who was then in charge of studio operations, was in New York, and no decision could be made until he returned. Hank sweated out the days, then the weeks. Finally, one Saturday morning, he called his agent from a phone booth in the Theatre Arts building and found the studio head was back. The answer was "No." Ginsberg had issued a studio directive: "No more newcomers are being signed."

"You don't shoot yourself," Jeff says now. "I was disappointed, sure. But I still could have finished getting my M.A. and probably taught someplace." Actually, he hadn't seemed too worried about his future then. There was just a sense of failure, of not being wanted, not measuring up.

The following Saturday—"same phone booth"—Jeff called his agent and got a jubilant, "You've made it, Hank! You now have a contract, and you will be leaving for New York right away!" Darryl Zanuck had bought him after seeing Paramount's test, and Hank was to leave on location for "Fourteen Hours."

"It was just a bit part, but I had more in the picture than the Princess of Monaco," Jeff says laughingly now. "Yes, Grace Kelly was in it, too." His hometown paper, however, blazoned, "The Movies Discover Our Henry." And the picture was billed as starring, "Whitefish Bay's Own Jeffrey Hunter."

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# MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH



In no time at all, Jeff zoomed to leading man—on and off the screen. On December 1, 1950, six months after they met, Jeff and Barbara Rush were married in St. Christopher's Episcopal Church in Boulder City, Nevada. They had only two days for a honeymoon in Las Vegas because Barbie had to report back on location in Sedona, Arizona. Originally, they had planned to be married the following June, but Jeff had learned he would be out of the country on location for "The Frogmen" then.

This was to be the story of their married lives—two scripts passing in the night.

To Hollywood, theirs seemed like the perfect marriage. Two intelligent and equally talented wonderful people who would show the world how to be happily married and have two sparkling careers. Barbara Rush was as pretty as Jeff Hunter was handsome. Like him, she had led a comparatively charmed life—no struggles, no starvation. She'd had her share of scholarships, too. However, there was one difference. Barbara's father had died when she was sixteen, and she'd had to make the decisions for their family. She also had the determined dream to succeed.

Before their marriage they'd discussed possible career conflicts. But, as Jeff says now, "Actually, all we could do was theorize about the future on any problems. That's all any young people can do. You don't know, you can't know, what to expect. We'd signed to do pictures, and we felt we could go along and work it out."

Perhaps, if Barbie had been different and less talented . . . if Jeff had been more dominating and less of a gentleman . . . if there had been fewer separations. . .

At the time, Jeff had said, "Separations are bad. We know this. But we understand each other's careers, we know their requirements. We hope to be able to work it out. If not, then we'll make some other adjustment. But I want Barbie to have a career just as long as we can work it out."

Jeff and Barbie were both winners in PHOTOPLAY's "Choose Your Stars" contest that first year, and Jeff was as thrilled for Barbara as for himself. Theirs seemed a perfect union. They loved to study scripts together. They painted the dining room of their modest Hollywood apartment together. They played duets on the piano and were so grateful the landlady was in show business and didn't mind the noise.

They talked of saving toward their first home. And much of the time they talked long distance via telephone. In fact, they were separated the first summer of their marriage. Barbara had an opportunity to work in summer stock with an important group in the East, and Jeff was kept busy before the cameras.

"This is the last time we'll do this," a lonely Jeff had said then. "Nine weeks is just too long. But I didn't want Barbie to miss this. It's such good experience for her."

But this was far from the last time, for either of them.

Jeff worried until the final hours whether he could be with Barbara when their son, Christopher, was born. He was scheduled to leave for England and Malta on location for 20th's "Sailor of the King." He was so happy when the studio postponed his departure for a week so he could be there when the baby came.

Jeff had tried to be rational about fatherhood, but at the final hour he acted the same as every father-to-be he'd ever seen on the screen. He rushed into the nursery with Barbara's mother to see his first-born. "He's a little darling!" Barbara cooed. Jeff, however, was a little shocked. "Is he?" he asked anxiously. As Barbara laughed later, "Hank thought the baby looked terrible—wrinkled and red and with one of his little ears lower than the other. Hank was afraid

he might be like *Dumbo*. He didn't know, of course, that almost all babies look like that."

And there was no time to await developments. "Well, I'll see you in the movies," Jeff said to Barbara a few days later, kissing her goodbye and heading for the airport. In London, a lonely Jeff kept looking for theatres where one of her pictures was showing, so he could watch her on the screen. Meanwhile, Barbie, a distinct amateur with a camera, flooded him with pictures, so he could watch his son grow. "You're too far away," Jeff would write back. "Please focus the baby!"

Jeff returned from Malta loaded with gifts for his son. Stuffed animals from Italy, a Swiss music box, little uniformed Bobbies from London.

During the months that followed, Jeff couldn't be pried from his son's side. Barbara was working much of the time, and Jeff was up each morn at seven, feeding Chris. He changed him, took sunbaths with him, played "duets" on the piano with him.

Jeff and Barbara finally bought their own home, a two-story gabled Byrd home in Studio City. They furnished it in Early American and settled down, after a fashion.

## INTRODUCING

Paul Newman

Sal Mineo

Cliff Robertson

THEY'RE THE MOST!

As revealed in August PHOTOPLAY  
On sale July 5

But there were more separations, and the strain of their two careers was beginning to take its toll. Tensions which might have healed normally just didn't have the time or opportunity.

As Jeff says quietly now, "Barbara and I just basically disagreed on practically everything. We rarely ever fought—we just disagreed."

"I think we would have had a much better chance without two careers," Jeff says with conviction. "There are just too many divergent factors involved in two careers. And long separations never help anybody's marriage. Love is basically a communication between two people, and it's necessary for them to be together physically as well as in name."

Barbara's career began making demands on her. At Universal-International, enthusiastic executives were building her as an important young dramatic star. She was given a part in "Magnificent Obsession," with Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson. Following that she was sent on location to Ireland for three months, co-starring with Rock Hudson in "Captain Lightfoot." Jeff hoped to be loaned out for a picture in England, but this didn't materialize. Instead, he went into Robert Jacks' "The White Feather," and went on location to Durango, Mexico.

When Barbara returned from Ireland, she flew to Mexico to see Jeff. On her return, she announced they were separating. There was shock and sadness among those who knew them. There was also the feeling among some other young stars that the same bell which tolled for Jeff and Barbara might also be tolling for them—and for their hope of combining marriage and a career.

And, despite their past difficulties, there was no doubt that the bell was tolling heavily for Jeff, and that he was deeply disturbed. This was a sense of failure which was really tough to accept.

It was certainly no part of life's plan for Hank McKinnies. What had happened to him?

During the final days of shooting in Mexico, far enough from Hollywood to weigh and think and wonder, Jeff did a lot of thinking. His career seemed to be failing fast, too. He'd started out with such promise, and now he was virtually at a stand-still. Some plum parts had passed him by, including the lead in "Prince Valiant," on which Jeff had set his heart—and which, according to studio rumor, had been virtually his.

"I was disappointed about that one," Jeff acknowledges now. "It had been mentioned for me in the beginning, and I felt I could really do the part. Then it didn't go through. They wanted a 'young Prince Valiant.' But then, of course," he says philosophically, "this happens every day."

Although few knew it, Jeff seriously considered leaving Hollywood then. He thought about Henry McKinnies and wondered what his life would have been like if he had taught English literature in college, instead of being a motion picture star.

"This happens when you go for some time without working," Jeff says now. "After 'White Feather,' I had no immediate pictures scheduled. Barbara and I were getting a divorce. Nothing seemed to be coming up. I wasn't thinking of leaving my studio—it's important having a major studio behind you. It was just that I was restless, and nothing seemed to be happening."

Then he was signed to make "A Kiss Before Dying." This came as a gay tonic when Jeff could use a laugh. They shot the picture at the University of Arizona in Tucson, and the sorority and fraternity kids swarmed Jeff, inviting him to their dances and various college functions. In the evening Jeff would play the piano, surrounded by crowds of collegians singing up a storm.

In searching for the answers, Jeff was to find the key to tomorrow and a sense of fulfillment he'd never had in the Deep South—in Clayton, Georgia, where he went on location for Walt Disney's "The Great Locomotive Chase."

The mood of the people, the tendency to take time to live—and to live more fully, more richly—had a calming, steadying influence on Jeff.

The townspeople of Clayton worked on the picture, and on the set one day Jeff met an inspiring man, who was working as an extra. A "devoted humanitarian," a brilliant man, and a student of life—culturally and spiritually. Jeff visited the man's home, and they had long talks between scenes, there in the Georgia countryside. All of which proved invigorating and uplifting for Jeff, just when he needed it most.

"They take time to live there," Jeff says quietly. "Time to live and pursue many things."

Today, Jeff's all-around living is reflected on the mailbox of his smart, modern Brentwood apartment, which reads, "Jeff Hunter, Hunter Enterprises, Henry McKinnies." And he's pursuing many things.

With his friend and business partner, Bill Hayes, Jeff's producing documentaries such as "The Living Swamp," which won an award. He and Bill are also expanding into feature-length productions in Central America, and Jeff has an eye on Siam. They've organized "Executive Business Management," with star-clients like Rita Moreno, Ben Cooper, and Jeffrey Hunter.

But, as Jeff says, "I don't want to become too cornered with interests that will interfere with my personal life and not give me time for self-expression. Time to act, and read, and enjoy music."

As for his motion-picture career, Jeff's so successful he's competing with himself



on screens throughout the land. He's been getting bravos from critics everywhere for the best role of his career, as a quarter-breed Indian in "The Searchers," in which he co-stars with John Wayne. He got the part because director John Ford saw his performance in a picture called "The Three Young Texans," not one of his proudest credits by far. "That was the only thing Pappy had ever seen me in on the screen," says Jeff.

So who is to say what constitutes a picture worth making, says Jeff, philosophically. "I've been very lucky actually, and my salary has gone up with every option."

"And the field is opening up now. I have a new contract which allows me to make one picture a year at the studio with our own company." Jeff was on loan-out to U-I, to co-star with Fred MacMurray in "Gun for a Coward," and he recently did a fine off-beat Western characterization in 20th's "The Proud Ones."

But above all, Jeff's pattern for living fully now means spending as much time as he can with Christopher, his sturdy little four-year-old.

No star-bachelor lives in Jeff's smart Brentwood apartment with the lush tropical foliage. A devoted father lives there. And there, too, in plain view, is a boy-sized shiny red tractor with a trailer wagon. It gets a busy work-out, too, when Chris is around.

Jeff has equal custody of Chris. "There's no time schedule for being with him—that's the way Barbara and I wanted it. It's very flexible. I can go see him any time, and I have him with me on Sundays. I take him to little-boy land—whatever he wants to do. We go to the beach, or to the kiddie carnivals, or go fly kites, or to 'Busylnd'—Chris's pronunciation for Disneyland."

Jeff never keeps Chris overnight, believing it better for his sense of security and happiness to sleep in his own bed.

Chris is not yet really aware of his divided life. He hasn't yet asked the usually-dreaded, "Why don't you live at home, Daddy?" As Jeff says, "He's never asked me anything about not sleeping at home. And I try to get over there as much as I can, spend as much time with him as I can."

"Chris is a well-adjusted child. He's very happy and very healthy. And he expresses himself very well for a four-year-old."

Thus far, it has been a little hard for the former scholar of Whitefish Bay High to keep up with Chris. One night recently, Jeff phoned Chris to chat with him. "What did you do last night?" he asked him. "I was home watching Venus," Chris told him. "Venus jumped over the moon."

"Venus jumped over the moon!" his father says laughingly now. "Holy smoke!"

Jeff is determined that Chris will have every educational opportunity, "so he will start out in life with an appreciation for art and music and all these things for his own enjoyment."

And Jeff plans to remarry. "Oh, yes, I'll get married again, definitely. I want a home and all that marriage means. I want to travel, and I want my wife to come with me." And when he does marry again, "I don't want to combine careers and marriage. As a general rule, one career is wiser in marriage, I believe. Of course, there are always exceptions, but—"

But Jeff can accept philosophically now the fact that his marriage wasn't that exception. But beyond this, beyond today, he is leaving the future to the prophets.

"I'm past the stage where you try to project yourself too far into the future. I'm trying to live life a day at a time now. To live every day fully and enjoy it."

Living every day this way, Jeff knows at last, adds up to that future unlimited.

THE END



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**DANDRUFF MUST GO OR MONEY BACK!**



# Stamped by Scandal!

(Continued from page 62)

and gloomy Friday indeed for Hollywood.

Louella Parsons wrote, "If anyone had asked me to name the happiest couple in town, I would have named Paul and Jeanne."

Another reporter, who is a veteran of the Hollywood scene, told me, "My mouth is still open. I thought I couldn't be surprised by any divorce in Hollywood, but this one has me absolutely flabbergasted."

It would have had me flabbergasted, too, except for the fact that a week before the announcement was made, I had a good look at Jeanne Crain's eyes.

Ironically, we had planned to talk about her supposedly happy marriage. Jeanne arrived for the interview in her press agent's office looking more beautiful than I have ever seen her in the ten years I have known her. She was wearing a cocoa-colored Irene suit, with a chic, Parisian scarf in two shades of brown. The smart brown pumps she was wearing completed the picture of her as a stunning woman.

She talked with seeming calmness, but her eyes betrayed her. I have never seen them look more tormented. I wondered what could possibly be causing Jeanne such unhappiness. Always before this, there had been a bubbly quality about her. But on this particular day she was about as effervescent as champagne that was opened two weeks ago. She was very courteous and charming, but my woman's intuition told me that inside she was feeling just about as placid as a trapped chipmunk.

At the time I thought, "No matter what Jeanne says, this marriage can't be as happy as we've all been led to believe. But I suppose she will work it out somehow."

Trying to account for the misery reflected in her eyes, I attributed it to the recent story in a scandal magazine claiming that Paul had pursued other girls.

I asked Jeanne if she had gotten over feeling hurt when unpleasant stories appeared about her and Paul. In the first few months of their marriage, such stories used to make her miserable. But they had been mild in comparison with what the exposé magazine had recently printed about Paul.

"Such stories never cease to hurt," said Jeanne. "You know that not only you and your husband are reading them, but that everybody else is also reading them. Many people think, 'Where there's smoke, there's fire.'"

Jeanne's suffering, when she read the unsavory article, can easily be imagined.

However, trouble had started in the Brinkman household before the article was printed. The scandal magazine helped to light the fuse to a situation full of explosives. "People say that the break-up was sudden," a friend of Jeanne's told me. "They speak as if it came like a bolt of lightning. Well, it didn't. It has been coming on for a long time. Jeanne wanted desperately to hold onto this marriage. As a Catholic, she would never lightly seek a divorce. No ordinary circumstances would make her ask for one. But just as the divorce complaint says, Paul inflicted 'physical injury and violence' that damaged her health and caused her mental anguish."

Other friends ask, "What possessed Paul? What has happened to him? Jeanne and he were madly in love when they married. Now, ten years and four children later, they are miserable." They find it hard to explain what went wrong.

For the past ten years, Jeanne has faced every problem valiantly. There were many problems, but to her marriage is a sac-

rament, not an arrangement to be ended lightly because of problems.

The problems were always there, but Jeanne was capable of making almost any sacrifice to hold her marriage together.

"Paul and I are complete opposites," Jeanne has told me. "He's an extrovert—sociable and outgoing. He makes friends in seconds. I have to know people a long time to feel comfortable with them. I hate large crowds. Paul loves to spend hours talking casually with a lot of people. I don't see much point to it. I like a sociable evening with friends who care about you."

When Paul and Jeanne first fell in love, they knew their temperaments were very different. But it didn't worry them, they felt their love could bridge any gulf.

When Jeanne first met Paul, she was a simple, uncomplicated eighteen-year-old beauty. He was twenty-five. She thought the sun rose and set on Paul. He felt the same way about Jeanne.

For two years he courted her, against the wishes of her mother, who didn't approve of Paul as a prospective husband for Jeanne. Because of her mother's opposition, Jeanne eloped with Paul on December 31, 1945.

For at least the first five years of their marriage, Jeanne and Paul were really happy. They appeared to want the same things out of life—a home of their own, and most important, a nice, large family.

Paul had wanted to be an actor, but when he realized that he wasn't getting very far, he was smart enough to give it up and try for a business career. When they married, he was a radio manufacturer. Jeanne was eager to see him succeed. However, they both agreed that salaries paid to movie stars are among life's freaks. At this time, Paul neither expected nor hoped to equal Jeanne's salary. He also liked the fact that Jeanne didn't get twisted into knots because of her movie work. She used to talk of it as if it were a hobby.

"It's wonderful for a woman to have a hobby," Paul once said to me. "Jeanne doesn't act for a livelihood but because she enjoys it."

In those early years, Jeanne and Paul often seemed to be floating on a cloud. When they would leave town for a brief vacation, the hotel bellboys where they stopped would frequently point them out as honeymooners. This happened even after they had been married for five years.

In those years, almost everything Paul did or said seemed wonderful to Jeanne. He basked in her admiration and love, and she in his adoration.

I remember how thrilled she was when they first moved into their home in the Outpost Estates. Jeanne couldn't stop talking about the wonderful way in which Paul was planning their home. It was he who designed the electric gate, planned the waterfall, decided how the house should be built.

"At the time, I had very few definite ideas of my own," Jeanne says today.

Just before the break-up, Paul and Jeanne were visiting some friends. "Five years ago," said Paul, "Jeanne thought everything I did was right."

"But Paul, I'm smarter now," Jeanne replied.

It was supposed to be a joke. Perhaps it fell a little flat, because the truth is that Jeanne has changed. She is no longer the worshipping girl she was five years ago. All the things she and Paul dreamed about—the travels, safaris to Africa, the house full of children—have come true. But she and Paul discovered that you can

get everything you dream about and still be miserable.

What kind of frustration and unhappiness must a man suffer to change from a tender, protective husband to one accused of beating his wife? So far, Paul has not uttered a word in explanation or self-defense.

The fact that he is frustrated and bitter inside may seem incredible to countless men, who can think of nothing more wonderful than to be married to a beautiful girl like Jeanne.

However, being married to any female movie star creates a certain amount of frustration. She is usually the center of attention, and her non-actor husband is often treated by the outside world as though he hardly existed. So long as she builds up his ego and leads him to believe that he is the most handsome, desirable and wonderful man she has ever known, some frustration is bearable. It is only when this feeling on her part dies, that the frustration becomes unendurable.

The adjustments in the early years of their marriage always seemed minor ones. So Jeanne had a cockeyed way of letting bills pile up in stacks on her desk. When Paul discovered her vague attitude about money, he persuaded her that they needed a business manager. When she discovered that he was habitually late for all appointments, she forgave him, because she knew that he was a born optimist, and always tried to crowd every hour with three hours' worth of work.

Jeanne hoped and prayed for a family of four children. God answered her prayers. Paul seemed as happy in his role as a father as Jeanne in hers as one of Hollywood's prettiest mothers.

What more could anyone want?

Our greatest psychologists tell us that one of the indisputable cravings of the human soul is to feel important, and to be recognized as important.

Paul did his best to become important in business. First, in the radio business, then in the furniture manufacturing business he achieved modest success. But he wanted to impress not only the world, but his beautiful wife as well.

Sometimes, when someone made a mistake or let him down at the plant he owned, Paul's temper would flare up. Jeanne, too, has a temper of sorts. Hers was usually directed against inanimate objects. Instead of being angry at Paul, she'd get angry at a dish or a glass or a broom. But inside she was rather tense, for in addition to her movie work, she was coping with dozens of household problems.

Jeanne has been an excellent wife and mother. However, there were times when she expected a little too much from herself. At one time she found her life becoming a series of petty errands for her family. Because she tried to be such an extremely efficient wife, it was very hard on her nerves.

One night, she met Paul at the door with a series of problems.

"But Jeanne," he said, "these things aren't important. What's upsetting you?"

She wept then, and told him how hard she had tried to be the efficient, perfect housekeeper she felt he and the children needed.

"But that's not the real you," he said. "I married a girl who loves bubble baths, flowers in her hair, Guerlain's Blue Hour perfume, and a sentimental song called 'Liebestraum.' That's the girl I want to come home to every night."

Jeanne tried earnestly to become that girl again. But she could no more bring back the past than Paul could. The years,



instead of bringing them closer together, were accentuating the differences between them.

"Everyone is unique and has his own personality," Jeanne told me. "A marriage has its own personality, too."

As Paul and Jeanne changed, the personality of their marriage changed, too.

They were seeing the world together—Africa and Europe, and all the places they had dreamed about—and they always came back with new ideas. But unfortunately, they were utterly different ideas.

Jeanne loved Europe and its easy-paced life. She feels that the Europeans know how to savor life.

Paul wanted a different kind of life. He wanted the thrill of excitement and adventure. He wanted to work hard when he worked, play hard when he played.

He'd always loved hunting, and he grew to love it more and more. From the very beginning, Jeanne looked a bit askance at his desire to hunt. But as she told me, "I enjoyed wild pheasant and duck dinners he had hunted, so I couldn't very well say anything."

When Jeanne went to Africa a few years ago to make "Duel in the Jungle," Paul went with her, and spent most of his time hunting big game.

Jeanne didn't try to stop him. Possibly, Paul was a bit miffed because she never exclaimed quite as much about his prowess as he would have liked. He wanted people, and especially Jeanne, to look upon him as an important, exciting person.

Paul ordered all his trophies mounted and sent to their home in the Outpost Estates. Among them were a huge black Cape buffalo, a giant sable antelope with huge horns, and a water buck with a large head. Proudly, Paul hung the huge buffalo head over the fireplace in the living room. He planned to hang the other trophies there, too.

Jeanne, who likes a pleasant, orderly home, was rather horrified.

"The room immediately took on some of the appearance of a hunting lodge," she told me. "Some of his men friends would come in and exclaim over the trophies. But most of the women who came into the house shuddered, as I did, at the sight of that enormous buffalo's head."

Jeanne didn't want to upset Paul by telling him what she really thought of the animal heads. As tactfully as possible, she suggested that they would make wonderful conversation pieces hanging in the office of his factory.

So the heads went there, and stayed until he sold the factory. By that time, Paul and Jeanne had bought a new house. Jeanne thought the heads as revolting as ever, when Paul brought them back to grace the new home, but she handled the situation as best she could, persuading Paul to put them in the den.

Well, no marriage breaks up because the wife doesn't like her husband's hunting trophies in their home. Such arguments only pointed up some of the differences between Jeanne and Paul—differences which were growing more acute all the time.

While the world talked of their wonderfully happy marriage, Jeanne kept her thoughts to herself. An introvert by nature, she hadn't the slightest intention of letting the world peek into the private life of the Brinkmans. Perhaps, at times, she was even afraid to look too deeply into that private life herself.

The first crisis came about a year ago. Before that, there had been many differences between them, many flare-ups. When things are deeply wrong between two people, they will often argue about trivialities. Jeanne, for instance loathed the

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Mercedes-Benz which Paul had brought back from Europe.

Jeanne felt it was primarily a racing car, and most impractical for a large family. She tried to be a good sport about it, but she didn't enjoy riding in it, particularly when Paul drove her to formal affairs in it. It's easy enough to climb in and out of this kind of car if you're wearing pants, but difficult when you're wearing a dress, especially a formal gown.

Jeanne finally reached the point where she couldn't laugh about it any more. They bickered about it for months, before Paul finally sold it and bought a Buick convertible instead. Still, Paul thought Jeanne was selfish and snobbish for not enjoying the Mercedes-Benz, while Jeanne thought Paul was childish, selfish and inconsiderate in insisting on keeping it. Neither seemed to understand the other's point of view.

The Mercedes-Benz and the animal heads aren't significant in themselves. They were just little things which showed the way the marriage was drifting.

About a year ago, Jeanne really became frightened about the way things were going. Paul was coming home later and later at night. As she knew, this was because he had become so completely absorbed in his business that nothing else seemed to matter much to him. She felt that this absolute absorption with things away from his home and family was unhealthy.

"Let's live a little," she begged him. "Let's go to South America for fun."

Paul didn't want to go. He reminded her of how hectic the last few days before a trip are.

She had to work on him before he'd agree to make the trip. "As awful as the last few days before the trip are," she pointed out, "this all falls by the wayside when the trip actually begins."

After they got to South America, it was Paul who didn't want to come back. They spent the better part of a week at a huge cattle ranch. Paul, interested in the cattle business, asked innumerable questions, while Jeanne stood by, rather bored.

Every day they rode horseback. It was terribly hot, and Jeanne began to wonder why she had ever suggested the trip.

But Paul couldn't get enough of South America. He decided that they simply must fly 1500 miles to the Matte Grosso—a dense forest in South America.

To Paul, it was the most thrilling ex-

perience of his life. He went hunting for wild boars in the jungle. As for Jeanne, she couldn't even bear being close to where Paul stood, aiming his rifle at the groups of wild boars (there were often 150 to 200 in a group).

Jeanne stood apart, far off in a small clearing, her green eyes fixed with fear and horror on Paul. Thrilled with this new experience in hunting, he had no time to worry about Jeanne's feelings.

How many hours, she wondered, had they spent in this dark forest, hundreds of miles from civilization? Would this day never end?

Back in Hollywood, Paul happily recounted his thrilling experiences hunting wild boars, and told his friends that someday soon he would go hunting for tigers in India.

But Jeanne, who had never really understood the thrill of hunting, hated those extra days in South America. Her fear for Paul's safety was mixed with feelings of horror at the thought of animals suffering.

When she got home to Hollywood, she fingered again the beautiful diamond cross Paul had given her on their ninth anniversary. It was made out of a rose cut diamond—about nine carats of diamond. The stone is about 200 years old, and from the moment Paul first gave it to her, Jeanne often wondered about the other women to whom it had belonged.

In her own mind, she made up stories about those women. Some days, when she felt happy, the stories were gay, triumphant stories about happy loves sealed by a diamond engagement ring. But as time went on, the stories that crowded into her mind became sadder and sadder.

Jeanne didn't want to think so negatively about Paul's beautiful gift. But when she was unhappy, it didn't seem possible that the other women who had worn the diamond could have been very happy either.

In her own mind, Jeanne blamed some of their difficulties on the house in which they lived. In the same spirit in which she used to become angry at some inanimate object, she now used the house as a symbol of her frustration.

When they originally built the house, they had built it for permanence, believing it would be possible to add extra rooms.

Paul still liked the house. He had poured a lot of young dreams and ideas into it.

Jeanne thought that they had long ago

outgrown that original honeymoon house. Traveling in Europe, she had learned to love the Italian villas, and wanted that kind of home.

Her wishes prevailed. After all, as she pointed out, there is a practical side to life. In the old house, they all seemed to be getting into each other's way. Each of the six members of the family had a different personality. Jeanne argued that if they bought a new house with plenty of rooms, each of them would have room to express himself or herself.

"The house was just too small for all of us," she told me. "I can still remember two and a half years ago, Paul, Jr., our eldest son, weeping because the babies had got into his toy soldiers, smashed and ruined them."

"Every day, the house was growing more and more wrong for us. The crisis developed about a year ago. I felt we should all have a chance to spread out in a new home. Paul wanted things to stay the way they were."

While Jeanne was making "The Fastest Gun Alive" at M-G-M, she and Paul and the children moved into their new home, a Mediterranean, pink-beige two-story home in Beverly Hills. It has twenty-one rooms.

Ironically, the house that Jeanne wanted so badly has brought her anything but happiness. This was to be the home in which the new Jeanne, mature enough to have ideas of her own, would have a chance to express them. She particularly wanted to express her personality in decorating the bedroom, because she believes that room should be a woman's domain.

In the old house, the bedroom was part glass with an old brick fireplace with wood paneling above it. The background colors were gray and coral. The bed was upholstered in tufted leather. Paul thought it was just great.

In their new home, Jeanne chose the classic simplicity of ivory and brushed brass for the bedroom. She had a lot of ideas about the way the decorating and furnishing of the house was to be done.

No one knows to what extent Paul was hurt by the fact that his wife, who once listened so patiently to every idea of his, now wanted to have her own way about several things. Jeanne tried to be tactful. For instance, there was an antique door which Paul wanted to use as the front door of their new home. Jeanne and her decorator thought that it should be made into a coffee table with a glass top.

Paul thought the idea was ridiculous, but Jeanne figured out a way in which the decorator could win Paul over. She pointed out that as a coffee table, the door would be unique. She said that nobody, but nobody, would have a coffee table like theirs, and the idea apparently appealed to Paul.

But there were graver issues. Paul had sold his aircraft parts business for an excellent profit—Jeanne says it was \$400,000—and time and money were both hanging heavy on his hands.

Usually, Paul could find an outlet for his aggressive instincts in business or in hunting. But it wasn't the hunting season, and he was temporarily out of business. He tried to run Jeanne, the house, the children. "Paul is better at organizing than most people," said Jeanne. "Since he is better at it most of the time, he thinks he is better at it all the time. He wanted to organize everything, including the children's schedule. I felt that I could handle that better than he could, since I'm more familiar with the problems of getting the children ready for school, and to the bus on time."

Since Jeanne was determined to make

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a success of her marriage, she and Paul would normally have ironed out all these problems, just as they had done in the past. After all, only last December 31st, they had celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary with their dear friends, the Tex Feldmans, and Paul had given Jeanne a pale emerald ring, because, he said, the color of the stone matched her eyes. Jeanne figured that this tenth wedding anniversary was a kind of milestone. Certainly they were out of the honeymoon phase of their marriage. They were more mature now and could handle their problems like adults.

Then life handed her a blow which very few of us could take. The first blow was the article in the scandal magazine, dealing with what they claimed were Paul's amours.

Jeanne was terribly hurt, and terribly ashamed. She could hardly meet the eyes of friends, let alone strangers. She tried to defend Paul. "What did they expect him to do," she said, "stay home and twiddle his thumbs during the two months I was in Europe making a picture? He went out with other men. Sometimes, one of the other men had a date along. Then some people would call Paul up and make unpleasant insinuations."

However, the article appeared on the newsstands early last March, and from that time on, the marriage of Paul and Jeanne grew very shaky. During that month, some restraining influence seems to have disappeared from Paul's make-up. Perhaps he thought he saw contempt in Jeanne's eyes. Perhaps she asked him if any part of the article was true.

From then on, the small, unimportant, easily ironed-out bickerings between Paul and his wife became increasingly bitter. They reached their climax when Paul "inflicted physical injury and violence" on Jeanne.

Jeanne says in her divorce complaint that he beat her up without provocation. But who knows how much he may have been goaded by the ugly article, the sneers of acquaintances, the look of patient martyrdom in Jeanne's eyes?

No one can condone what Paul did, but if it hadn't been for that maddening article, would he have thrown restraint to the winds and struck the woman he had loved so deeply?

Jeanne is taking the tragedy of the break-up in a realistic way. Completely heartbroken, she realizes that for the sake of her children, she mustn't give in to her grief.

Faced with Jeanne's heartbreak, most women put a "For Sale" sign on the house where their marriage has collapsed. But Jeanne isn't running away from that house or from anything.

Within a week after the break-up, she told her press agent she would keep an appointment to pose for Karsh, the brilliant photographer. She told her studio she was ready to come back to work.

The girl who was once so vague about everything has become a definite, mature woman. The girl who never took off her wedding ring because of superstition no longer lives on a trapeze suspended between regrets about the past and dreamy hopes of the future.

Hollywood's greatest procrastinator had to stop procrastinating about her marriage. She now knows exactly what she wants out of life—her work, her children, and peace of mind.

She will find that peace of mind, not by flitting rapidly from Paul's arms to those of another man, but by facing her responsibilities—taking care of the children, and going back to work.

Jeanne has learned to live in the present, and she is facing it bravely. THE END

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# She Beat the Barrier of Beauty

(Continued from page 52)

"I don't know, even then, if she could see in that mirror what is evident to those of us who know her," says Van. "Beauty, yes, but so much more than beauty. There was girlhood with every facet on tap, and there was the promise of womanhood with all the instinct, emotion and intellect to assure it."

Elizabeth, however, to the people in a movie audience, has always been the girl on the screen who has no problems that cannot be solved in ninety or a hundred minutes, depending on the length of the picture. She knows exactly what to say and when to say it. And even if she could find no words, she would need none because her features are perfection. Everything will go well for her. And why not?

Off-screen, she is equally as lovely. And she is successful, famous, wealthy, happy. She is the belle of the ball, to be admired and envied. And people say, "No wonder. Look at that face."

To so many, beauty represents not only a goal, but a solution as well. "If only I were beautiful," sighs a teenager. "Then people would see me as I really am."

But would they? How many would look beyond the eyes—almost deep violet in color, fringed with dark, incredibly long lashes—beyond the perfectly formed mouth, the clear white complexion, beyond the picture to the girl herself? And how many would stare as if at a painting and inquire, "How does it feel to be the most gorgeous creature alive?"

It was a long time before Elizabeth found the words to give the answer to that oft-asked question. When she was small, she would blush and turn away and murmur, "I don't know."

"But you are. . . ."

"People say that to everybody. . . ."

Recently, the question was asked again, by an inquiring reporter.

"Are you married?" Elizabeth asked the reporter, turning the tables.

"Why, yes," replied the scribe.

"Tell me about your husband," suggested Elizabeth.

"He's a pretty wonderful fellow," grinned the lady. "I may be prejudiced, but I'd say that he's about the kindest man in the world—and the most thoughtful. And he's a pretty terrific father. . . ."

"Is he handsome?" asked Elizabeth.

"Come to think of it, he is," said the

reporter. "He's darned handsome, but—"

Elizabeth smiled shyly. "But appearance isn't the most important quality about a person."

The writer caught her smile, and the point she was making. "Questions like mine must give you a great deal of trouble," she said. "Consider it withdrawn! Frankly, I don't know how you've been able to take it for a lifetime!"

"Elizabeth has always been beautiful," her mother wrote when her daughter was nineteen. "When she was a very tiny little baby, she was, I thought, divinely beautiful. Other people, however, thought her 'plain,' with her long, straight black hair, big blue eyes. I think they didn't quite know how to take a baby that looked like that because then, as now, there was a spiritual, a Madonna quality about Elizabeth."

"Elizabeth, too, knows beauty can be a handicap. I've heard her say more than once: 'Oh, I'll be so glad when people stop writing about how beautiful I am and start writing, instead—I hope—of how well I can act.'"

"Now she is nineteen," her mother added then, "maturing in her work as well as in her personal life. Perhaps when she attains this maturity, all the unhappiness she has had, all the heartaches, will have been worthwhile, will enrich her."

As a child, Elizabeth was shy, sweet and protective. Whenever her brother Howard, who was three years older than she, was caught at a prank, Elizabeth was there to plead for him. "He's sorry, honestly he is." Her brother's silences could be stubborn ones. "Howard, please say you're sorry."

However, she was never lacking in ingenuity. When she and Howard went into the lemonade business and their sidewalk stand failed to stop traffic, Elizabeth simply skipped out into the street. She brought the cars to a halt long enough for her brother to make a sale or two and their business began to boom. The venture came to an abrupt end when Elizabeth stopped the wrong car. Their mother was behind the wheel and was quite properly horrified.

Her motion picture career began with much less effort, for in the years of growing up, Elizabeth had become the family beauty.

When she was ten, a friend of the family

suggested that the Taylors take Elizabeth to M-G-M. When they walked into the producer's office and introduced themselves, the producer took one long look at Elizabeth, excused himself and rushed from the room. He returned, accompanied by a half-dozen other executives. They, too, stood and looked at Elizabeth.

No one asked her to read lines or sing or dance or display any evidence of talent. They simply stared and then scurried to find a contract for her to sign.

Of those days, her mother says now: "If I could wave a wand and make them young again. These are the well-worn words which come to the lips of every mother. They come to mine. If I had it to do over again, Elizabeth would not be in pictures. I would not allow it. I think she has had so many heartaches she might not have had if she'd been just a girl at home. But, as is the way, I think, with parents of our generation, we always listened to both of our children, and when Elizabeth wanted to be in pictures and begged so hard, we gave in, mistakenly."

"Elizabeth was never one of those impossible movie brats," says William Tuttle, head of the make-up department at M-G-M. Tuttle can still picture her as the child who appeared in the department with her pet chipmunk, Nibbles, on her shoulder. "I never had the impression that Elizabeth was overtrained or that every move was studied," Tuttle continues. "She was a very natural child. And she seemed to have a lot of the same quality that Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney have. I'd call it heart."

"Of course, the first thing I noticed was her beauty. But when I began to work with her, I became increasingly less conscious of it. I thought of her as a warm, sweet, nice little girl."

"Another thing I recall," Tuttle adds, "is wondering, when she first came to the studio, just what would happen to her when she reached the awkward age. But she never did."

Elizabeth was fifteen when she appeared in a movie called "A Date with Judy." Moviegoers and critics alike came, saw and were captivated. Not by her dramatic ability, however, but by her exquisite beauty. One evening, as she curled up on the couch to study a script, she looked up at her mother. "Know when the most wonderful time will be?" she sighed. "When I get good parts and they say I was good in them—not just that I was pretty. If you feel you've done a good job . . . well, I guess you've sort of earned the praise and it means something. But I didn't make my face."

"Beauty, I believe," her mother explains, "can be a great drawback. A handicap. If you are beautiful, it brings a lot of wrong thinking down on you. People think you are spoiled, lack brains, are vain, superficial. You are also constantly on exhibition."

"Elizabeth has never liked this exhibition. Once, in Paris, when she was about thirteen," Mrs. Taylor recalls, "we were shopping and a crowd of people gathered 'round, came close up to Elizabeth, poked at her with their fingers as at a china doll. And all the while Elizabeth stood there, at bay, cornered, miserable. After we got away, she said: 'I wonder if people who come close to you like that have the same feelings that you have? I don't believe they have or they would know how they embarrass you.'"

Elizabeth's features were a gift; she had nothing to do with them. And as happens to so many beauties, the girl behind the face had begun the familiar cry: "Look



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at me, the real me—at what I can accomplish, the kind of a person I am inside.”

Some did look. “I met Elizabeth one evening after she and her mother had returned from a trip to England,” says one of her childhood friends. “The Taylors knew my folks and Elizabeth and Mrs. Taylor came over for dinner.

“I’d heard of Elizabeth, some time before. My brother had come home from Griffith Park one day and he was raving about how he’d just met the most exquisite creature he’d ever seen.

“When the Taylors came to call, I met one of the most refreshing girls I’ve ever known. Elizabeth was so honest and straightforward, and yet there was a shyness about her. One couldn’t help but like her.

“She had so few girlfriends. She’d had no opportunity to meet many, and she seemed to need someone. We became very close.

“Another trait I noticed long ago, one that she’s retained,” her friend continues, “is her lack of malice toward anyone. She wouldn’t and she doesn’t gossip. If the conversation is going that way, she never enters into it. She seems to find no fault with anyone, but she’s quick to find it in herself. And as for her social life, she still prefers to stay with little groups that she knows very well.”

As a youngster, Elizabeth could go to parties given by her friends and enjoy herself. But whenever new girls were included in the gathering, things went amiss. Some would gush over her, others would eye her with suspicion or envy, still others ignored her completely. There seemed no happy medium with strangers, and when Elizabeth got home, she’d report sadly, “Well, I did it again. Just stood around with egg on my face.”

Yet she was a typical teenager. She begged to wear lipstick. (“Mother, do you want me to be a square?”) More than anything else she longed for a black formal and a closetful of peasant blouses. (“Everybody has them.”) And there was the matter of costume jewelry—the more the better, or so she thought, for a time.

One evening, the Taylors were hosting a group at their club. Mrs. Taylor, wishing to be on hand to greet early arrivals, left the house before Elizabeth was dressed. The party was already in progress when she next saw her daughter. Elizabeth was making an entrance, a mass of pearls. There were pearls in her hair, along with two false braids, pearls around her neck, pearls dangling from her ears. Her date had showered her with orchids and she wore them all. From her manner, it was obvious that she felt like a queen, and her mother sent up a silent prayer. “Please, don’t let anyone laugh at her. It would break her heart.”

The following day, mother and daughter had a talk about simplicity of dress. “Don’t you think that perhaps you overdid it?” asked Mrs. Taylor.

“Well,” said Elizabeth, taking mental inventory, “maybe.”


She longed for dates—but somehow the boys didn’t rush to beat down the Taylors’ front door with the enthusiasm one might imagine. Her brother Howard brought home his school chums and she did a few things with them. But, when it came to actual dates, Howard was reluctant to give aid. When the time came for a girl-invites-boy dance, Elizabeth approached him with a request. “Would you ask around and find out which boys have dates and see if there are any who don’t?”

“Why don’t you ask?” Howard replied.

“It would be so embarrassing to be turned down,” she wailed.

Howard assumed a pained brotherly

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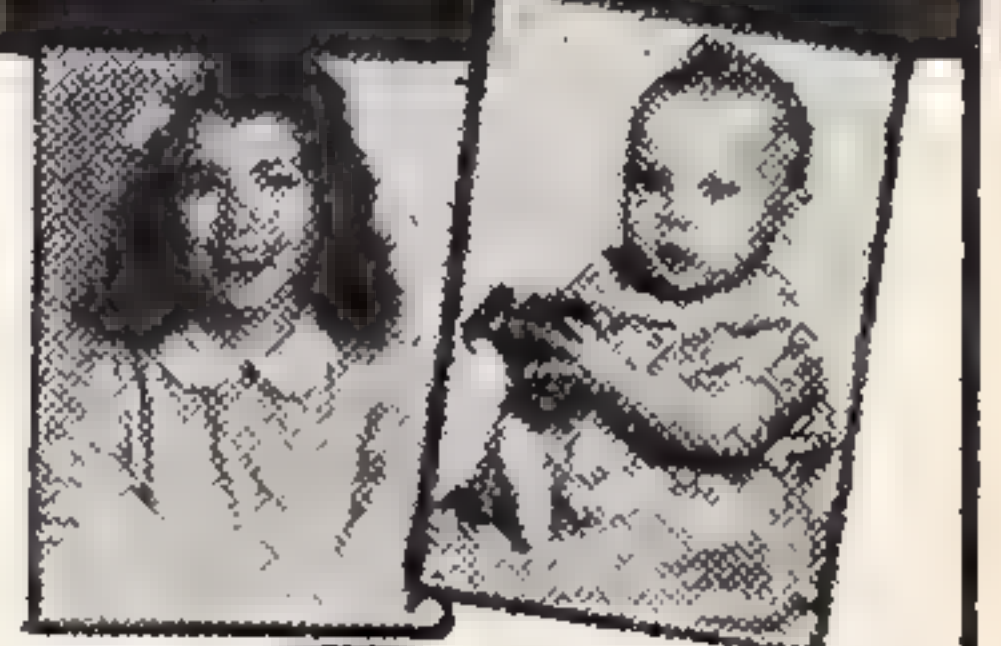
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expression. "I can't go around quizzing every guy in school," he told her. "You take your chances like everybody else." And she did.

"She was so lovely that the fellows just couldn't be as casual with her as with other girls," says a friend who remembers that period. "And poor Elizabeth couldn't understand it."

For a time, Elizabeth had a crush on her friend's brother. "Why won't he ask me for a date?" she'd want to know.

Finally, her friend approached brother. "Can't you take her out sometime and be nice to her?"

Thus began a heart-to-heart talk. "Sure, I could take her out. But how could a guy be casual with a girl like that? Elizabeth's the kind of girl any man could fall in love with in a hurry. And she's still a kid. Would you want a child bride for a sister-in-law?" he finished with a grin.

For his explanation, brother got a couch pillow thrown at his head. But his sister understood, and she didn't ask again.

Elizabeth was destined to be classified a heartbreaker soon enough. When she was seventeen, two friends from M-G-M brought the West Point football star, Glenn Davis, to the Taylor home in Malibu for the day. Elizabeth liked him better than any boy she had ever known. When Glenn went to Korea, she wore his gold football on a chain around her neck. When he returned, she was on hand to meet him. "I was devoted to him," she said later. "It was a phase. I got over it."

Every girl has a right to a romantic phase—unless she's Elizabeth Taylor and one phase is followed by another. There was Bill Pawley, to whom she was engaged. Many a girl has broken an engagement, but few break-ups have been accompanied by so much publicity.

Then there was Nicky Hilton. They were young, too young, attractive, both had been given everything their hearts desired. And now, they decided, they wanted one another. They dated for eight months, to be certain. And on May 6, 1950, Elizabeth walked down the aisle with the happily-ever-after dream of every girl. Perhaps it was only a dream that each of them had loved. At any rate, it soon tumbled. Seven months later, confused and disillusioned, Elizabeth filed suit for divorce.

Her face grew thin; it was still beautiful, but it was haunted by bewilderment. "Look at me, the real me," the child had pleaded. But who was the real Elizabeth Taylor? What kind of a person was she? She thought she had known. Now she wondered if anyone ever really knew. "I thought I was mature enough to cope with marriage," she said. "I wasn't."

She returned to her parents' home for a brief time, then she decided to find an apartment of her own. She was no longer a child, but she was not yet a woman. "It's time I grew up," she admitted. "I never knew responsibility and I can't learn it under someone else's wing. If I make mistakes, I'll learn something from those, too."

She didn't want to be entirely alone, so she set out to look for a secretary-companion. Her agent's secretary volunteered to call a friend, Peggy Rutledge. "Would you like to work for Elizabeth Taylor?" Peggy was asked.

"I don't know," came the reply. "Is she a nice person?"

"I think you'll like her," said the secretary. "Come and meet her."

Peggy went to the agent's office for the interview. When she and Elizabeth had been introduced, the agent and his Girl Friday left them alone together. There

was a lengthy silence before Elizabeth spoke up. "I don't know what to say," she began.

"I don't either," said Peggy. "I've never done this before."

There was another pause. "Can you make coffee?" asked Elizabeth.

Peggy grinned. "If I'd known you at all I'd have brought a thermos from home to see if I could qualify."

"Why don't you go look for an apartment for us," said Elizabeth. "When you find something you like, let me know and I'll come see it."

An apartment found, they moved in. They stayed until the following July, when they went to England where Elizabeth was to make "Ivanhoe."

"A couple of days after our arrival," remembers Peggy, "a man by the name of Michael Wilding called. Elizabeth didn't want to go out with him by herself and asked if I'd like to come along."

"We went to dinner at a place very much like an American restaurant, then afterwards on to a place for dancing. Elizabeth and Michael had met before, but at the time he'd thought she was entirely too young for him. It was soon pretty obvious that he was in the process of changing his mind. They danced until six in the morning on that first date—and Michael doesn't especially like to dance."

"They had several dates, then Michael left for a vacation in the south of France. He telephoned her from there."

Elizabeth was glowing when she hung up the telephone. "There isn't a phone where he's staying," she reported. "He had to go miles to make the call. Oh, Peggy, wasn't it sweet of him?" She glowed some more, and settled down to wait for Michael's return.

"By the time she left England," says Peggy, "she was madly in love with him."

Elizabeth had arrived in England, restless and unhappy. She left a different girl. "I was always searching for something,

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**Paramount Pictures**, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38

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**Republic Studios**, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

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and I never knew quite what," she said later. "But now I know. It was love. Real love."

Elizabeth had to grow up for Michael Wilding. She had to find herself. In doing so, she found a serenity that amazes her husband and her friends. "It's made her warmer," they say. "More outgoing."

She also found courage—and she used it well when her eyesight was threatened by a steel sliver that flew from a wind machine on one of the sets. There were two operations. She knew she might lose the sight of one eye. "Everyone else was frantic," says her friend, designer Helen Rose. "Elizabeth knew the danger, but she took it so calmly—as if it were simply a mild ailment, and everything would surely come out all right."

She found the ability to laugh at herself and at the jibes of others. She was the first to laugh when, at a party, someone eyed the maternity dress she'd worn to several events and meowed, "Is that all you have to wear? It's really getting to be a uniform, my dear."

She found new interests—books, interior decoration. "Michael's always given me a free hand when it comes to decorating our homes," she says. "I let the colors run riot in the first one, and he never said a word. Eventually, I learned and our new home is far more subdued—and more attractive."

She's found contentment in her home, in puttering around the kitchen occasionally or, better yet, looking on as Michael prepares a meal. Michael's meals are never dull, and they're real productions. He's been known, in a moment of desperation, to call the author of his favorite cookbook, to clear up a culinary point that puzzles him. But he turns to his wife as an authority on identification of kitchen utensils, when on such a project as split-pea soup. "Elizabeth, what does a sieve look like?" She told him. "How do I get the peas through it?"

In the four years she's been married to Michael, Elizabeth's career has taken on a new purpose. Before, she cared about so few of her roles. Now she wants to prove herself with each new part.

"I've never seen anyone work so hard," said producer Henry Ginsberg on the set of "Giant." "The Texas location was a rough one. It was hot, dusty. The players got up before dawn to go into make-up and make the drive out to the set. And they didn't come back until dark. We thought if anyone would fold it would be a fragile girl like Elizabeth. But she took it best of all and never missed a night of studying the rushes."

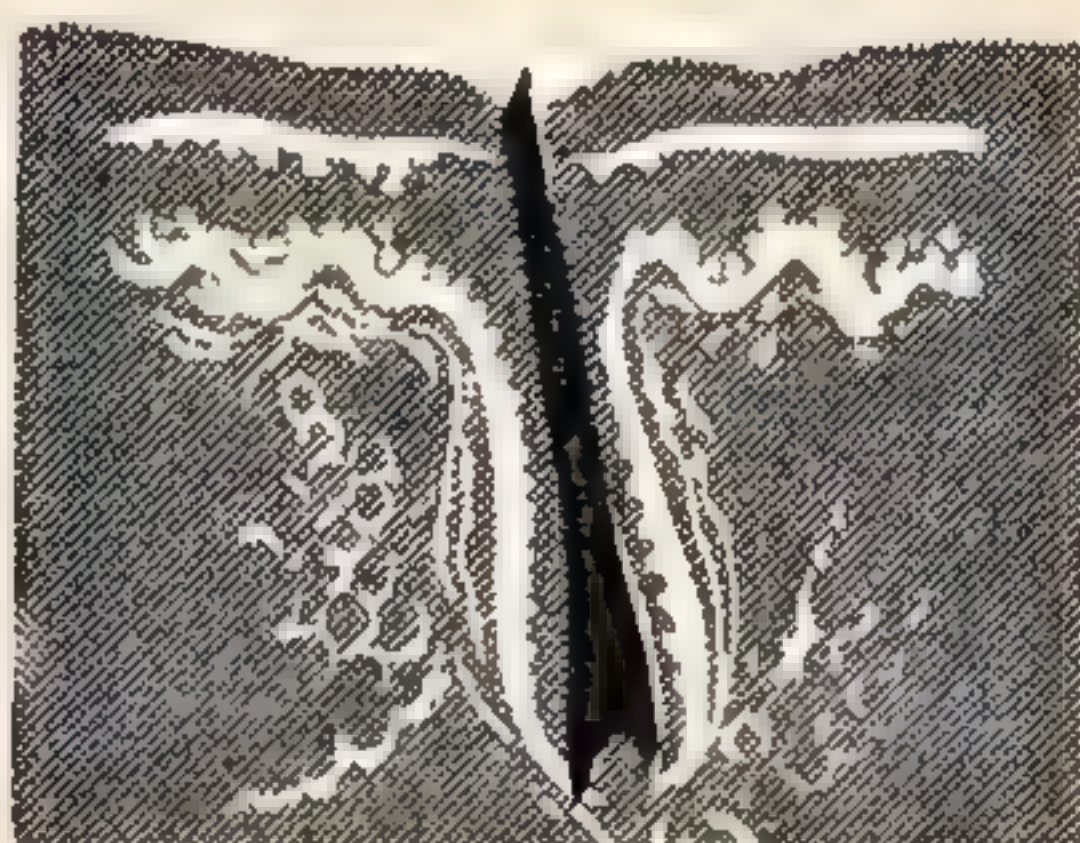
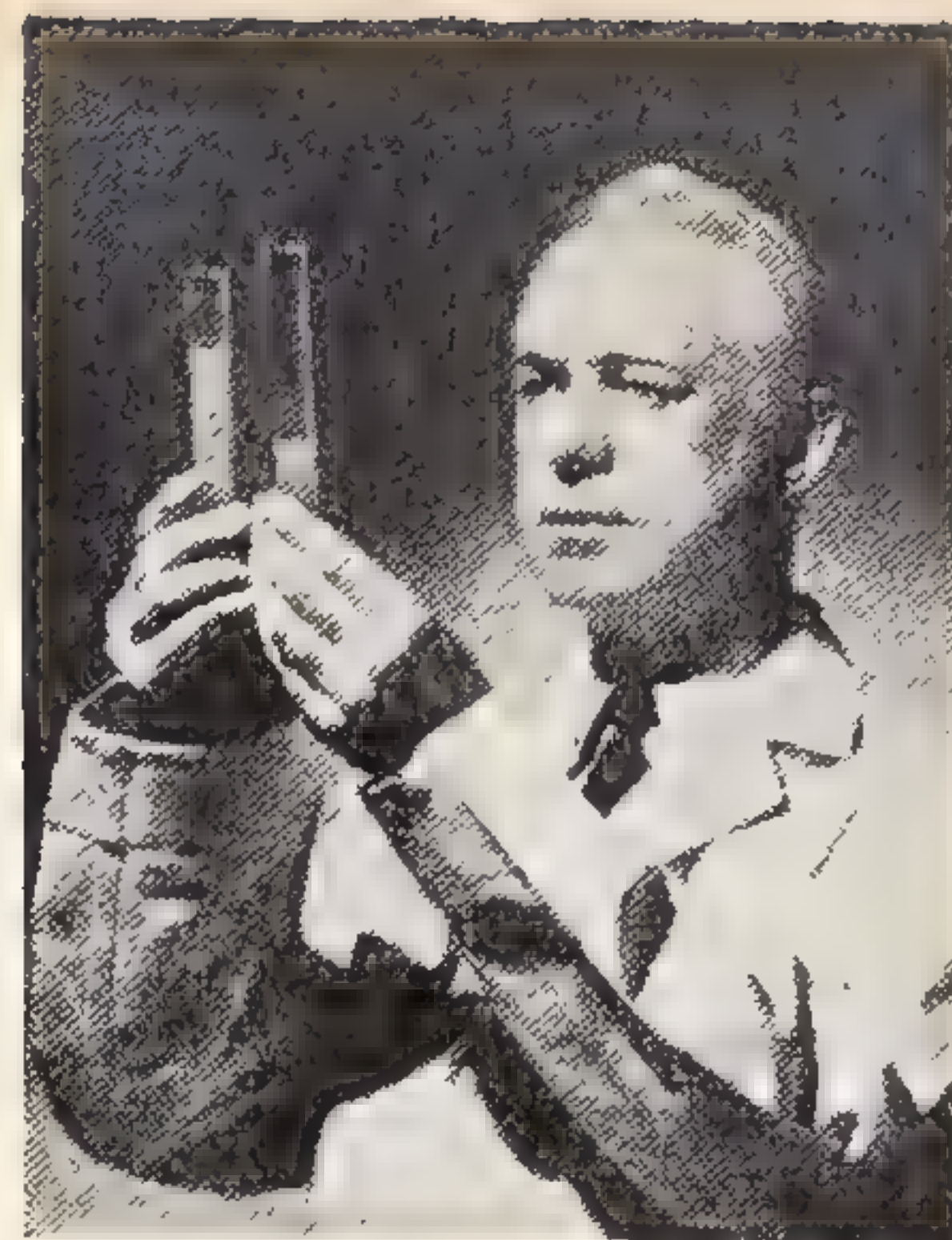
Since the birth of her two sons—Michael, Jr., in January, 1953, and Christopher, in April, 1955—Elizabeth's life has taken on new purpose. "She's a natural mother," say her friends. "When little Mike was born, you'd have thought she'd already had six kids."

Making pictures on location has occasionally taken Elizabeth away, but evenings always finds her by the telephone—as one evening in Texas. "Chris wasn't talking at the time," she recalls, "but Mike, Jr., was making up for his brother's speechlessness. 'When are you coming back? Are you coming on a plane? I love you, Mommy. I miss you . . . pretty Mommy.'"

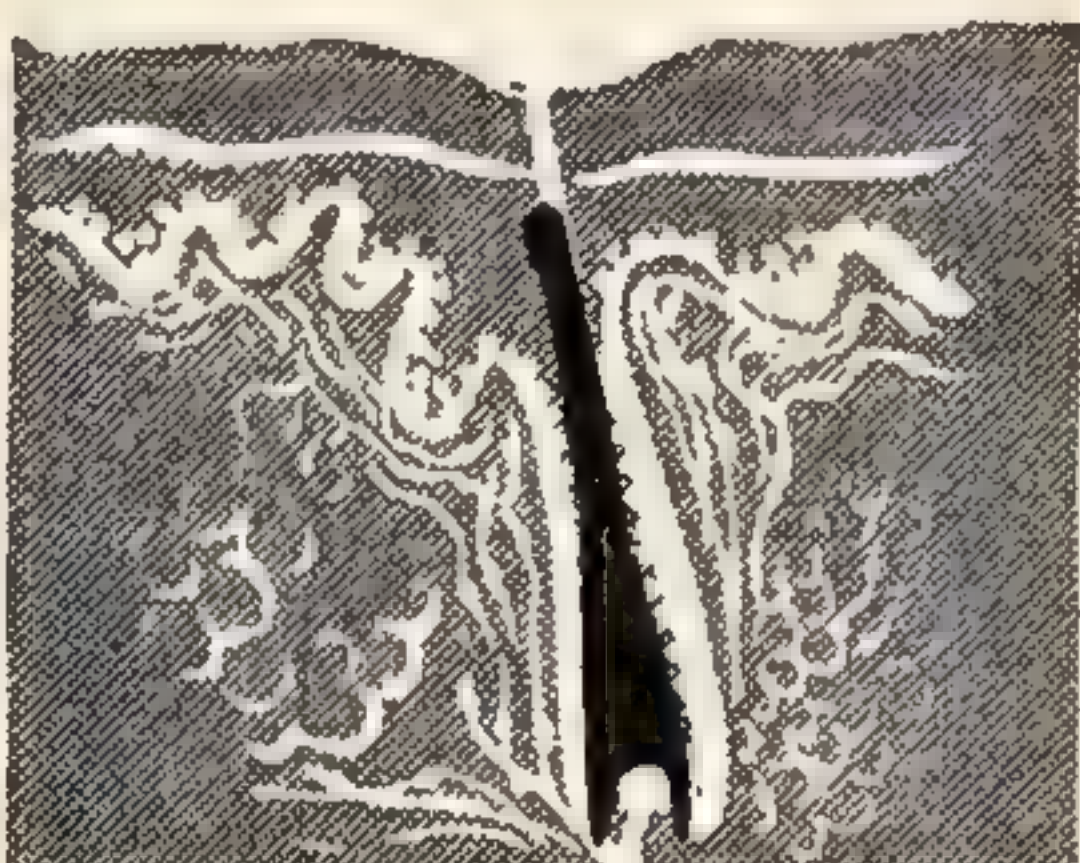
"Michael, you were coaching him," Elizabeth accused her husband when he took the receiver from his son's hand.

But "pretty Mommy" wore a smile that was something to behold. And she'd never looked lovelier. For her husband, and now her oldest son, had taught her a lesson she was fortunate to learn. Elizabeth is loved for what she is—wife and mother—not for what she looks like. THE END

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## Glamour Gab of Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)

for Mike. Another of the stock arguments about Hollywood marriages is that they can't survive when the wife's career is more brilliant than the husband's. This one has, and I think it always will.

Liz said to me that day, "Someday I'll be old and my face won't be anything a camera will care for. Much as I appreciate Mike and my children now, I'll be more than grateful to them then. I'll know I haven't missed the great things in life for something as unimportant as a career."

Tony Curtis has lost his head over his own success. That is, he's really crazy about his new private office, now that he's become his own independent producer. Meet him anywhere and he murmurs, à la Mae West, "Come up and see my office sometime."

Janet did the decorating. It's mostly in oyster white—the carpet, draperies, and the telephone—yet thoroughly masculine. It's located in the Hecht-Lancaster building, and Tony will release his pictures through them, because he had such a happy time making "Trapeze" for them. Take my word for it, "Trapeze" reveals a new and even greater Tony. I think it will be one of the biggest smash successes of the past few years.

Nevertheless, Tony has notified all concerned that he will do nothing for nobody, no how, for the week before and after June 18. That's when Janet expects their baby. "There's no money in the world worth my being away from Janet at that time," says Tony, glowing with love and anticipation.

### Glamour Gatherings

Happiest party ever given in Hollywood in the opinion of its oldest residents was the "Marty" party after the Academy Awards. At most Hollywood gatherings, the top producers gather with the other top producers, the top stars with other top stars. But this wasn't true this particular evening. Nobody had been asked for "policy" reasons. If you weren't an old and good friend of the Hecht-Lancaster-Borgnine faction, you didn't get in, and if you were, you did—even if you were a janitor or sweeper at the Hecht-Lancaster offices, as a couple of the guests were.

There were some wonderfully dressed women there, such as Kim Novak, in a beautiful printed taffeta outfit which was absolutely backless to her waistline. There were scads of handsome men, such as Jimmy Stewart and Gary Cooper. But it was Ernest Borgnine's smile that lighted up the whole room. He sat with his arm around Mrs. Borgnine—whose figure can't be remotely compared with Marilyn Monroe's—and he beamed, not only with love of the whole world, but definitely of his wife, to whom he had paid such a charming tribute when he won his Oscar.

After having a few drinks, somebody dared to make a hint to Ernie that it might be nice if Mrs. Borgnine would reduce. Ernie just eyed him with that honest glance of his and said, "I'm the kind of a guy who likes to sit home every night and drink beer. If Rhoda was one of those thin chicks, she'd start reforming me. Everything's perfect with us."

I didn't think it was a happy party, the large gathering at Mary Pickford's stately home, Pickfair, for the silent-screen stars. There was something all wrong about getting together people who kept saying, "Well, I haven't seen you in twenty years." Particularly when all that time they have been within a very few miles of each other.

Just about all the old stars were there—from Clara Kimball Young, Viola Dana and her sister, Shirley Mason, Ken Maynard, Harold Lloyd, and Buster Keaton up to Jack Oakie and Bill "Hopalong" Boyd. It never rains in California in late spring, but that Sunday a torrent descended, and the party had to move indoors. The Pickfair spaciousness absorbed five hundred guests with complete ease and Mary and Buddy Rogers were wonderful hosts.

I kept wondering, though, what made some guests look so much younger than the others, since all of them must be approximately the same age. Partly a matter of health, I suppose, but granting that, I finally decided it was a matter of style. Clara Kimball Young, for instance, although overweight, still looked beautiful. She was full of laughter and grace.

The same was true of Irene Rich, there with her talented daughter, Frances. She was beautifully gowned and groomed, her hair naturally silvered, and her conversation was of the present, not the dim past. Irene makes no pretensions to youth, but she possesses it. Recently she married again, a debonaire, fabulously rich man, and her home in Santa Barbara is one of the most beautiful in a community that specializes in beautiful estates.

As I was leaving, a waiter handed me a copy of the guest list, and I was amused to note that it said "Louise Fazenda and husband" were among those present. Louise, who had presided over the tea table, is the wife of Hal Wallis, who is merely the producer of "The Rose Tattoo," the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis comedies, and the like. In the more than twenty years that he and Louise have been married, I'll bet this is the first time that Hal has been anonymous.

There's seldom a Hollywood party that doesn't have some kind of theme. When Hollywoodians get together, they crave amusement. Thus, at the first party Dean and Jeanne Martin gave after making the whole town—and I hope themselves—happy by reconciling, the after-dinner fun centered around a hypnotist. (The Bridey Murphy influence at work.)

Tony and Janet Curtis were among the guests, and Tony was the first to volunteer to be hypnotized. No sooner had he said it than he was stretched out in space with nothing to hold him up except just his head on the back of one tall chair and his feet on another. Janet, who feared being hypnotized because of its possibly endangering her unborn baby, screamed when Valerie Allan accepted the hypnotist's challenge to stand her pretty self plunk on Tony's unsupported middle. Even that didn't disturb Tony—which is probably the only time in his life that he wasn't aware of a lovely girl being near him.

After the hypnotist woke up Tony, he next tried hypnotizing Dean Martin. All Dean did was fall fast asleep. "That's no art," snorted Tony. "The trick with this relaxed character is to keep him awake."

### Tender Triumph

The Jimmy Dean stories continue to come to light. I think the following one about Jimmy, Pier Angeli and Vic Damone is one of the most touching—and a tribute to all three of them.

To understand it, you have to realize that there are numerous people in Hollywood who sincerely believe that Jimmy might still be alive if he had married Pier. He adored her so that, if she had become his wife, she might have tamed his wildness.

On the other hand, friends of Pier's



think her mother had been right in discouraging this romance, arguing that Pier would have been nothing but miserable married to a genius. Of course, at the time he was dating Pier, few people had Jimmy spotted as a genius; "East of Eden" hadn't yet been released.

When Pier married Vic Damone, Jimmy parked across from the church on his motorcycle and watched, and he was obviously heartbroken. From that day on, his conduct became more and more reckless. He defied everything, and by the time he was making "Giant," he was pretty close to impossible.

When Pier heard reports of this, she felt guilty. It was then her worshipping husband, Vic Damone, decided to see if he couldn't straighten things out a little for her and for Jimmy, whom he had never met. So when Pier was sent out of town on location, Vic began haunting the spots where he knew Jimmy was seen. Finally one night, his vigil at a small Hollywood restaurant was rewarded when Jimmy came thundering into the parking lot on his motorcycle.

Vic got out of his car and walked toward Jimmy, meaning to introduce himself and then talk to him. But before he could say a word, he saw that Jimmy, peering from behind his thick glasses, had recognized him.

Without preliminaries, Jimmy said, "Is she happy?"

"Yes," said Vic, "and she wants you to be happy, too."

"You going to keep on making her happy?"

"For all my life," Vic said.

With that, Jimmy broke into tears and jumped back onto his motorcycle. "Give her my love," he said, and went thundering away. Neither Vic nor Pier ever saw him again.

## One World for Two

When Audrey Hepburn was born, the fairy godmothers must have hovered over her cradle in clusters like grapes. For she walks in enchantment, this one, and her great fortune is to have found a husband like Mel Ferrer, who is as deeply romantic as she.

Last summer when I was in Rome, I ran into Audrey and Mel in the swank, crowded Hotel Excelsior, and they both promptly asked me to dinner. They took me to their honeymoon farm, far down the Appian Way, where Caesar's army had marched so many centuries ago. And

what kind of a completely peaceful, beautiful farm do you think Mel had discovered for his bride? A flower farm, so help me, and there they were in a setting of continuous perfume and enchanting moonlight. That evening, almost as soon as we had finished eating, Mel sent Audrey to bed. "Darling, you need your rest," he said. Before she went, however, she insisted upon fixing some warm milk for him to drink later, to fatten him.

Now back in Hollywood, Audrey worries about Mel, who has just finished four films in a row, and who is again too thin. Mel, in turn, worried about her working in "Funny Face," going to the studio mornings by taxicab or hired limousine. So recently he bought her a white Thunderbird. I live on the kind of a country road where an amateur driver can safely experiment. That's how I happened to see Mel teaching, Audrey learning—and neither of them getting much of anywhere, between their stopping to pick wildflowers and to kiss one another.

## Bob's Golfing Goof

When Dottie Lamour opened at the Statler Hotel in Los Angeles, Bob Hope attended with a big party, laughed the most, applauded the loudest, and finally got into the act to help put it across for this really super-swell gal.

Bob's so often the greatest friend in such ways. Fame hasn't spoiled him. His heart is always warm, and his humor is spontaneous.

That evening, for instance, being aware that this is an election year, Bob was telling about his first meeting four years ago with President Eisenhower. He'd gone to Washington for the Press Correspondents' dinner and got the invitation to play in a golf foursome with Ike.

"Trying to tee off with the President of the United States looking on is a nervous thing," Bob said. "I goofed so completely that the Prez and I had to pay off to a couple of top-ranking senators. So the next night at the Correspondents' dinner when I was, to put it mildly, laying them in the aisles, Ike leaned over, looked me in the eye and said, 'You're not this funny on the golf course.'"

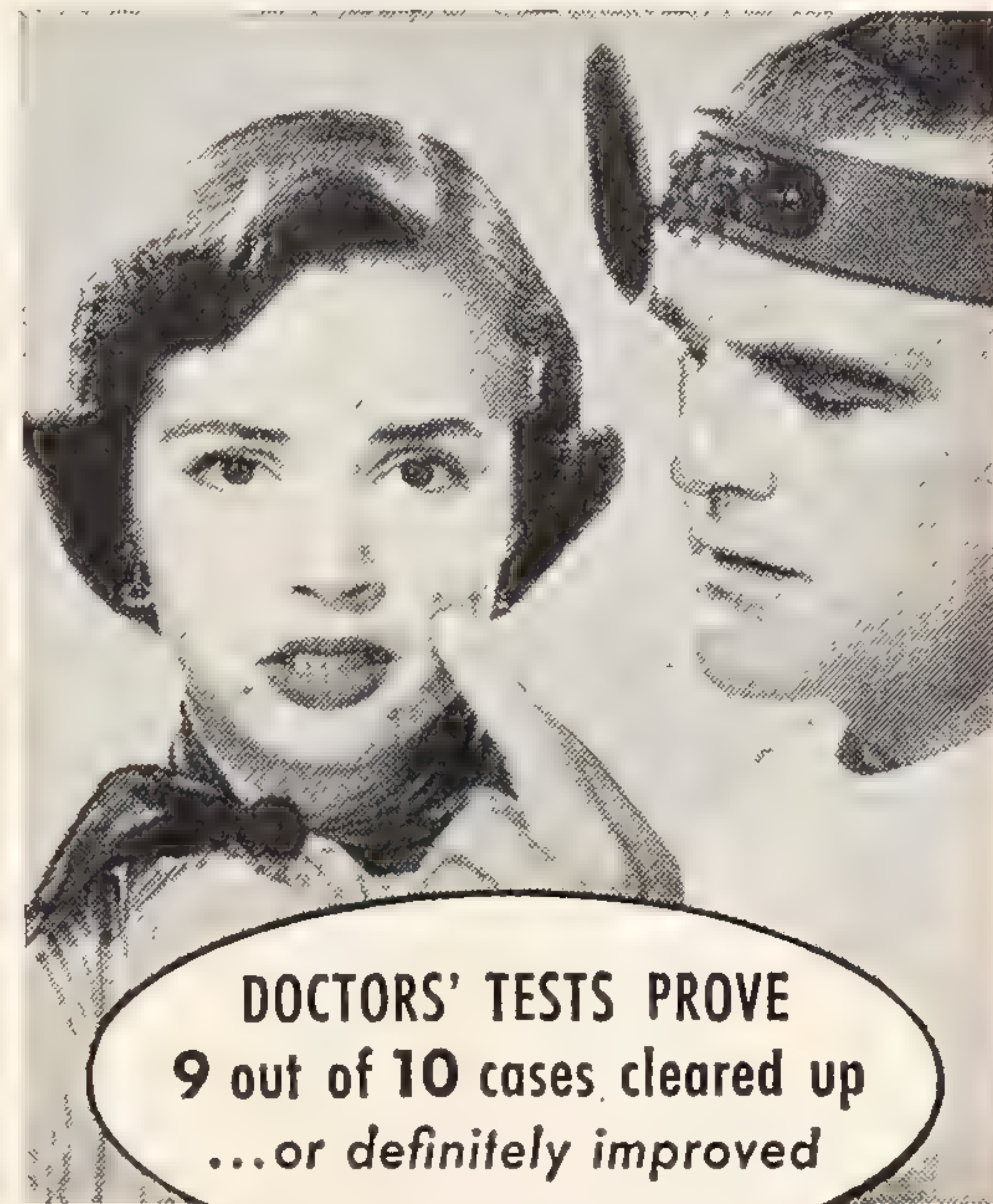
I asked Bob whether his kids thought he was funny, too, and in which medium they preferred him—movies, or TV, or what.

"They prefer me in the accounting department," Bob said, "writing out blank checks in their names." THE END

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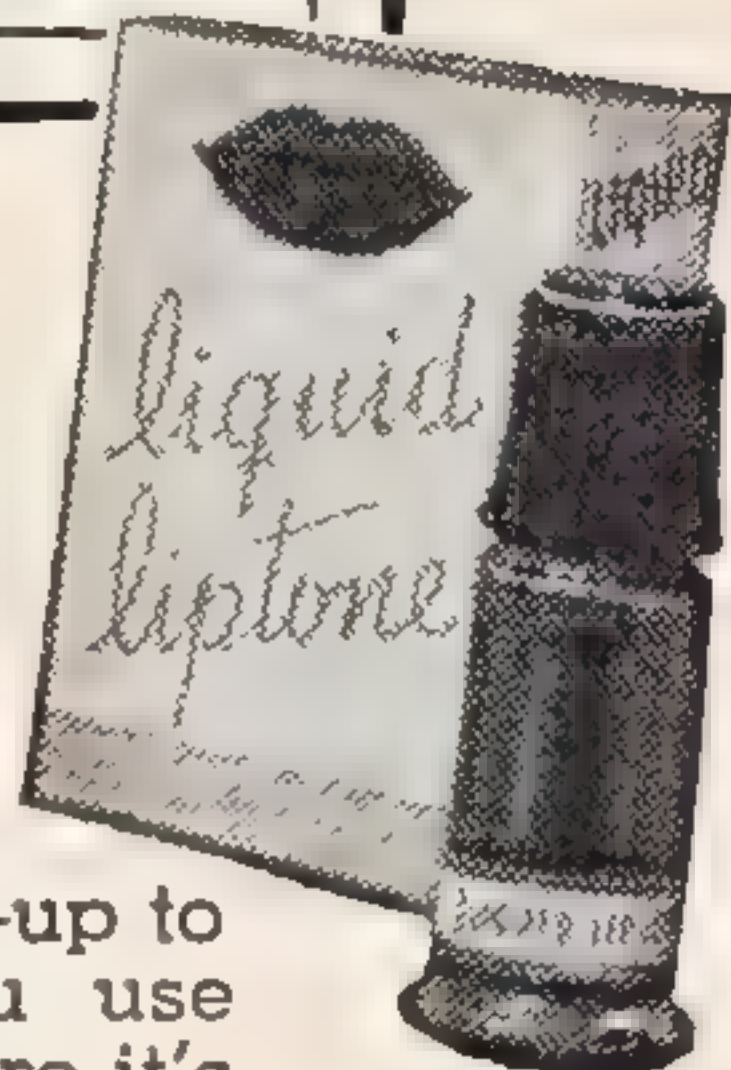
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## Kim Found Someone New

(Continued from page 43)

besides—" she smiled, somewhat wistfully, "I just don't have the time. You see, they keep me pretty busy."

As she walked back to the studio, Kim wondered if her friend believed her. She sincerely hoped so. She didn't want to appear stuck-up or too busy for old friends. But what else could she do? She had told the simple truth, even if it did sound a little thin.

Kim reached into her pocket and pulled out a dog-eared piece of yellow paper. On it was her day's schedule, jotted down in her personal scrawl:

9:00 A.M. Studio—hair appointment.  
(Don't let them trim it in back)

10:30 A.M. Studio—wardrobe fitting.  
(Would that lavender gown do for television?)

Noon. Naples Cafe—publicity interview and lunch. (Keep calories down! Watch it, girl!)

2:00 P.M. Beverly Hills—photo sitting; sweaters and skirts. (Better take shorts, too)

3:15 P.M. Dentist appointment.  
(Ouch!)

4:00 P.M. French lesson. (Allons-y!  
Les femmes et les enfants d'abord!)

5:00 P.M. Driving lesson.  
(Beep! Beep!)

8:00 P.M. Studio—Batomi's drama class.

"Golly!" Kim said to herself. "I'm booked up every hour on the hour!"

When Kim arrived at the studio, the girl at the reception desk said, "Kim! Mr. Horwitz has been looking everywhere for you! It's about your boat reservations for the Cannes Film Festival."

"Okay," Kim said without breaking her stride. "Be there in a second. Right after I powder my nose."

She disappeared through an inner door. Then she opened it again and stuck her head out. "Marje, honey, will you call a cab for me? Tell them I'll be ready in ten minutes."

Later, in the cab headed for Beverly Hills, Kim leaned her head back and closed her eyes. A few years ago she had been plain, gawky Marilyn Novak. Now she was Kim Novak, and of course she wasn't plain any more.

A few years ago she had reveled in extravagant dreams of someday becoming a glamorous movie star in Hollywood. And now here she was, with stardom right at her fingertips. And all the rest of it, too—the lights and glamour, the beautiful gowns, wonderful people. Everything was just perfect. Or was it?

There was one thing that hadn't worked out according to her original cloud-nine plan. In her dreams, Kim had envisioned everything being conducted with an easy-going, even-paced calm, with everyone speaking in carefully modulated and extremely pear-shaped tones. Thus, she had not been entirely prepared for the tugging and shouting that sometimes serves as a background during the making of a movie. And all the confusion! It was bewildering, to say the very least.

The hard work was fine. Kim understood that, and she was prepared for it. When a new girl goes up against such veterans as Bill Holden, Frank Sinatra, Rosalind Russell and Tyrone Power in her first movies, some extra-curricular effort is to be expected of her. This Kim gave, and gladly. Of course, there were a few times when shedding some tears helped ease the pressure of high tension and fraying nerve ends. But when the tumult was all over, and the picture was

"in the can," she had envisioned long recuperative weeks in the mountains or at Palm Springs. But this definitely was not what happened.

"Between pictures we get ready for the next one," she was told at the front office. "Or we hit the road and help to sell the one that's already out."

Hitting the road, it developed, meant personal appearances in the theatres of a dozen or more cities. It meant a barrage of popping flash bulbs amid autograph parties and television appearances. And a seemingly endless round of publicity interviews with members of the press.

Well, okay. If she had to do it, she would.

"Fine, darling," they told her. "That's our girl. We'll order the plane tickets right away."

"No!" she said, putting her lovely foot down for the first time in quite a while.

"No planes. They make my ears hurt. And besides, I don't like flying. Get the tickets for the train."

Traveling East on the train, Kim caught up on her sleep. She got ten hours a night and sometimes twelve, which was heavenly. She read Thomas Wolfe's *You Can't Go Home Again*. She indulged in a favorite pastime—philosophizing about life. And she wondered about the people she could see from the windows of her train. "What do you suppose they do for a living?" she said to her companion, Muriel Roberts. "Do they have children? Do they like dogs? Do they go to the movies? Are they happy?"

In Chicago, Cleveland, Toronto, Montreal and Philadelphia, Kim met the people, talked to them, and signed autographs by the hour. Was it fun? "It was exciting!" Kim said later. "And wonderful! It was a big thrill to be received with such warmth and friendliness. Everywhere I stopped they seemed to know all about me. And the nice part was that they were rooting for me and seemed to believe in me. That made me feel good. It was really something."

But that night, when she crawled into her hotel bed, Kim was so tired her bones ached.

In New York, she lived in a luxurious studio-owned suite on the 19th floor of the Sherry-Netherlands Hotel. "Well, get me!" she said, as she floated in comic grandeur through its nine rooms and three baths.

Almost every night she went to the theatre. "I guess the studio felt that seeing the Broadway plays would be good training for me," Kim explained. "That was just great with me. I saw practically every show in town. I loved 'Janus' and 'The Lark' and 'No Time for Sergeants.' But I most enjoyed 'The Great Sebastians,' with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Their timing was simply marvelous. It was like a liberal education in acting to watch their performance."

Meanwhile, Kim's days were crammed full of appointments that soon began to fit a definite pattern. The telephone rang with the morning call at 8 A.M. "Okay, okay," Kim said, prying her eyes open. She stretched and wriggled her toes. "Well, here we go again!"

A quick shower, then breakfast, which is always the same for Kim: large orange juice, half a grapefruit, and coffee. And, soon after that, the first interviewer of the day arrived.

"Are you on a diet?" asked the newsman, noting the low-calorie content of her morning repast.

"Well, of course," Kim said. "I keep



my sweets and starches down to a minimum. Doesn't everyone these days?"

The second interview was scheduled for noon, usually over lunch at Armando's or Sardi's. These celebrity spots could have been fun for Kim, except that she always had to concentrate on the questions and answers.

"Is it true, Miss Novak," asked the inquiring reporter, "that you always sleep with your head pointed north and your toes pointed south?"

"Well, no," Kim answered. "I don't think I point in any direction. You see, I usually scrouge up into a sort of lump or ball. And I wear pajama tops, in case you plan to ask."

The afternoons were devoted to posing for pictures. Kim lugged her model-type "swag bag" to one of the big commercial studios and sat for color shots or cover portraits. Or she journeyed around town while a magazine photographer snapped candids of her. Then she rushed back to the hotel for a quick shower and a change of clothes to be ready for a 5 P.M. meeting with a columnist or a radio reporter.

Inevitably, the interviews fell into a pattern, too. Most of Kim's questioners wanted to know how she got her start in the movies. So she told them the story of the days preceding her studio contract when she opened and closed refrigerator doors in a touring appliance show, and bore the unlikely name of "Miss Deep Freeze." And she told them about her meeting with agent Louis Shurr and Columbia executive Max Arnow, who arranged the screen test that led to a long-term contract.

Some reporters asked foolish questions. "Do you bite your fingernails, Miss Novak?" To which Kim good-naturedly replied, "No, I'm the nervous type, but I'm not that nervous. Anyway, as I told you, I'm on a diet."

Often there were questions about her romance with Mac Krim. He has been her constant escort for months, and has told anyone who cared to ask, "She's my best girl." But Kim had learned to shrug off romance questions with noncommittal answers.

On a few occasions she got the phony oh-the-wonder-of-it-all treatment. One inquiry went like this: "How does it feel to wake up in the morning and look in the mirror and be so beautiful?" This drew a very short reply. Kim was infuriated. "I hate being patronized that way!" she said later. "I really resent it when they use that dumb-blond approach. It's not very flattering."

One morning, an interview was reduced to a shambles by an uninvited guest. Kim looked very fetching in a light blue sweater and black treader pants as she sat in a big chair, relaxed and happy, with her bare feet tucked up under her. Then suddenly she leaped into the air.

"E-e-e-k!" she exclaimed, dancing on the table top. "A mouse!"

Muriel Roberts and the interviewer tried to treat the incident calmly. They had seen no rodents, they stoutly maintained. Possibly it was all Kim's imagination.

Kim refused to be shushed. "He was right there!" she pointed frantically. "He was tiptoeing under that chair and wagging his ears! And he snickered at me!"

An assistant manager was summoned. "This is ridiculous," he proclaimed. "You must be mistaken. In all my years of service at the Sherry-Netherlands we have never had a mouse."

"Well, you've got one now," Kim stated flatly. "So don't just stand there. Call out the Marines!"

Some bellboys, plus several members of

the engineering department next came to the rescue. They carried mops, brooms, rolled-up newspapers, pails of sand and ammonia bombs. They deployed their forces and the suite was scrutinized inch by inch. After a long interval of waiting and suspense, a thudding *Pow!* emanated from one of the bathrooms.

The assistant manager appeared. "The crisis has been met, Miss Novak," he announced. "The enemy has been destroyed. He was about two inches long. You may come down now and relax."

And so the day was won. Everyone departed—including the interviewer. He didn't get much of a story that morning, unless he wrote one about, "The Mouse Who Came to Breakfast with Kim Novak."

That incident, of course, was an exception. Most interviews were quite orderly and successful, and most of the reporters were serious, hard-working people who wanted to write provocative stories about this bright, new, Hollywood star. And Kim gave them their stories.

"Look," she told them. "I'm still new at all this. It's sort of bewildering at times. I like to talk about myself, but it's still not too easy to go into intimate details about some of the unhappy phases of my childhood. I was really a scared kid. I had all the frustrations and insecurities in the book. I thought I was unattractive, and I guess I was. And when the other kids taunted and mocked me it hurt. The hurt went deep, and I didn't get over it easily."

"Oh, I don't think I have any emotional blocks about this. Not really. Possibly I do have some scars. But they're pretty well healed over. And," she grinned, "you probably can't notice them when I'm all dressed up and have my make-up on. Because I've grown up. I've matured, mentally as well as physically. I've learned to cope with my problems and live with them to the extent that they no longer bother me. I've triumphed over them, if you want to use such an all-inclusive phrase."

"But at the same time," Kim added, "the good things haven't been so easy to handle. So, in effect, the good things have become problems. And if that sounds like a paradox, it is."

Kim grinned, but her eyes revealed a thin veil of uncertainty. "Am I getting through to you? I hope so. Anyway, I'll keep trying."

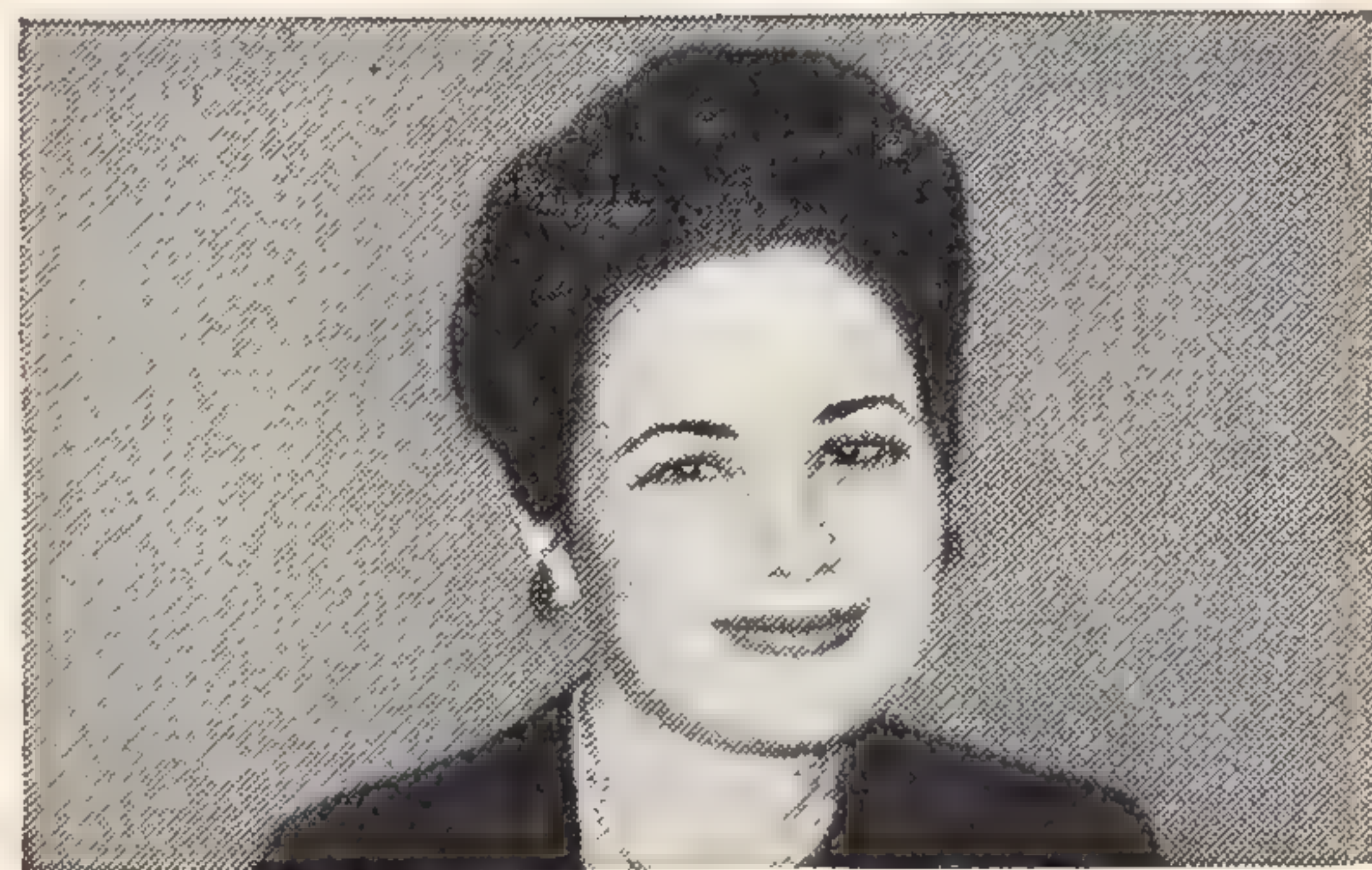
"You see, it all happened so fast. One minute I was on the outside looking in. I used to read magazine stories about Hollywood stars, and wonder how it would be to have a story written about me. I did some powerful wishing in those days, but still it all seemed pretty remote. You know how a kid will wish for a pony or an expensive dollhouse without ever really expecting the wish to come true? Well, that's the way it was with me and Hollywood. Then—boing! It happened. And here we are."

She made a funny face. "But where are we? On a sort of perpetual merry-go-round, with everything flashing by so fast it makes me a little dizzy. The faces of the people watching me are kind of blurry, too. But there it is just the same, with the brass ring hanging there, sort of tantalizing, waiting to be grabbed, and me hanging on for dear life, giving myself a constant fight talk. 'Don't lose your grip, girl!' I keep telling myself. 'Don't fall off the merry-go-round!'"

At this point, Kim paused to catch her breath. If the interviewer had more questions, she tried to give the answers.

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"And I've tried smoking. When I was at Wright Junior College in Chicago, I belonged to a sorority, Alpha Beta Mu, which had very strict rules. The freshman pledges couldn't wear lipstick or have dates with boys or smoke. Naturally this was a challenge I couldn't ignore, so I bummed a cigarette—from one of the other pledges. After I lighted it, I took a deep inhale, just like the boys did. For about a minute I felt pretty smart. Then I began to get dizzy and the room started going around. Lordy, was I sick! Then, on top of that, they caught me. And since I had broken the rules, they paddled me. They also pointed out that since I didn't really smoke, this was an extra belligerency on my part. So they paddled me some more, and a whole lot harder. Ever since then I have never had any desire to smoke."

After five crowded weeks in New York, Kim headed west again for Hollywood. She looked forward to her quiet room at the Studio Club and a chance to relax and catch her breath. But it didn't work out that way. She had barely unpacked her bag when the phone began to ring. The studio had filled her days with appointments for this, that and a dozen other things.

Kim fought back some quick, bright tears and said, "Okay, I'll be there. Yes, I'll be on time." So the music was still playing, and the merry-go-round didn't stop for even a moment.

On this very morning she had kept her appointments with the hairdresser, the head of wardrobe, and her publicity luncheon at the Naples Cafe. The magazine writer who showed up was tall, with a long nose and quizzical eyebrows.

"I don't really have a story angle, Kim," he said. "But our readers are tremendously interested in you and your career. They want to know what's going on in your life, what's happening to you."

Kim nodded brightly and smiled. "That's wonderful! I'm awfully flattered by all this, and I'll try to give you any kind of story you want. But I think you'll have to dig for this one. At this point I'm a little talked out."

"Do you think you have changed since you came to Hollywood?"

"Have I changed?" Kim's eyes widened. "I don't have to hesitate for the answer to that one. I've changed plenty. That is, I've learned plenty. I think I've grown and developed. And I now know quite a lot about emotions and how to portray them on the screen—which is the essence of all acting. At the same time, I've learned how to control my own personal emotions. Not too long ago I was upset by the least little thing. I used to fly all apart. But now I've learned to take my problems in stride. I know that I can't always have things my own way, and so I adjust. I swim with the stream when it seems advisable and sensible. And life is happier that way."

"I'm still not perfect. I'm miles and miles away from perfection. But I've taken several steps in the right direction and that's a change, a definite form of progress for me."

"But I'm still scared part of the time. Maybe that'll go away someday. Maybe I'll be able to go to Romanoff's for lunch and sweep down those stairs with everyone turning around to look at me and not be scared. But maybe not. It could be that being scared is part of living—and, of course, a part of dying. But I try not to think of things like that."

"I remember once reading about Helen Hayes, who says she is always scared just

before she goes on for a performance. And after all these years. So if a great actress like Helen Hayes is scared in front of an audience, I guess it's nothing for me to be ashamed of."

Kim took a drink of water. Her eyes were serious.

"A few years ago, I used to wonder just where I was supposed to fit in, in this world. I'm inclined to be introspective. I used to search my thoughts and ask myself, 'Who are you? What are you supposed to be? Why are you here?' And of course there was only a big silence after that, because I didn't have any of the answers. Then I came to Hollywood, and I found something to work for."

"At first I was only a face in front of the camera and a body that wore clothes. Somehow the face was photogenic; the camera was kind to it. And so I made a couple of pictures and got along pretty well."

"But then I began to discover that there was a real person behind that face. Someone I hadn't really known before. I discovered a new capacity within myself. It was like finding a brand-new personality. A whole new world opened up to me. It was wonderful!"

"Since then so many people have been kind to me and helped me. I couldn't have done anything without them. My last three pictures, 'Picnic,' 'The Man with the Golden Arm,' and 'The Eddie Duchin Story,' have been good ones. This has helped me tremendously. My career, as they say out here, has zoomed. I have been very lucky, no doubt of that."

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"What about the future?" the writer asked.

Kim shrugged. "The future is... well, the future. I have plans, yes. I want to travel and see all of Europe. And of course I want more good movie roles. I want to improve as an actress. But I don't want to look too far ahead. This new person I have discovered within me is very exciting. And so I just want to live each day as it happens."

"What about love? What about you and Mac Krim?"

Kim's eyes widened again. "I don't know. I've been too busy to think about it."

"Will you marry him? Next week? Next month?"

"I can't say," Kim said. "I really don't know. Too many things are happening right now."

After that, Kim's day went off according to her schedule. This included a photo sitting, dental appointment, French lesson, driving lesson, and four hours in Batomi Schneider's drama class.

Bone-tired, Kim was in bed soon after midnight. She stretched out deliciously, her thoughts filled with the events of the day. She thought about her luncheon interview and the writer with the quizzical eyebrows who didn't have an angle for his story. "Maybe," she thought, "he could call it 'Girl on a Merry-Go-Round.'"

She also thought about Mac Krim, and of the questions the writer had asked about him. That suggested another possible title: "Is Kim Too Busy for Love?"

"Is she?" Kim asked herself. She smiled, because she knew she didn't yet have the answer to that one. Then, with the smile on her lips, she closed her eyes and went sound asleep.

THE END



gal who sees them. . . . Pat Wayne spent his hard-earned movie money on two presents. One, a wedding present for his older sister, Toni. The other, for dad John Wayne's fifth child and Pat's new half-sister, who bears the odd name of Aissa! . . . Charlton "Legs" Heston, shopping in shorts, upset housewives (who loved it!) at the Farmers' Market. . . . Jane Wyman tried on various wigs at her favorite beauty salon. Object: she wants a new hairdo "when mine grows out." . . . Deborah Kerr's car looked like a Tournament of Roses float, because it was beloved Debbie's first day of shooting on "Tea and Sympathy."

**Magic Land:** Here's another reason why we love Hollywood. Once upon a time, a struggling truck driver by the name of Roy Fitzgerald wrote to Lana Turner and asked for an autographed photograph. He got it, too. Time marched on, and so did the truck driver, who became Rock Hudson. Recently, Lana Turner re-negotiated her M-G-M contract, and her first outside picture will be made at U-I, which is Rock's studio. Lana instantly asked for Rock as her leading man! Jennifer Jones also wants him, for the remake of "Farewell to Arms." Then, too, Rock still plans to produce his own pictures. Too bad he isn't twins! In spite of it all, Rock is still planning to take wife Phyllis to Europe this summer and, if U-I tries to squeeze in another picture beforehand, he insists that he'll take a suspension from the studio.

**Reflected Glory:** Practically every aspiring young actress is vying for the Studio Club room which will be vacated by Kim Novak when she returns from Europe. The optimistic girls believe the beautiful blond's stardust may brush off on them. . . . Excited Susan Hayward attended the Cannes Film Festival, as did Kim Novak, and here's an untold story that makes her human, indeed! Susie lost the Oscar this year, but still gave a win-or-lose party and was never in better form. However, in the wee small hours, when only a few intimate friends were still around, Susie finally gave in to her disappointment and cried her eyes out!

**Immortal Star:** Fabulous and heartrending was the audience reaction to James Dean at a sneak preview of "Giant." Today, even the untimely death of the great Rudolph Valentino is paled by comparison to the fervor of Dean followers. Well aware of this, the TV networks are reviving shows that were filmed before Jimmy's star ascended. One of the many he impressed deeply is Nick Ray, director of "Rebel Without a Cause," who is writing a book about Jimmy, in tribute to his memory. And, according to Winton Dean, Jimmy's father, he's received many letters offering huge sums for the horse his son loved, which is still stabled in Santa Barbara. In the face of such genuine devotion, it's sad that some ambitious young Hollywoodites are ruthlessly exploiting their friendship that never existed with the late actor.

**News, All Kinds:** Good news for Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, who bought an oil well, backed a new play, and dabbled in the stock market. All are paying off! . . . Heartwarming news for Ray Anthony and Mamie Van Doren, who finally named their newcomer Perry, "just because we like it." . . . Heartbreaking news (for local wolves) that Jeanne Crain won't date anyone until she's divorced from Paul Brink-

man. . . . Surprising news that "The Swan" played to half-empty houses opening day, which proves that too much of anything—even Grace Kelly—isn't good!

**Believe It Or Not:** George Nader's proud parents have never been inside a Hollywood studio. They prefer to live inconspicuously in near-by Glendale, and insist on paying at the box office to see their famous son on the screen. . . . Of all people, Audrey Hepburn has been bitten by the bongo drum bug! She tried them out at a party given by Rosalind Russell, and her off-beat rhythm fascinated the Bill Holdens, the Van Johnsons, and the Gary Coopers. . . . Hugh O'Brian, who has a terrific sense of humor, especially about himself, is penning a poignant piece! The title: "The Girls Who've Brushed Me Off." Popular Hugh has dated everyone from Anita Ekberg to Zsa Zsa Gabor, so he should have quite a story to tell about the ladies!

**Humorously Yours:** As you undoubtedly know, Gina Lollobrigida angrily charged that Hollywood censors retouched pictures of her famous curves so much that, "My figure looks like Gary Cooper." So some joker decided to send a fake photo to big Coop. On Gina's beautiful body, he super-imposed Gary's smiling face! . . . Jeff Chandler is looking for a new home with enough space around it for a swimming pool. "Just to be different," says Jeff, "I think I'll build it in the shape of Lib-erace!"

**Bitter End:** William Holden's series of shots preceding his trip to Moscow and the Orient darn near killed him! For a full week, even when he went to parties, he had to eat his meals off the mantle-piece. It was very funny to everyone—but Bill. . . . Audie Murphy says it was one of the most painful moments of his life when his son Terry started nursery school. "When the bus picked up Terry and drove away," laughs the celebrated war hero, "Pam and I just stood there in numb silence. We felt like we were losing him forever!"

**It's The Truth:** That Jeffrey Hunter was the first person to congratulate Barbara Rush when his own studio signed her to a term deal. They wouldn't mind making a picture together, but only a change of two hearts could effect a reconciliation. . . . That Jacques Sernas (he's spelling it the original way again) has been dating a beautiful woman who isn't his wife. Actually, she's his youthful-looking mother-in-law who's paying her first visit to Hollywood. . . . That Lana Turner received a non-exclusive deal with M-G-M because she prefers to branch out—and not because the studio has lost interest in her lack of draw at the box office.

**Last Laughs:** Paramount may have overlooked Pat Crowley's talent, but Martin and Lewis didn't. When Shirley MacLaine, who's expecting a baby, had to be replaced in "Hollywood or Bust," the joy boys remembered Pat's fine trouping in "Money from Home" and so tabbed her to take Shirley's place. Pat got the job at double the salary the studio paid her before. . . . Worried as he was because Dale Evans was hospitalized with pneumonia, Roy Rogers had to laugh. When the celebrated Western star asked to spend the night in a room adjoining Dale's, a pixie nurse inquired: "Should we put in twin beds, just in case Trigger wants to stay, too!"

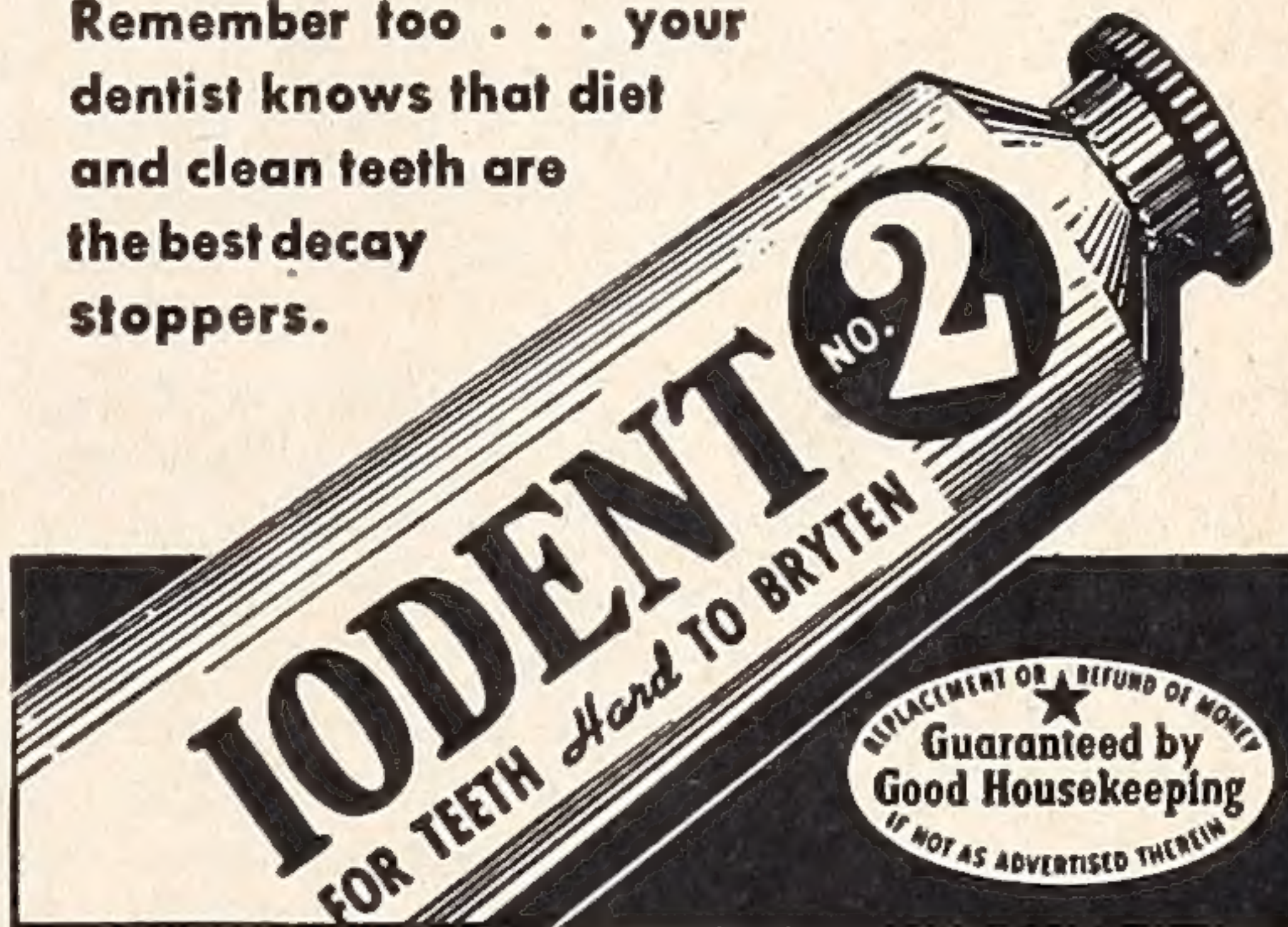


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# The Sexiest Girl in Town!

(Continued from page 57)

said. "Just how a stylist creates a woman's coiffure. How does he?"

Miss Charisse and I were having this enlightening conversation at the Hotel Plaza in New York. She took a small sip of her drink before launching into the tale.

"Well," Cyd began, "Sidney sets the styles. He looks at your hair from all angles, and maybe for one suit he'll comb your hair three different ways.

"He always sets it the first time. That's 'creating.' Then the next morning, Virginia Darcy, who's just a wonderful hairdresser with a wonderful personality, takes over and follows the styles Sidney has created. She's the hairdresser that Grace Kelly took along to her wedding."

Cyd patted her hair down nervously the way women often do.

"Mine is kinda messy right now," she apologized. "Neither Sidney nor Virginia did this to my hair. Nature—the wind and the rain—did it!"

"I still haven't found out about the blond streak," I mentioned.

"Oh, yes!" Cyd said. "Sidney said that since my hair is so dark, a little blond streak would give it a little highlight. It would make it seem as though a little light was shining in the top of my hair. Give it a little life. And it did!" Cyd added gaily.

"In the picture," she referred to her latest, "Meet Me in Las Vegas," produced by Joe Pasternak, "you couldn't tell there was any streak in my hair at all. But, when I was on television, I heard a couple people say 'Why, she has a gray streak in her hair!' It isn't a gray streak, it's blond."

"I know it perfectly well!" I replied, guiltily.

But this is all part of the lovely new Cyd Charisse who came into being when producer Joe Pasternak had "Meet Me in Las Vegas" written especially for her. Her handsome husband, singing star Tony Martin, while sitting in a theatre watching her picture, saw and heard a couple of males in front of him drooling over his wife. Later, when they recognized him, he congratulated them on their good taste.

"Is Tony angry or jealous about this sexy quality that the picture gave you?" I asked.

"No, I'm afraid not," smiled Cyd.

"He was sitting in the theatre behind these two fellows who were talking about me, making kind of fresh remarks. When he found out they were talking about me, he listened closer. When the lights went up and they saw it was Tony, they were embarrassed.

"Tony just said, 'Well, I'm glad it was one of us that was talking like that.'"

This "new Cyd Charisse" finds herself being called upon now to pose for sexier-looking pictures.

Arriving for one picture-sitting in New York, wearing a tight-fitting dress and a mink coat, she was greeted by a photographer who asked, "Where are the suits?"

"What suits?" she asked right back.

"The bathing suits!" exclaimed the lensman.

"I don't want to do bathing suits *all* the time," she pouted.

"We don't call them *bathing suits*," pointed out the photog. "We call them *beach fashions*."

"Yeah, but they're still bathing suits."

"Yeah, and you still look good in them!"

Still she rebelled.

"When you reach a point where you're not the one they ask to pose in a bathing suit, you'll wish for the good old days like these," a studio spokesman said to Cyd.

So she gave in. And she was good-humored about it.

"It's funny," she said. "When you pose somewhere in a bathing suit that has been lent to you for the picture, they often give you the bathing suit afterward. But when you pose in a mink coat that they've lent you for the picture, they never give you the mink coat.

"You never know, though. Maybe someday somebody will say, 'By the way, keep this coat if you want to.' Probably not to me, though!"

Actually, Cyd's a serious gal who concerns herself with doing the proper thing, with studying foreign languages, and with the upbringing of her sons, Tony, Jr., 5, and Nicky, 13.

She calls her husband "Big T." Tony Jr. is "Little T."

"Little T is at the age where he no longer likes being called the baby," Cyd says. "When I tell him, 'You'll always be my baby,' he won't buy that."

While in New York, Cyd spent a lot of time in a famous toy store buying Little T a train that he could drive around the house.

"You can lose your mind and your salary in that store!" she complained cheerfully afterward.

It happened that Cyd was the mystery

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guest on *What's My Line?* the Sunday night after Fred Allen's death. She worried about the danger of doing something that might be construed as being in bad taste.

"For me to have plugged a picture in front of millions of people grieving for Fred Allen would have been horrible taste," she said. "Nor did I want to play any jokes with my voice that night. I told them, 'I'll be there, but if you want to do a tribute to Fred and forget me, it'll surely be okay with me.'"

As it turned out, Cyd didn't have to mention the picture, because John Daly did. The panelists guessed her identity readily. Bennett Cerf said, "Where've you been, Cyd? I knew you were in town, and I've been waiting for you to show up for three weeks."

Between pictures, Cyd travels considerably with Big T when he's appearing in night clubs.

Keeping it a secret that she was going to be the mystery guest on *What's My Line?* was quite a problem, because it seemed that dozens of people wanted to entertain them that Sunday night.

When somebody asked Tony, "What are you doing Sunday night?" he managed to answer: "Well, we can't do anything that night. Cyd's busy."

And if the invitation was extended to Cyd, she would say, "Tony's busy."

Over the years, Cyd has studied French diligently, but she found on a visit to Florida with Tony that she hadn't learned it well enough.

Three French hairdressers converged on her one day with greetings from Joe Pasternak, whom they said they'd just met in Hollywood. They kissed her hand and babbled gallantries and in general were extremely chic and continental. They told her they had been assigned to do Grace Kelly's hair at the wedding and would also do the coiffures of the bridesmaids.

"They talked a great deal about 'Miss Kellee' and 'ze salon,' but that was about all the English they spoke."

"So what did they want with you?"

"I never found out—because I couldn't figure out with my poor pidgin French what they were saying."

(Miss Kelly, it developed, hadn't engaged them at all. Maybe they just wanted a better look at Miss Charisse.)

"One thing that worries me," Cyd remarked, "is where this sexier Cyd Charisse stops."

"Never mind where it stops," replied this columnist. "Just be sure that it starts!"

Cyd saw no danger of it not continuing now that Joe Pasternak has proved that she has the quality. For several years now, Joe has been assuring me and every other columnist who would listen that we'd discover one day that Cyd was not only a terrific actress, but a "real sexboat" as well.

In "Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd's S.A.—and that doesn't stand for South America—was brought in forcefully but seemingly accidentally.

"It isn't a strip-tease that I do," Cyd insisted. "I'm a ballet dancer, very prim and very proper."

"I'm a ballerina that's not very used to drinking and I get a little high. I see Dan Dailey going for the girls who strip so she—I mean I—get up and do the same thing!"

In "Designing Woman," with Jimmy Stewart, she is supposed to play a girlfriend of Jimmy's. She's a dancer and they go to Florida where he meets Grace Kelly. It becomes a triangle.

"It being Florida, there's plenty of chance for bathing suit shots," Cyd said wearily.

"You mean *beach fashion* shots," I said.

"I do not!" Cyd practically shrieked. "I mean *bathing suit* shots!"

With Her Serene Highness' future uncertain now as far as movies are concerned, it's been suggested by enthusiasts for Cyd that she take over the Grace Kelly role in "Designing Woman" if Grace decides not to come back.

"The story's about a dress designer, that was to be played by Grace Kelly," an M-G-M spokesman said. "We could probably just change the story around and have the dancer be the one who breaks up the romance and makes it a triangle."

However, the studio made it clear that, if there's any chance of Her Serene Highness getting back to work within a year, everybody's willing to wait.

After all, how many chances do you get to have a real Princess emoting on the screen nowadays?

So Tula Ellice Finklea—that's Cyd's real name—is uncertain just now whether she's going to be the new Grace Kelly or the new Cyd Charisse. In any event, she's going to be a crisp, crackling new package of some kind, but the Hollywood Set hopes she won't change her warm, friendly, sincere personality. Because they have many a nice story they tell about her, and frequently they add, "That's the kind of a gal this gal is!"

THE END



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